

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget

Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.

May 6, 1964

PRICE

1/-

**Ballet
Souvenir**

**GARDENING BOOK—
10 PAGES OF ROSES**



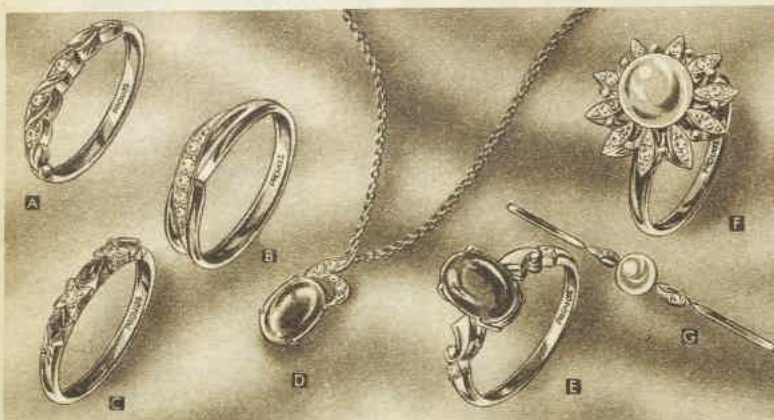
**NEW SERIAL BY
MARGERY SHARP**



**THERE'S MONEY
IN BREEDING CATS**

Diamond Jewellery

- A. Hand-set diamond eternity ring, £10/10/-
B. New crossover style diamond eternity ring, £24
C. Sapphire diamond eternity ring, £15/10/-
D. Green jade pendant with five diamonds, £25
E. Oval jade and diamond dress ring, £18/10/-
F. Continental cultured pearl diamond ring, £50
G. Cultured pearl and diamond bar brooch, £33



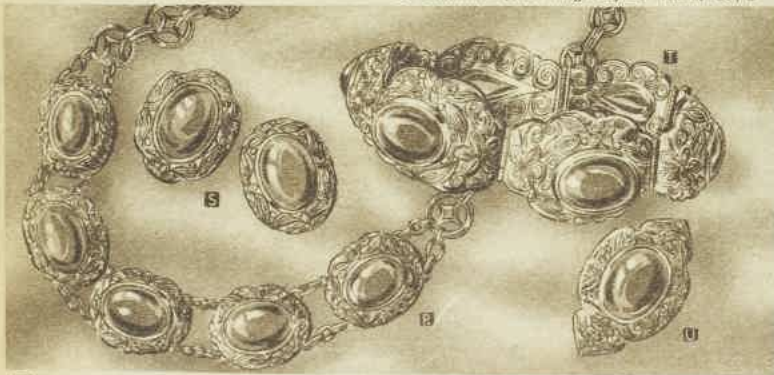
Special Values for Mother's Day from Prouds 16 Stores

Prouds, long renowned for Australia's finest gift collection for all occasions, now adds a select number of exclusive jewellery pieces of exquisite design and exceptional quality and value, specially for Mother's Day. Choose now at your nearest Prouds store. And have your gift beautifully wrapped for presentation. Phone and mail orders a pleasure.



Mikimoto Cultured Pearl Jewellery

- H. Mikimoto pearl stud earrings, £7/15/-
I. Mikimoto earrings, sterling silver, £10/10/-
J. Necklet, illus., £15/10/-, others from £10/10/-
K. Five pearl brooch, silver scroll design, £15/5/-
L. Six pearl, silver link bracelet for only 75/-
M. Mikimoto pendant with gold chain, £11/15/-
N. Mikimoto twin cultured pearl ring only £12
O. pearl choker, £17/10/-, others from £10/10/-
P. Five pearl brooch, silver scroll design, £15/5/-
Q. Mikimoto pearl ring, superb value, 67/6



Turquoise Jewellery

Lay-by, phone and mail orders credit facilities a pleasure

King-Pitt Streets, also Hotel Australia, Sydney, 25-4021. Bourke Street, Melbourne, 63-6961. Also Gaumts (63-6767), Cnr. Adelaide-Edward Streets, Brisbane, 2-2646, and Brisbane Street, Adelaide, 8-3262. There are Prouds stores also in Newcastle, 2-2709; Chadstone, 56-4343; Ballarat, 2-5461; Hobart, 3-2347; Canberra, 4-3916; Launceston, 2-3865. Sydney Suburban stores are at Chatswood, 41-5635; Caringbah, 52-0641; Dee Why, 98-0245 and Eastwood, 85-4274.

Prouds
AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL JEWELLER

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-28 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 135 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

MAY 6, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 49

CONTENTS

Special Features

The Ballet: Fonteyn and Nureyev in COLOR	3, 8-9
Famous Cook to Lecture Here	25
How to Make Pin-money from Breeding Cats	27-33
International Chicken Cookery	49-55
Roses—Old and New	63-67

Fiction

Martha, Eric and George (Serial—Part 1), Margery Sharp	36, 37
The Brighton Road, Marie Joseph	39
The Dark Mysterious One, Maureen Power	40, 41
Left Behind, Isabel Johnston	43

Regular Features

Social	10, 11
Letter Box, Ross Campbell	12
TV Parade	15
Worth Reporting	18
Stars	95
Mandrake, Crossword	101

Fashion

The Pretty Paris Dress	45
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	47
Fashion Frocks	90
Needlework Notions	98
Butterick Patterns	103

Home and Family

At Home with Margaret Sydney	77
Prize Recipes, Low-calorie Recipe	80
Three New Handknits for Winter	84-87
Quiz: Do You Still Surprise Your Husband?	89
The Private Life of a "Mrs. Ben Casey"	93
Home Plan	101

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● It's a disheartening fact that the great and the famous are not always very nice.

REPORTERS and photographers, who often see celebrities at their tired worst, find them (to put it mildly) rather difficult.

Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev are two glowing exceptions . . .

Cameras at the ready, staff photographers Keith Barlow and Ernie Nutt trailed the famous pair for hours: through their tiring dress rehearsal and even more demanding first night.

And — "they couldn't have been more co-operative," Keith told us.

"They never showed any sign of temperament, they were easily approachable. They're wonderful," he added.

So our photographers' work became a pleasure — and you can see the colorful results on pages 3, 8, and 9.

★ ★ ★

AFTER seeing the six-page "Wedding Reception at Home" section in our March 25 issue, Mrs. Margaret Tanner wrote to congratulate Mrs. Charles Wileman (our feature was based on the reception she gave for her daughter, Dawne).

"But may I here send a tribute to my mother," added Mrs. Tanner, who lives at East Guildford, in Western Australia.

"Twenty years ago—with

Our Cover

● Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev acknowledge the thunderous applause after their performance of "Giselle" at the opening of their Sydney season (see pages 3, 8, and 9). They took 31 curtain calls — and even then the wildly enthusiastic audience clapped and cheered for more. This picture was taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

exactly 13 days' notice, on wartime rations, and with a limited income — she planned, shopped, and single-handedly catered for a wedding reception for more than 100 guests.

"Then, four months later — with about a month's notice — she repeated the performance.

"Might I also add that at the same time she kept home for my father, two teenagers, and an invalid mother. She wrote weekly to an absent daughter and a son in the armed services.

"She was Mayoress of the town and president of the local Red Cross, an air-raid warden, and conductor of a ladies' choir.

"All these activities went on as normal. And my mother looked lovely at, and thoroughly enjoyed, each wedding."

Blocked up with thick
CATARRH
Bethal
TABLETS
are the answer

Only a Catarrh victim can appreciate how unpleasant and embarrassing this complaint can be. What a relief to know that Bethal Tablets free Catarrh congestion so quickly! Bethal works through the bloodstream, checking and clearing the formation of obstructing mucus. Many thousands of thankful people have proved Bethal Tablets over many years. Try Bethal Tablets for yourself.

Bethal
For ASTHMA, RAY FEVER, HEAD COLDS, CATARRH
Tablets
2/9, 6/3 or 19/6
Available only at your chemist

BACKACHE?
like this

Then start a course of **MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS**

When your back feels like a thousand needles stick and sore — every nerve stub of pain — it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in muscles and joints. The remarkable **MENTHOLS**, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's **MENTHOLS**, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer from rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad back, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start the **MENTHOLS** treatment right away. **MENTHOLS**, with helpful directions, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

REMOVE ACHING CORNS!

★ Painlessly!
★ Quickly!
★ Safely!

CARNATION CORN CAPS

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

STARS OF THE BALLET

PRIMA BALLERINA Dame Margot Fonteyn, making her third visit to Australia, and Rudolf Nureyev, acclaimed as one of the greatest male dancers in the world, leaving the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, after a performance. Off as well as on stage Fonteyn and 26-year-old Nureyev are boon companions. Mostly grave and introspective, he smiles often in talk with Fonteyn. After his defection from Russia's Kirov Ballet, touring Paris in 1961, Nureyev became a guest artist with the Royal Ballet, Covent Garden.

Ballet pictures, pages 8 and 9

YOUR HOME LIGHTING PLANNED FREE

by KEMPTHORNE



Let Kempthorne help you with any lighting problem inside or outside your home.

How can you brighten your living room? What lighting is best for T.V. viewing? How can light help you entertain? What fittings are most suitable on a porch exposed to the weather? How to stop working in your own shadow in the kitchen?

Kempthorne lighting advisers have the answers to all these questions and more. All you do is send Kempthorne an approximate floor plan, including ceiling height, and colour scheme of your home. You will receive a complete home lighting plan at no cost to you. The plan will tell you which fittings to choose to light your home safely, efficiently and decoratively. Your electrical retailer will supply you with the fittings in all States.

Mail the coupon below and you will also receive the glamorous Kempthorne catalogue, illustrating over 100 fittings in natural colour.

KEMPTHORNE

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

KEMPTHORNE PTY. LTD. P.O. BOX 133, CLAYTON, VIC.
K42 WW6/3

KEEP Cold Free

Colds, coughs and 'flu are part of the miseries of life which you just grin and bear. Or do you? By taking Anti-Bi-San now you can build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu.

All you have to do to make sure of Anti-Bi-San protection is to take 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days. At the same time make sure all the family take their dose too—there is a special 3-tablet treatment for children.

So keep cold-free this winter and throughout the year. Take your Anti-Bi-San now—before colds get you in their grip.

ANTI-BI-SAN

Your defence against colds

7 tablets over 3 days for three months protection



Available at all chemists
Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors:
POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LIMITED,
6-8 MCLACHLAN AV., ARTARMON, N.S.W.

For his art he roams the world

● The colorful figures of Australia's past related to the raw outback landscape are an endless source of inspiration to painter Sidney Nolan.

THE Melbourne-born artist's Ned Kelly group of paintings brought him world-wide acclaim when he exhibited them in Paris and Rome in 1949 and 1950.

His second historical series features the Australian explorers Burke and Wills.

"I've been painting them for 17 years," he said, "and I'll probably keep on using the same theme."

"It's a matter of how to put the people into the landscape—I try to bring out a new aspect each time."

A recent Nolan painting on this theme, depicting Burke as a lone figure on a camel, is reproduced in color on pages 70 and 71 of this issue.

"I found the sight of camels in the outback very moving," the artist said. "They're somehow out of context—but they're there."

"In this painting, Burke is already threatened by death. It's in the blazing sun pouring down over him

The painting is one of seven works of Australian artists specially commissioned for the Viscount Collection by Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Ltd.

The collection is being

shown at public exhibitions in all Australian capital cities.

Each painting is also being presented this year in a double-spread display in The Australian Women's Weekly, in a seven-month series.

Godfrey Phillips is making available to the public good quality reproduction prints, suitable for framing, of each painting.

Instructions for obtaining the prints are given with the color reproduction in this issue.

Nolan's painting "Burke" is the third to be presented in the series. The next, "Summer In You Beaut Country," by John Olsen, will be in the June 17 issue.

Sidney Nolan, now 47, has long been regarded overseas as one of the "Big Three" of Australian artists, along with William Dobell and Russell Drysdale.

A Nolan exhibition is an important event in the art world. Viewers—and buyers—at several exhibitions have included the Queen, Prince Philip, and other members of the Royal family.

Nolan is a fourth-generation Australian, but he has a legacy from his Irish forebears in his vivid blue eyes, now slightly silvery dark hair—and probably his charm.

His great-grandfather, a



ARTIST Sidney Nolan with one of his Ned Kelly paintings—"Ned Kelly and His Horse."

policeman, migrated from Ireland to Victoria in the 1840s. (It's purely coincidental, says the artist, that Burke, whom he has painted so often, was an Irish police superintendent.)

Educated at Prahran Technical College and a part-time art correspondence school, Nolan began painting in earnest at 21, while working at casual jobs such as fruit and hop picking, prospecting—even making hamburgers.

His first one-man exhibition in 1940 was almost exclusively abstract. His breakthrough into landscape painting came during his three years in the Army, from 1942 to 1945.

Nolan left for Europe after winning the Dunlop Australian Art Contest in 1950.

Since then he has become known as "a roving reporter of the art world." He has travelled in Africa, Greece, and the Antarctic observing, absorbing, making color notes ("tiny sketches you could call an artist's shorthand") for his future canvases.

Nolan has not yet begun

his Antarctica paintings—he returned from the expedition late last year. "But I'm dying to get back to London to get started on them," he said. "They keep on popping out of my ears."

He has designed the decor for three ballets—the last one was for Robert Helpmann's lyrebird ballet, "The Display," which had its premiere at Adelaide's recent Festival of Arts.

He has designed jackets for books by Patrick White, Alan Moorehead, and others.

"It's all expression," Nolan said. "The medium is unimportant."

Sidney Nolan, his wife, Cynthia, and their 21-year-old daughter, Jinx, have lived principally in London for several years now.

But the artist has kept his home in Wahroonga, Sydney, and they plan to return after Jinx has finished her university education—"probably next year."

"I don't think any Australian really plans to stay away indefinitely," he said. "At least, not an artist. They all come back."

- NEXT WEEK -

It's romantic . . .

The PLACE where you live

Do you know the origin of its name—the (Australian) place where you live?

It's fascinating. For example, Sydney's Palm Beach was once called Mad Mick's Hollow; Queensland's Nudgee means "green frog" . . .

And there are dozens more in our six-page feature "The Romance of Australian Place Names."

★ For Mother's Day . . .

A MOTHER'S ALBUM shows the endearing life of a baby in pictures—with his mother's comments.

MOTHER'S DAY CAKE, beautifully decorated, is a heartwarming way to say "happy Mother's Day"—and our complete instructions will help you ice and decorate a cake that's good enough for your mother.



5-in-1 pattern for 6'6

Here are two of the five designs included in our wonderful Butterick pattern offer—the versatile shirt look translated into smart day and night wear.



AND in Teenagers' Weekly COOKERY—the Beatle way!

Having a party? It'll go with a swing (yeah, yeah, yeah!) with our delicious Beatle party food: Beethoven Roll-Overs, Beatle Burgers, Jam and Chip Butties—and there's a special Beatle Cake, too.

She'd never heard of Cary Grant

**Australian schoolgirl's
role in Hollywood film
with famous star**

By ROBERT FELDMAN
of our New York staff.

When Pip Sparke's copper-colored hair is plaited it hangs to an indeterminate point below or above the waist, depending on whether it dangles fore or aft.

When she goes for a swim in her Hollywood pool Pip's pigtail becomes a "blankety nuisance," but Cary Grant loves to pull on it, and the Universal-International film studio has forbidden Pip to trim it by a single inch.



CARY GRANT
("Who's he?" she asked.)

HER soft freckles and large black eyes and her unspoiled nature make her the most promising juvenile to reach Hollywood since Elizabeth Taylor showed up for "National Velvet."

Pip, who was christened Margaret Frances Sparke ten years ago in Newcastle, N.S.W., can't quite believe she is really in the movies.

"I love Hollywood," she said on the trunk-line telephone. "It's like Brisbane. And," she added, "we're going to start shooting in Jamaica. That's a bit like Surfers' Paradise, you know."

Pip and her mother, Margaret, were glad to get away from New York's wet, cold spring. Pip was particularly happy to be able to chuck school (The Murray Avenue Public School, Larchmont, New York) just before her mid-term fifth-form exams.

"It took the ginger out of her, though, when she found out she'd have to go to school on the film lot," Mrs. Sparke chimed in.

The story of Pip Sparke's Hollywood success started last February.

Universal was looking for seven likely schoolgirls to cast opposite Cary Grant in the comedy "Father Goose," set north of New Guinea on an Australian-held island surrounded by Japanese in World War II.

Grant is a disgruntled beachcomber who becomes a reluctant coast-guarder for Australian Intelligence. One day he stumbles on Leslie Caron, a French schoolmistress, and her seven squealing charges, all stowaways.

As the film progresses the girls squeal louder, Miss Caron smiles more, softly, and Grant grows more and more grunted.

The script called for one Australian among the seven girls, and the studio casting department commissioned a New York talent agency to dig up a suitable girl act-



HER PARENTS, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Sparke, from Newcastle, N.S.W., and her brother, Christopher.

ress who could "simulate the Australian accent."

After interviewing hundreds of professional juveniles—and their mothers—the agent, Peter Cereghetti, was about to give up and advise Universal to send a scout down to Australia.

Then, inspired, he rang up the Australian Consulate-General at New York's Rockefeller Center.

Eric Sparke, the Press officer of the Australian News and Information Bureau, answered the phone.

Sparke, a 40-year-old ex-journalist who began his career on the "Newcastle Morning Herald," asked round the office and found six or seven fathers with girls the right age.

For one reason or another they all fell by the wayside. Then one day Sparke brought his family into Manhattan to see the film "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."

"As we left the cinema," Sparke told me, "I watched Pip clowning and hamming it up with her brother, Christopher."

"We were a block from

WHEN SHE WAS SIX



PIP AND THE SNAIL. This picture, taken in Britain in 1960 when she was six years old, was used around the world in an oil company's advertisement. Pip collected three guineas, was allowed to keep the snail as a pet.

Cereghetti's office. Margaret and I looked at each other, nodded, and took Pip right up to see the agent."

From then on Mum and Dad were firmly out of the picture, consigned to sitting endlessly in the outer office of Universal's casting depart-

ment while a procession of experts, make-up men, producers, and directors put Pip through tests.

"One day they apparently asked her what she thought of Cary Grant, the star of the picture," Sparke related. "Her answer—and we

groaned when we heard—was 'Who's Cary Grant?'"

Far from spoiling her chance for the part, Pip's innocent rejoinder was enough, when relayed, to delight the heart of the suave movie star 3000 miles away. By Easter weekend, Pip was in an airliner with her mother on her way to Hollywood for a screen test.

Soon contracts were signed for six weeks of shooting in Hollywood and the West Indies.

(The amount is a big enough nest-egg to assure Pip of a university education even if she never sees a sound stage again—an unlikely eventuality.)

Pip Sparke is a real find. According to Cereghetti, her type is virtually extinct in America. He said she was "delightfully unaffected, completely unprofessional, unspoiled, and devoid of the precocity of American child actors."

Her total acting experience, up to now, was in a school play, when she was Paul Revere and spoke these lines: "To arms! To arms! The British are coming!"

One scene of the film calls for Pip to get angry with Grant and beat upon his chest. In rehearsal, director Ralph Nelson ("Lilies

Of The Field") failed repeatedly to get her worked up.

Pip couldn't seem to wipe the smile off as she pummeled the director. Finally he was reduced to pulling her pigtail to get the required effect.

The sequence, when it is filmed, with Grant replacing the stand-in, will be:

GRANT: Pippy! Look over there. Is that a coolibah tree?

PIP: Where? (Grant pulls pigtail.) Ow! Oh, you drongo! (Turns, old chap, Grant's chest angrily, as director cues cameramen to start turning.)

GRANT (smiles as Pip continues to beat him and director shouts, "Cut"): Righto, Pip. Sorry, old chap, had to be done y'know. Ow! Stop it, Pip! Cut! Cut!

The Sparkes expect to be in America for another two or three years before returning to Canberra.

By that time Pip Sparke could be internationally famous. Her father thinks it extremely unlikely.

At the moment the young actress herself isn't planning a Hollywood career.

"I'm going to be an archaeologist," she told me. And she sounded as if she meant it.



PIP SPARKE. "I love Hollywood," she says. She finds it "like Brisbane."



Leave
the work
to
Mr. Sheen

Mr. Sheen cleans, waxes and polishes as you dust

Mr. Sheen takes all the hard work out of polishing. With Mr. Sheen, cleaning, waxing and polishing are just as easy as dusting. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen, then wipe over for a mirror shine. Everyone knows what a long-lasting shine Mr. Sheen gives to your furniture, and you should see how wonderful he is with your refrigerator, stove, washing machine, chrome and venetian blinds—Mr. Sheen makes them gleam.

**Only
6/6**

SPRAY ON MR. SHEEN — WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE



The Prince preferred a kangaroo as his crest

● Francois, Prince Radziwill, cousin of the prince Jackie Kennedy's sister married, is entitled to wear the family crest surmounted by a crown, for he is of royal descent. But he embarked on his Australian visit wearing a kangaroo mounted on a boomerang.

PRINCE Radziwill pinned the badge in the lapel of his smart charcoal alpaca suit before he stepped on board a plane for Australia, saying, "I'm associated now in business with Australia, so I want to be as Australian as possible."

The courtly Prince Radziwill is a well-preserved 60, with the manners and customs of a true European — hand-kissing the ladies and embracing his business partners with a light kiss on each cheek.

They are all Australians whose business interests have brought the Prince on a month-long stay to survey and report back to European financiers and industrialists.

Old family

"Since the war I have been an international adviser in commercial and financial projects," said the Prince, whose headquarters are in Paris. "I am of a very old and distinguished Polish family, with connections throughout Europe, and in a position to make good introductions for any of the businessmen coming to Europe who can afford my very special services."

This financier, who loves European history and has an intimate knowledge of its once-great families, is like a walking *Almanach de Gotha*.

He can trace the descendants of all the royal families of Europe and, as he is related to many of them, his expert knowledge is often

tapped by historians as well as used by the big business boys arriving from America to wheedle their way into the well-guarded privacy of the big financiers. For the Prince knows even more about them.

"There is one particularly important but stubborn German industrialist who is very difficult to see," said the Australian controller of many companies that the Prince will inspect. "I would have seen him if I had to flatten the tyre of his car, but Prince Radziwill smoothed the way and the meeting is all arranged."

Prince Radziwill, with banking interests in the Bahamas (West Indies) and Switzerland, heads a group of European investors who have bought the Bartlett Group, Townsville (cattle, shopping centres, property, housing projects), and Empress Australia (which includes a W.A. fishing fleet, a hotel on Norfolk Island, and a former whaling station on the Barrier Reef).

The group paid £1,250,000 for the entire shareholdings and assets of these two Australian enterprises. The Australians still retain an interest through individual shareholdings in the European group.

Executives of these companies went abroad to seek capital for expansion because they "tired of the high interest rates charged in Australia."

They took with them films and other information to "sell" Australia abroad.

For his Australian visit Prince ("The Door Opener")

Radziwill has a busy programme, including a visit to Canberra and meetings with the directorate of the Australian groups.

He will finish up in Townsville for four days, "unwinding," as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Bartlett.

On their way back from Australia he will be staying in Persia with members of the Shah's wife, Farah Diba's family.

Prince Radziwill knows them, too.

"I'm not name-dropping," he laughed as one important family after another tripped off his tongue. "You see, my family is not only very old but very large. So we can't help knowing just about everyone."

Black Prince

He says he is a Black Radziwill and that Mrs. Kennedy's sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, and her husband are Red Radziwills.

"It has nothing to do with politics," he said. "In the 18th century two brothers, one with a red beard, the other with a black beard, divided the family, so that there were two distinct lines known as the Red and the Black Radziwills."

"But we are still cousins." With his vast knowledge of European Hapsburgs and perhapsburgs, counts of this and that and counts of no account, he is invaluable to emigres trying to trace their origins, and spends much of his time in the Paris National Library.

He is also interested in the lovely chateaus of



PRINCE RADZIWILL, chairman of the United Dominion Bank of the Bahamas (a private bank) and president of Sogentfinance, a Swiss company formed to acquire controlling interest in two Australian enterprises. He is visiting Australia to survey the companies.

France. There is a monthly magazine published for lovers of all these ancient monuments and buildings and the prince is a regular contributor in verse.

Some Radziwills claim to be related to Princess Marina, and Francois confirms this, explaining that it is through the marriage of Radziwills into the Greek Royal family.

"Princess Tatiana Radziwill, who was a bridesmaid at the Greek Royal wedding, is a cousin of mine," he said. "Her mother, a Greek princess, married Dominic Prince Radziwill."

But, for all his royal connections (and on his mother's side he is directly descended from the King of Poland), Francois, Prince Radziwill, is proudest of his second title, which he uses as well, Count d'Oppersdorff.

"That was the title of my great-grandfather," he said. "It was in his castle that

Beethoven composed the Fourth Symphony, dedicating it to the Count d'Oppersdorff. It is on all the record albums."

On his way to Australia Francois stopped off in New York for a meeting with his sister, the Princess Sapieha, and two of his brothers, married to American sisters, who were the Misses Whitride-Thomas, of Boston.

They have lived in the U.S. for more than 20 years.

Prince Radziwill himself is married to an American whose family is in their Social Register, as his is emblazoned in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

She was Miss Marjorie Burlew Brady, of Baltimore, a contemporary of the Duchess of Windsor, who was also a Baltimore girl.

"On my next visit I hope to take my wife to Australia with me," he said.

And how does the Prince operate, linking the big

names and big business—the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers, American bank presidents, French industrialists, West German manufacturers?

His answer was so simple as to be almost naive.

"Well, as I have to be most discreet in all my dealings, I have no office, no house, and no servants or apartment, no large country staff," he said.

"I live quite comfortably with the Princess, in a good Paris hotel (the France et Choiseul) and conduct my extensive network of investigation and introductions from there. It is our permanent home."

Even as he described the hotel he let drop a few more names, these more familiar. "The late Mrs. Roosevelt and the President spent their honeymoon there. Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier) always stays there... so does John Osborne, John Gielgud..."

STAY FEMININE, SAYS THE DUCHESA

● Be a feminist, but don't ever forget to be feminine, is the advice of the Duchesa Denti di Pirajno, vice-president of the 300,000-strong International Federation of Business and Professional Women.

"BEING a woman after all has many advantages, and it would be a great pity if women forgot how to be feminine," she said.

"And we can gain what we seek without losing our femininity."

Vice-president of the world-wide organisation and national president of the 23 clubs and 1700 members in Italy, the Duchesa visited Australia to attend the federation's board meeting in Canberra from April 20-25.

During the five-day get-together, delegates from 12 countries discussed problems of the federation and venue

and preliminary details of the 1965 conference.

Wife of Alberto Denti di Pirajno, author of best-sellers "A Cure for Serpents" and "Grave for a Dolphin," the Duchesa lives on her family estate, San Giorgio della Richinvelda, at Udine, north of Florence, which she inherited from her father.

Her 17th century two-storey Venetian-style house is set in the village and boasts its own tiny chapel.

With the help of a man-

ager, the Duchesa (who spends six months of each year there and the other six months in Rome, where she has a flat in the fashionable district of Parioli) runs the estate herself.

She grows grapes (from which are made the red and white wine for which the area is noted), corn, and tobacco, and runs a medium-sized herd of cattle.

"But life in the country is very difficult now," she said sadly.

"There's a mild revolution of sorts going on in the world of agriculture in Italy. The peasants are leaving the villages and going to the towns and cities and into industry."

"One hundred years ago, when my family first came to this district, we had seven villages with 4000 people who were content to work in the fields under a patriarchal system."

"There are now only about 500 people, the system has

been demolished, and workers are paid a wage and work fixed hours."

There's a quiet sadness about this Italian duchess who saw her family home looted and burned during the 1914-18 war and went through the horrors of World War II in Europe.

But there's a surprisingly cheerful note in her voice when she says, "After all, the paintings and treasures I lost were only possessions—life is more important."

When the Duchesa joined the federation 10 years ago she had no intention of becoming such an active member.

"It was just one of many things I joined," she said. "Now the federation is my main interest and takes me all over the world visiting the countries which belong to it."

Of the countries which are members of the federation she thinks America, Sweden, England, and Australia are the most advanced for the professional woman.

"In Australia, as in the other three countries, I have seen many women in very important positions," she said.

Fonteyn, Nureyev in ballet "Giselle"

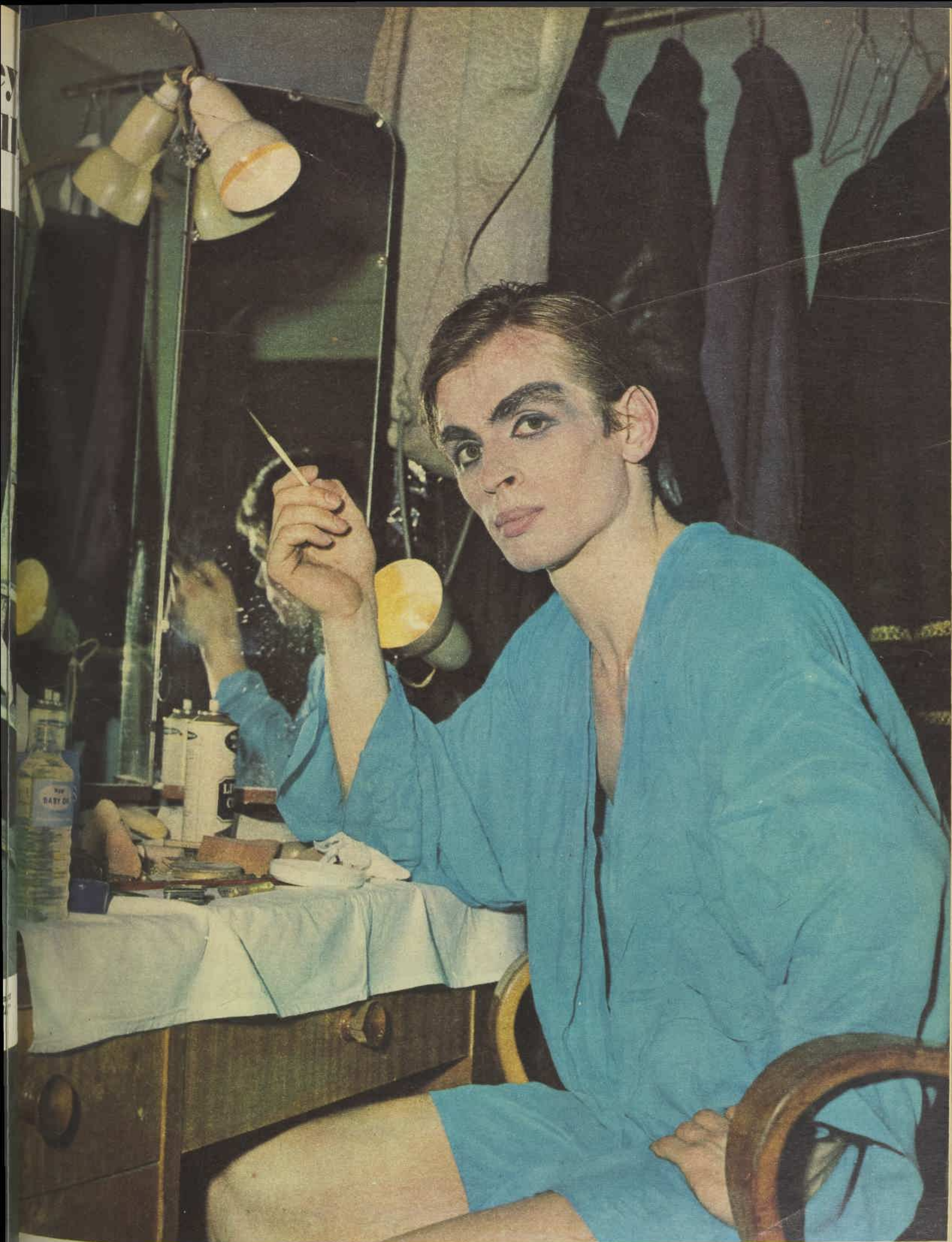


BACKSTAGE, Dame Margot Fonteyn adjusts the ribbons of her ballet shoes (above) before going on to dance the second act of "Giselle."

Pictures by staff photographers Keith Barlow and Ernie Nutt.

MOMENTS from "Giselle," danced by Fonteyn and Nureyev, are shown AT LEFT and RIGHT. The ballet tells the story of the tragic romance between peasant girl Giselle and Count Albrecht, travelling incognito as a commoner named Loys. Giselle becomes insane and dies of a broken heart after learning he is betrothed already to a princess.





RUSSIAN-BORN ballet idol Rudolf Nureyev at work on his make-up. He insists on complete solitude before a performance and sits alone in his dressing-room. Nureyev—he pronounces his name Nyer-ray-ev—dances for at least seven hours daily.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Building Supplies

By MARY BROKER

● This week we discuss two fairly small companies which supply various types of boards to the building industry.

OF the two companies, one is engaged in producing and distributing specific types of building board, as well as milling and importing some timber, while the other manufactures a synthetic board.

Both have done extremely well over the past two years. You already know, from previous weeks, that the building industry is beginning an excellent period.

Cemac Associated Limited is, I believe, both efficient and well managed. Formed in Sydney in 1956 to acquire Cemac Pty. Ltd. (formed in 1951), the company had only three subsidiaries.

By wise takeover moves it now has 19 more, some of which I shall now describe.

CEMAC PTY. LTD. This was the original part of the business. It is principally a merchant, handling plywoods, veneered panels and doors, and other Cemac products.

CEMAC (TIMBER) PTY. LTD. Formed in 1953, mainly to import timber.

CEMAC MODULAR CONSTRUCTIONS PTY.

LTD. Formed in 1955, designs and manufactures many of those red-brown partitions seen in office buildings.

ROSEBERY VENEER CO. PTY. LTD. also makes plywood and veneers.

BOA CONSTRUCTORS PTY. LTD., acquired in June, 1960, manufactures office and factory equipment.

VENEER AND PLYWOOD PTY. LTD., also acquired in 1960, operates sawmills and veneer plants in N.S.W., and had been a chief supplier of veneers to Rosebery Veneer Co. before it was taken over.

CUMMING HENDERSON (DISTRIBUTORS) PTY. LTD., also of 1960, imports and exports veneers.

ARMSTRONG BROS. (INDUSTRIES) PTY. LTD., taken over in 1962, operates a joinery works and had been one of the main sub-contractors of Cemac Modular Constructions.

You will see that directors have been careful in their takeover moves in not diverging too far from their original business.

The acquisition of companies such as Armstrong Bros. is one example. It is obvious that bringing associated companies into the group would cut out the middleman's profit and, to some extent, cut costs.

Other activities include the manufacture of aluminium windows, Polyvinyl chloride markings for zebra crossings, and Omnia precast concrete floorings. Plans are now in hand to extend the latter project to Melbourne and Brisbane.

The financial record is excellent. Even in the difficult 1961 year, earning rate was 22.5 per cent. and since increased to 27.2 per cent. The profit margin as a percentage of turnover has gone up from 2.4 per cent. to 3.3 per cent. in that time.

Dividend has been a steady 12½ per cent. since 1958, and since then there has also been a 1-4 par issue and a 1-5 bonus since.

The 5/- shares at around 16/- are not, I think, too high, and yield 3.9 per cent. One hundred would cost you about £82, for a dividend return of £3/2/6 a year. The next dividend will be paid toward the end of May.

The other company is **STRAMIT BOARDS LIMITED**, which was knocked around by the "credit squeeze." Net profit dropped from £34,000 to £6000 between 1960 and 1962, and earning rate fell from 16.7 per cent. to 1.4 per cent. Dividend was actually omitted in 1962.

However, last year sales jumped 50 per cent. to £1.7 million, resulting in a huge rise in profit to £107,000. Dividend was resumed at 10 per cent.

The company's main business is the production of "Stramit" board, a good insulator used for roof decking, partitions, linings, and ceilings.

Another product is "Speed Deck" metal decking, which appears to be quite popular, since three new mills are soon to open.

Better manufacturing processes are constantly being sought—the most recent increases board production by 50 per cent., and has enabled a cut in costs.

The interim report showed a net profit for the six months to December 31, 1963, of £63,000, equal to an annual earning rate of 30 per cent., after a new record trading period.

At 12/3 the 5/- shares seem worth buying. The cost of 100 is £63, for a dividend return of £2/10/- a year, yielding 4 per cent.

Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

CORAL SEA WEEK guest-of-honor, the Commander of the United States 8th Army and Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations Forces in Korea, General Hamilton H. Howze, and his wife will attend a non-stop whirl of functions after their arrival here on May 3.

The programme for the first of their three days' stay includes attending the Coral Sea lunch at Menzies Hotel, followed by a State Reception at the Pickwick Club, and then on to another reception at the Wentworth Hotel, to meet members of the Junior Australian-American Association.

Next day they will attend a Civic Reception at the Town Hall, and in the evening will be guests-of-honor at a dinner party given by the founder of the Australian-American Association, Mr. E. K. White, and his wife, before the gala Coral Sea Victory Ball at the Trocadero.

The ball, as usual, promises to be a great success, and the president of the Australian-American Association Ladies' Committee, Mrs. Norman Jones, tells me they're hoping for a record number of more than 1000 guests.

Mrs. Jones, assisted by Mrs. Robert Mansfield, Mrs. Eric Turnbull, and Peter Mansell, are busy finalising last-minute details for the ball and the decor. They're planning to "hide" the ballroom ceiling with red, white, and blue streamers and bunting, covered with small, criss-crossed Australian and American flags.

HOTTEST tip for the Spring Racing Carnival is that Princess Marina may attend the Black and White Ball held on September 29—the eve of Ladies' Day at Randwick—when she is in Sydney to attend the British Trade Fair.

ATTRACTIVE bride - to - be Janece Weston has designed and made the beautiful lace gown which she will wear for her marriage with Grahame Burge-Lopez, at St. Giles' Church, Hurstville, on May 2. It has taken Janece two-and-a-half months to complete the gown, which has a long train embroidered with 3000 pearls. "It took me three weeks to do the embroidery," Janece said.

FROM America comes news of Harriet Dearth, who has been working at the Australian Embassy in Washington for the past 12 months. She'll be leaving shortly for New York to stay with fellow Australian Lana Harnett, and to see the New York Trade Fair, before sailing to England for an indefinite stay.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Geddes at the reception which members of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, gave at the Squadron in honor of the Commodore, the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Gerald Allen and his bride, formerly Miss Jane Bradshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bradshaw, of "Monavale," Ladysmith, after their wedding at Christ Church St. Laurence, George Street. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Allen, of Molo, Kenya, East Africa, who flew here for the wedding. The bride wore a satin gown.

I LIKE the nickname which members of the Skiers Committee have given their president, Mrs. Charles Walton. They've dubbed her "the flying chairlift." Mrs. Walton is doing a special 11-day tour of country towns with Arthur Butler, to raise funds for the Aerial Ambulance Appeal. She will interrupt her trip on April 29 to back and welcome 400 guests to the committee's Snow Show at the Australia Hotel. Next day she will fly to Narromine to continue the tour and expects to return home on May 9.

DR. and MRS. HAROLD ASSHETON CHIN'S new home at Bellevue Hill sounds delightful—it's set in a lovely garden and has views of Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay, and the Harbor. They're moving in on May 1 after living at Pymble for 22 years. Mrs. Assheton-Chin is particularly happy about the move, as she's looking forward to being closer to her daughter, Dallas, and husband, Adrian Bicknell, who live at Darling Point.

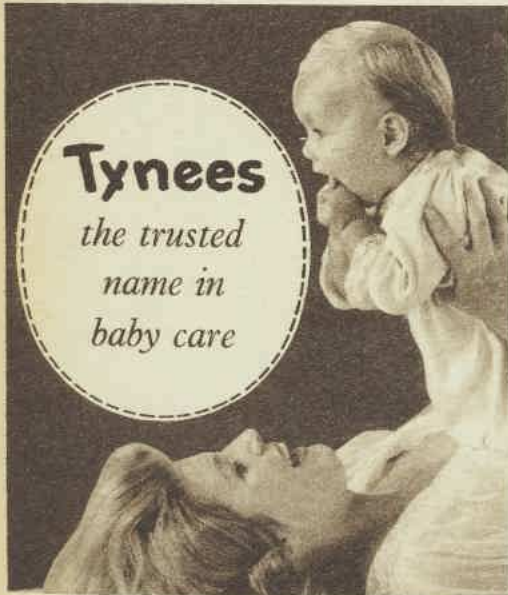
I HEAR that Pat Vass and Paul Mazoodier have set the date for their wedding. They'll be married at the Garrison Church, Millers Point, on May 20, and the reception will be at the Pickwick Club. As her sister, Linda, is teaching at Richmond, U.S.A., and can't be here for the wedding, Pat will dispense with tradition and won't have any bridesmaids. Pat is the daughter of the former U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Laurence Vass, and Mrs. Vass, who arrived here with her daughter from East Africa a few weeks ago. They brought Pat's wedding gown and veil with them from Nairobi, Kenya, where Mr. Vass was, until recently, *Chargé d'Affaires* at the U.S. Embassy. He's now in Washington, awaiting a new appointment.

WITH school holidays just round the corner, many Sydney folk are planning short trips to the country. Among those going to Bowral are Mrs. Eric Ashhams and her daughter, Edwina. They'll be there for a week and are planning to play golf and go horse-riding. Mrs. John Henderson and her daughters, Sally and Robin, will also be heading for Bowral. However, they will leave a week later, on May 16, the day the Abrahams' return home.

RECEIVING congratulations on the birth of their second child are Ross and Judy McFadyen. The baby, who has been called Sally, was born 10 days ago at King George V Hospital. Judy's mother, Mrs. Bruce Lindsay, of Narromine, has been looking after her grandson, Lionel, while his mother has been in hospital. Incidentally, Ross and Judy recently moved from Woolahra to a new home in Mosman.



Tynees
the trusted
name in
baby care



Because you care so much about your baby's special little needs, Tynees care enough to make the finest baby products. For minor ills — safe, quarter strength, orange flavoured Aspirin. For teething pain — soothing Teething Jelly. For baby's bath — the softest, gentlest baby soap. For nappy rash and chafing — Sooth-O-Lene cream. To keep baby regular — Tynees-Lax. And to stop baby sucking his thumb and biting his nails — Tynees Thummie.

Ask your family chemist about the trusted family of Tynees baby-care products

WA272



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. William Spanawick, who were married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Margaret McLaughlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McLaughlan, of "Berryjerry Station," Wagga Wagga, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Spanawick, of Killara.



AT RIGHT: Mr. Richard Wiesener and his bride, formerly Miss Diana Hipsley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hipsley, of Killara, after their wedding at St. Martin's Church, Killara. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. R. F. Wiesener, of Killara, and of the late Mr. Wiesener. A reception for 200 guests was held at the Wentworth Hotel.



TO MARRY. Mr. David O'Dea, of "Windoverie," Canowindra, and Miss Elizabeth Hegarty, who have announced their engagement. Miss Hegarty is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hegarty, of Vacluse, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. O'Dea, of Rose Bay. The couple will live in Canowindra after their marriage at Riverview College Chapel in July.



NEWLYWED Mr. Ross Bragg, of "Daylesford," Cudal, and his bride, formerly Miss Patricia Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Gardner, of "Coldstream Hill," Lilydale, Victoria, pictured after their marriage at St. John's Church, Lilydale, with bridesmaids (from left) Miss Jacqueline Gardner, Miss Alison Bragg, and Miss Elizabeth Gardner. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Bragg, of "Karoopa," Crouther.



AT LEFT: The Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and his daughter the Hon. Catherine Sidney pictured backstage at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, with Dame Margot Fonteyn after her performance with Rudolf Nureyev in "Giselle," which opened the Australian Ballet's season.



AT RIGHT: The Consul-General for the Philippines, Mr. Renato Urquiola, and Mrs. Urquiola at the Sydney premiere of the Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, which opened at the Theatre Royal last week.

I'm in tune



with the times...

I use Tampax, too. Without question, Tampax is the modern sanitary protection.

Just what does "modern" mean? Not only the newest, the latest, but almost always, an improvement over the past.

Tampax users view the product two ways. Some say that it gives you so much freedom, comfort, poise—that you seem to go from the dark ages into the 20th century.

Others say Tampax doesn't chafe, doesn't irritate, doesn't create odour problems, doesn't tie you up in a belt-pin-pad harness.

Both opinions are right, of course. By not doing anything to you, Tampax does a lot for you.

Give Tampax a try. This very month! You'll use it eventually. Why not do it now?

Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). Available in the standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.

TAMPAX Internal Sanitary Protection

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

EXPERT ADVICE about relief from VARICOSE VEINS

Some women with varicose veins are reluctant to wear surgical stockings. They feel, mistakenly, that these adversely affect appearance. A few have sought relief through ordinary, heavyweight stretch nylons. They've been disillusioned. These stockings cannot provide the support needed for real relief.

The solution is Scholl Surgical Stockings. Light and seamless, these stockings cannot be seen under ordinary nylons, yet they give scientifically accurate support. Exclusive soft-grip top and instep afford complete wearing comfort. With Scholl Surgical Hosiery you can get genuine relief without spoiling your appearance. All fittings in either nylon or elastic yarn, from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Scholl



LETTER BOX

We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Sweet gifts to children

LIKE "Worried Mum" (N.S.W.), I, too, had the problem of relations offering sweets, cakes, and cordials to my child during visits. I gently but firmly told the offenders that as she had such nice first teeth I was determined to look after them for her, and that the only thing she was allowed to have between meals was fruit. When they saw I meant what I said, they respected my wishes.

£1/1/- to J.C. (name supplied), George Town, Tas.

I FOUND it easier to educate my children to have savory tastes, rather than endeavor to inform persistent sweet-givers of the harm caused to children's appetites, teeth, and health. I found it better not to forbid sweets while visiting, but allowed them to accept on the condition that they kept them until after the next meal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ben Parkes, Glenbrook, N.S.W.

I TOOK my four-year-old to the family dentist and had him explain to my child that sweets, etc., were bad for the teeth. The result was that the child began refusing such things because "the dentist said they are not good for my teeth." Children cannot be denied sweets altogether, so allow them as a special treat after the evening meal, before they clean their teeth.

£1/1/- to "No Cavities" (name supplied), Mascot, N.S.W.

ONCE I was a culprit myself. But now, instead of taking my grandchildren sweets on my weekly visit, I give them pennies for their moneyboxes, and find they are just as happy.

£1/1/- to G. Friend, Clareville Beach, N.S.W.

EVER since my two have been old enough to eat by themselves, when visiting I have taken their own snacks with me. This saves a lot of fuss, and the children readily accept them.

£1/1/- to "Provider" (name supplied), Tuart Hill, W.A.

LET the children carry their toothbrushes with them, and then no great harm will be done; even if their appetite is spoilt, missing a meal once in a while certainly won't hurt them. Please let your children enjoy their visits and enjoy them yourself. If you continue to fuss, life will become miserable for both you and your family.

£1/1/- to "Fluoride" (name supplied), Drummoyn, N.S.W.

Liz's bridal hairdo

IF any brides-to-be are thinking of copying Elizabeth Taylor's wedding hairstyle, they may be interested to know that it is not by any means a new idea, but is the traditional way of dressing the bride's hair in many Hindu families. Hip-length locks (generally the bride's own) are braided into one long plait and interwoven with flowers. Tassels are often attached to the end.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Cole, Orchard Hills, N.S.W.

Greeting cards too sentimental

THERE are some really beautiful greeting cards in the shops, but most of the messages inside them are so sickly sentimental that it would be an embarrassment to send them to one's friends. Where, oh where, can there be a card that merely says "Happy Birthday" or its equivalent?

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Tynan, Cheltenham, Vic.

Were they up or down?

TAKING my four-year-old grandson for a ride in a train, we stopped at a station where there were a lot of bikes hanging up on an iron frame. I said, "Look, dear, at all the bikes hanging up." After a good look he turned to me and said, "No, Nanna, they're hanging DOWN." Now I ask you—who was right?

£1/1/- to "Nanna" (name supplied), Lynton, S.A.

Older children less worry

PEOPLE are always saying that children are more worry when they grow older. My family is spread from preschool age to mid-teens, and I find the companionship and general home atmosphere now a great improvement on the teething, infectious diseases, and nappy-washing days. Do others agree, or am I being too optimistic?

£1/1/- to "Tibby" (name supplied), Kojonup, W.A.

High jinks in the garage

BEING short of space, a friend gave her daughter a 21st birthday party in the garage. They hired a dance floor for £7/10/-, hung the walls with sheets and canvas, and decorated these with record covers and posters. Fishing-nets and balloons hung from the roof. There were trestle tables for the cats and a radiogram, and everyone had a wow of a time, with no mess and very little trouble.

£1/1/- to "Spacious" (name supplied), Lilydale, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

GIRL-WATCHING has become a popular hobby, particularly among men.

It was inspired in the first place, as is well known, by the example of bird-watchers. The girl-watchers have adapted bird-watchers' careful methods for their own purposes with much success.

They learn quickly to identify different kinds of girls. They note the characteristic cries, coloring, feeding habits, etc.

At the moment, girl-watchers are interested in a new technique which bird-watchers use — the banding of birds.

Enthusiasts catch a bird and fasten a colored plastic band around one leg. The band is marked with the place and date. Then the bird is released.

Other watchers who see the bird — perhaps in a different country — record the information on its band. In this way, say experts, much has been learned about birds' movements, growth, and "mating constancy."

I heard about this from a keen young girl-watcher, Norman by name.

WHAT GIRL IS THAT?

"Naturally we want to get a similar system going for banding girls," he said. "There is so much that could be studied by it — their interstate migrations in the Christmas holidays, for example."

"But would girls let you put bands on them?" I asked.



"It might be a bit hard with wild girls," he said. "Perhaps we could catch them in nylon nets, like bird-banders use. But there are plenty of tame, friendly girls who would have no objections."

"How would you keep track of all the girls you banded?" I said.

"We don't expect to," said Norman. "Bird-banders consider a recovery rate of 10 per cent. is quite

good. Even that many would help us to solve a lot of girl problems."

"Such as what?"

"Where do surfing femlins go in the winter time? What happened to the blond Elvis Presley fans — have they moved to Antarctica or switched to The Beatles? Do Sydney brunettes cross the Harbor to choose a mate? And so on."

Norman went on discussing the idea with the ardor of youth.

He spoke of plans for a great international girl-banding programme.

A watcher in London could spot a migratory Melbourne typist, check the information on her leg-band, and send it to a central office for filing.

I was still sceptical.

"What if girls mess the system up by altering the dates on their band?" I said. "Or put on bands with phony markings like 'Frank Sinatra, Las Vegas, April 1, 1963.'"

That was a month ago. I have heard that Norman has only managed to band one girl so far — his "steady," Diane McDill. She threw the band away (a red one) because it didn't go with her mauve shift.

MAIS NON!



● French dress designer Coco Chanel now owns a string of racehorses. She supervised the cutting of racing silks for her jockey, Yves St. Martin, but he refused to let her put a touch of her famous perfume, Chanel No. 5, behind his ears.

A horse is philosophic about a human's ways. Though bored by conversation (its large brown eyes will glaze)

It's used to superstitions and to owners' quaint conceits

(Especially lady owners) for staving off defeats. But it draws the line at jockeys wearing scent behind the ears.

Imagine, in the Paddock, the whinnies and the jeers!

I quote an old French neddy who was reared in Gay Paree:

"Only common scents and horse scents make any sense to me."

—Dorothy Drain

Seven grandmothers

IS this very unusual? I am 23 and the mother of four children. As my great-grandmother is still living, and as both my husband and I have two grandmothers living, as well as our own mothers, this means that our children have seven living grandmothers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Towns, Larpent, Vic.

The grateful peewee

BIRDS must have some way of identifying certain humans. For three weeks I had been feeding a peewee, with an injured leg, and when on my way up the hill to the phone box he twice flew on to my head. He piloted me all the way home, making no attempt to fly off until I reached my front door.

£1/1/- to "Peewee," Carlingford, N.S.W.

Advice from a French chef

MAKE A FUSS IF YOU DON'T LIKE A MEAL

By MOLLIE LYONS

● Dissatisfied with the restaurant service and the meal you've just had? Then don't sit back and take it — make a fuss.

THIS is the advice of charming young French couple Renee and Jean Souil, who think Australians are too casual and should be more demanding when it comes to fine food and good service.

"If they only realised they just don't have to take it, and said so, the standard would quickly improve," says raven-haired Renee.

This handsome twosome arrived in Australia with their three-year-old daughter, Marie-Noelle, just 10 months ago and, after a short period of "settling-in," are now in charge of a restaurant in East Sydney.

Jean is the chef, Renee the receptionist-bookkeeper.

Rows of gleaming copper pans (which the Souils brought from France) and colorful French prints form an effective background for their proudest acquisition since they've been here — a tall silver cup which Jean won for restaurant cooking at the recent Australian Catering Exposition.

Prize dish

For this he had to prepare Chaud-froid de Volaille, a cold chicken dish which took ten hours to do. The chicken had to be boned, rebuilt with pate to its original shape, covered with a warm sauce made of stock, wine, gelatine, and cream, decorated with truffles and then covered with a glaze.

Cooking and food have always been part and parcel of Jean Souil's life. He was born and lived in the city of Lyons (which boasts 200 restaurants), where his mother conducted for 30 years a restaurant known all over France for its cuisine.

When he left school Jean spent two years at the Thonon School of Cooking on the Swiss border, and then made for Paris. Here he went from one to another of the big restaurants, spending no more than two months at each.

"The idea was to spend a little time with each chef

so I could learn his particular speciality," he said.

Ten years ago, under an exchange scheme sponsored by the British and French Governments, he went to England as an observer in the famous kitchens of the Savoy Hotel.

"There were about 120 cooks altogether," he said. "I was a chef's associate in the sauce section."

Marriage

Jean returned home to France, and, although he still spoke very little English, soon became homesick for London and returned again to the Savoy, where he worked for another two years.

During this period he met his beautiful young wife, Renee, who had gone to England under an exchange scheme by which girls from the Continent live with English families as domestics.

"I knew very little about food," she said, "but soon after we met Jean persuaded me to work in a restaurant to learn all I could."

Jean had by now joined forces with English television star Ellen Cordet, and was executive chef at her restaurant, Maison de France.

A year after their meeting, Jean and Renee slipped across the Channel to be married in their homeland.

For the next few years Renee modelled occasionally and Jean supervised the running of seven restaurants in and around London.

Their decision to migrate to Australia wasn't a hasty one. "We thought about it for five years before we finally decided," said Renee.

When they arrived in Sydney 10 months ago they had "no job, no house, no nothing," as Jean puts it.

"When I made inquiries about a job I was told my years of experience on the Continent and in England meant nothing," he said. "I would have to start more or less as a kitchen boy."

Disheartened, the young couple had almost decided to go back to England when a businessman offered Jean a job as chef in a North Shore restaurant.



● Husband-and-wife team Jean and Renee Souil, who conduct one of Sydney's many Continental restaurants. They came from France 10 months ago to settle here.

From there they moved to their present restaurant and have big plans for its future.

Their observations on a variety of subjects:

AUSTRALIANS. They are most hospitable and make one feel so welcome. They are easy to serve and so pleased with everything—but it would be better if they were a little more demanding.

MEN. (This from Renee). "Australian men seem more interested in beer than in women," says Renee. "I felt much more feminine in England and France, where it is unusual to walk down the street without being looked at or whistled at."

Her first experience of a typical Australian party, where men gathered at one end of the room and the women at the other, astounded her.

THE FRENCH. Australians make the mistake of thinking anyone French automatically knows all about food—they don't.

"However, with most of them, appreciation of good food begins at home," explained Jean. "A French husband would be shocked to return home after work and not find a beautifully cooked meal ready for him."

Postscript: At home Renee is the cook. "But it's always something quite simple, like a grilled steak and a tossed salad," she said. "Jean has to have a break from rich food sometimes."

When we were young

● Do you remember the war years . . . the New Look . . . the wedding of the Queen and Prince Philip? This letter from Mrs. Patricia Bergin, of Brisbane, will stir many readers' memories:

WHO also "grew up" with The Australian Women's Weekly? I certainly did. I first remember the Weekly way back in the uncertain, dark days of 1942 when I was five years old.

With my father away in the Army, my mother was caring for three tiny children alone, and the arrival of the Weekly was the brightest spot in long, lonely days.

After so many years I well remember what a triumph it was to obtain a copy, as paper was a luxury in those days.

And what did a five-year-old find to interest her in a women's magazine? Well, laugh if you will, my favorite item was a pictorial advertisement for a soap-powder with which to wash those precious silk stockings of the pre-nylon era.

This ad featured two young ladies—a wise one whose stockings wore well because she used this soap-powder, and her friend, whose hose was always laddering because she didn't. Do you remember that advertisement?

I used to think the unwise girl was very dumb for needing a reminder every week. At five I did not understand the power of advertising, but today I use that product for my nylons!

The war ended, the years passed, and, in 1947, I was ten.

What a year that was! The Weekly brought out those elegant French mannequins with the Dior "New Look." How I

longed to be grown-up and wear those ankle-sweeping skirts!

With paper restrictions lifted, the Weekly grew thicker each edition, and now it featured the wedding of the day—Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. I read every paragraph.

Five years later I was 15 and my interest was reading the novels which the Weekly has always serialised so well. My favorite was "A Town Like Alice," by Nevil Shute.

Suddenly I was 20, engaged to be married. Now it was my turn to buy the Weekly and pass it on to my mother—sometimes, I confess, minus favorite recipes, dress patterns, hints that would be very useful in my married life.

Now I am long since married and a mother of four. These days my mother buys her copy and I buy mine.

No longer do I have time to read the fiction. But I still collect recipes, patterns, and hints, and devour every item on child-care and household management.

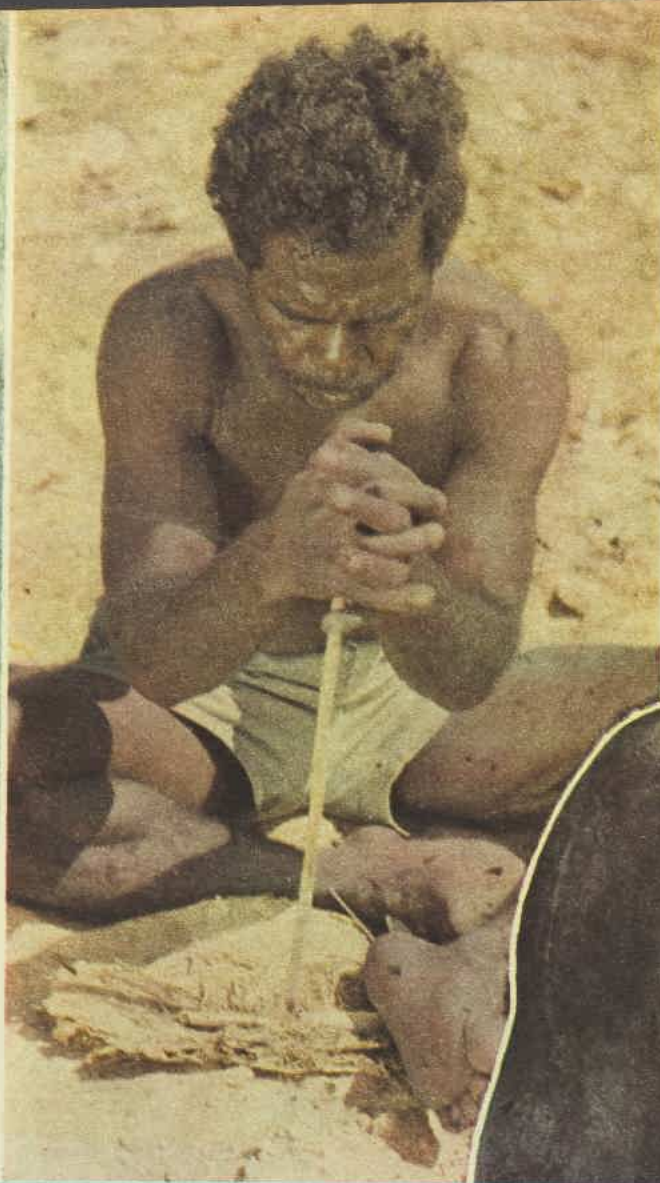
My eldest child is five, as I was nearly 22 years ago when I first met the Weekly. Even as I write this letter he is beside me, admiring the colored advertisements and recognising with delight his favorite TV stars.

Even in this television era, five-year-olds, mothers, and grandmothers, too, can still enjoy the Weekly.

Mrs. Patricia Bergin, Mt. Gravatt, Qld.



DAVID HASANYI (above), of the Bringara tribe, waits to be treated by Roberts. David lives in the 1315 square mile Beswick reserve, close to Katherine.



PHILLIP ROBERTS (right) crouches as he lights a fire with sticks that he has not lost the tribal skills that blend faintly with modern science.



SAM (above) is the man of the Alawa tribe chosen before his birth as Roberts' guide and mentor. **BELOW:** Natives in the Beswick reserve.

I, the Aboriginal

THE story of Waipuldanya, a full-blood aboriginal of the Alawa tribe at Roper River in the Northern Territory, who became Phillip Roberts, medical assistant with the Department of Health at Darwin hospital, confounds the idea of the original as primitive man.

"I, the Aboriginal," an hour film made by the A.B.C. and produced by Kip Porteous, tells his story.

Phillip Roberts has been given full

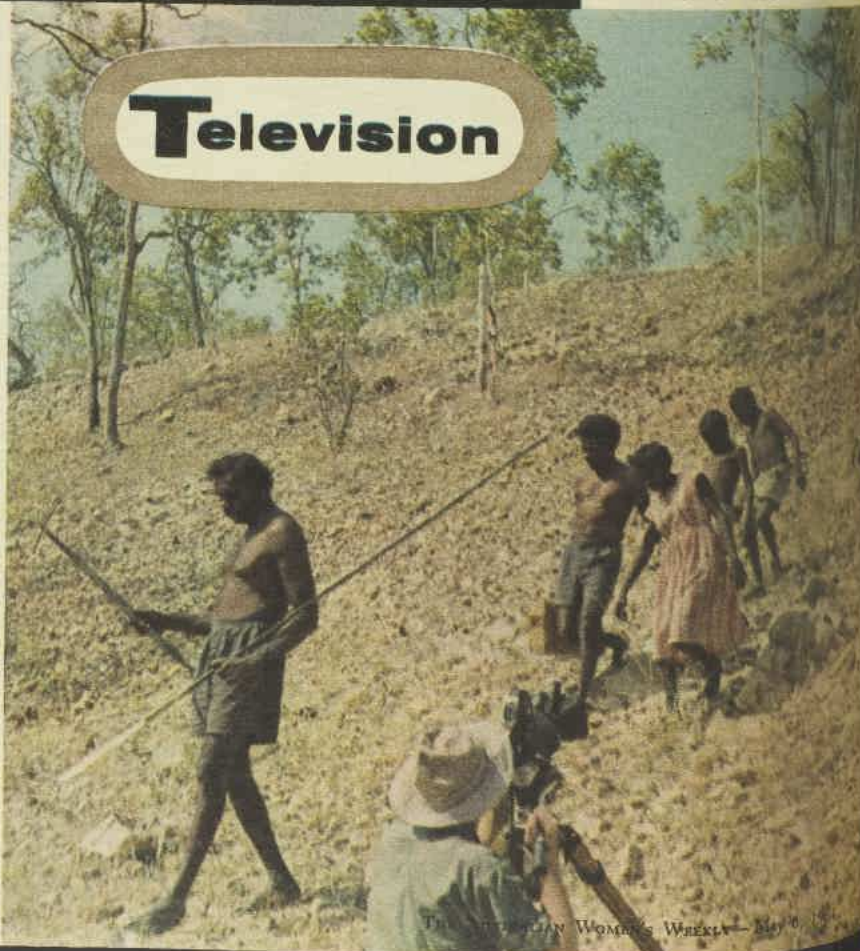
citizenship rights, and lives in Darwin with his wife and family. He goes on medical "walkabouts" from the hospital with a spear in one hand and a laboratory in a pigskin briefcase in the other, testing and treating nomadic aborigines for leprosy and hookworm.

● "I, the Aboriginal" will be shown on ABC-TV in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane on May 20, in Adelaide, Perth, Hobart on May 27, 8.30 p.m.

PATIENTS at Mainoru station. Roberts carries a microscope, drugs, and hypodermics in his briefcase.



Television



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1960

HOWARD KEEL'S TV SPECIAL

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The trouble with singer Howard Keel—according to himself—is that he is no sensation. "I'm not interesting, I'm happily married, I've got three marvellous children, and I've got tons of work," he said.

I DON'T agree with him. I found him interesting.

Work for Keel is sheer entertainment for his fans. He sings in a big bass voice songs he made famous in glossy Hollywood musicals.

He is best known for the songs from such films as "Annie Get Your Gun," "Kim Me Kate," "Kismet," "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," and "Rose Marie," and his Sydney fans demand some of these melodic oldies every time he appears.

It is a certainty that many of them will be included in the "Howard Keel Special" he will make for TCN9 and the National Television Network before he returns to America.

He also brushes his thick hair forward and Yeah, yeah, yeah's madly in a funny Beatle send-up that he did with Dave Allen on his "Tonight" show.

Dave Allen's TV show is the sort of TV Howard Keel goes for in a big way.

"Ad lib"

"I like ad lib TV," he said, "and I think the Dave Allen show is a very well-handled programme."

When he returns to America at the end of his season at the Chevron Hilton he'll plunge into a stage season of the musical "Camelot."

Keel is a happy man. He has made a painless change from being a very glittering movie star to a top entertainer in the more intimate nightclub and TV field and is a very durable and popular performer in America's summer stock theatre.

His success is widespread. His trip to Australia was delayed for several weeks while he made a rush trip to England to star for the B.B.C. in "Kiss Me Kate," a musical made specially for the recent opening of the second B.B.C. TV Channel.

In his 45 years he has worked hard in a bitterly competitive field, been successful, and remained a straightforward character, apparently unaffected by the general brouhaha of show-business life.

He is an enormous man. He stands 6ft. 4in. tall bare-footed, has a 46in. chest, takes size 12 in shoes, has blue eyes, beautiful teeth, and a rather scatty little greying beard, specially grown for his "Kiss Me Kate" B.B.C. role.

Ordinarily he is clean-shaven, but he has retained the beard for his role of King Arthur in "Camelot."

He and I disagree strongly about beards. I don't like them.

"You would be surprised how many women really like a man in a beard," he said. "Although I generally am clean-shaven, I do believe there are men whom a beard enhances."

"I rather like beards if they are kept properly. I don't like the strictly Castro type; I think it just looks dirty, but some men who wear a full, rich beard, well trimmed and brushed, look very handsome and masculine."

I told Mr. Keel I always felt that bearded men were wearing their psyche on their face, that they had something to hide, even if it was only the shape of their chin. He demolished me quickly and efficiently.

"It may be affected to wear a beard," he said, "but if you like beards or they make you look or feel better, I say 'Wear a beard'—and to hell with what people think."

I retired from the beard battle, but big and all as he is I did win one battle. He loathes having still pictures taken, and at first flatly refused to even see our photographer.



HOWARD KEEL, bearded for a coming stage role in "Camelot," is making a TV special for TCN9 during his visit to Australia.

self. Teenagers today are no different than in the days when Frank Sinatra came out and they yelled 'Frankie' and screamed.

"Today's yelling is a way of giving out, of releasing their pent-up feelings."

"I think it is a good thing, otherwise they would go out and get into street fights. The way they go on about The Beatles is both a normal and a healthy thing."

Gallipoli Peninsula and Alan Moorehead's splendid script clothed the brave legend of Anzac Day in new form, gave it fresh life, new thoughts.

I think it was a brave thing that TCN9 did, too—to break with the traditional Anzac Day picture of the men storming ashore and give an objective picture 50 years after of the campaign through the eyes and words of Moorehead and of Sir William Slim, a former Governor-General and a surviving officer of the campaign.

Australians are conventional people; they don't like untraditional changes generally, but I am sure they would approve of TCN9's "Gallipoli"; it gave the Anzac Day legend added stature.

One thing I cannot understand, though, is why it was shown on April 20.

I know full well about the commitments of advertisers and time slots, but if ever anything should have been shown on Anzac Day "Gallipoli" should have.

MY special award for the early part of 1964 goes to the three young men of ABC-TV's "Four Corners," Messrs. Penlington, Moore, and Bennett. They have turned the show from an hour that depended on the personality of one compere into a more timely, up-to-the-minute job which depends on the topicality and significance of its news for impact. It's a great improvement.

"GALLIPOLI"—TCN9 Special Project Division's documentary commemorating Anzac Day—is, I believe, the best documentary they have yet made.

The documentary was actually filmed on Gallipoli a few weeks ago by a special TCN9 team, headed by producer Robert Raymond.

The team was accompanied by famous author Alan Moorehead, whose book "Gallipoli" has been highly praised by soldiers and historians as the most significant work on the campaign.

Anzac Day is the only truly national day in the year; it is peculiarly Australian. To see for myself the picture that those ageing Anzac Day marchers carry in their minds as they cover the lengthening distance of the Anzac Day march was both moving and exciting.

The windy ridges of the

WHAT TYPE OF WOMAN ARE YOU?



Are you the type to adopt a proved scientific technique to make your skin look smoother, fresher and years younger?

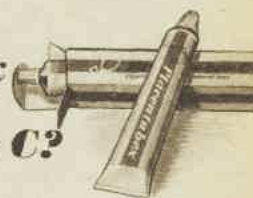
If so, PLACENTUBEX is the answer—the original biological formula which re-activates the skin cells, irons out lines and wrinkles, tightens slack skin. PLACENTUBEX Gelée is for nightly application on face and neck. Hands, too.

Or are you the type who prefers to combine anti-wrinkle treatment with daily beauty care?

If so, PLACENTUBEX C is your choice—a wonderfully soft, delicately perfumed cosmetic cream with the same biological activity as Placentubex itself. PLACENTUBEX C enriched with vitamins, is the foundation cream that genuinely rejuvenates and preserves the skin.

Which is for you?

Placentubex
or
Placentubex C?



Special Cosmetics

Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., 6-8 McLachlan Avenue, Artarmon, N.S.W.

JUST ONCE—with
Goddard's
ONCE OVER
FLOOR POLISH



Just spread it on—it shines as it dries. And Once Over needs only an occasional wipe with a damp cloth to keep floors sparkling. Buy Once Over from all good grocers and hardware stores.



GODDARD'S
luxury
APPLICATOR

You'll never stoop to polish a floor again! Only 52/- includes a FREE CAN of Once Over.

W244

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 6, 1964



BEVERLY HILLBILLIES Bea Benadaret and Irene Ryan.

DID YOU KNOW?

Television



PATTY DUKE, who is making a Hollywood film.

● Charles Boyer will be the narrator for a one-hour TV tour of the Musée de la Louvre, Paris, home of the Mona Lisa and other great masterpieces.

FILMING of the gallery has been completed by the U.S. N.B.C. network, and Boyer has recorded versions of the narration in French and in English.

The French version is being given to the French Government for distribution to film theatres. Background music to the documentary was composed by Norman della Joie.

★ ★ ★
PATTY DUKE has completed her season's work for the A.B.C. series she heads, and has moved to Hollywood to make a film, "Time out for Ginger." After the film is completed, she is due to return to New York to make next season's episodes of her "Patty Duke Show."

★ ★ ★
COMEDIAN Jerry Van Dyke, who started the season as a regular performer on "The Judy Garland Show" in America, is expected back next season in the same time slot. But Miss Garland isn't. The comic is under consideration for the role opposite Julie Newmar in "Living Doll," a situation comedy about a gorgeous girl robot left in the custody of a bachelor man-about-town.

★ ★ ★
AUDIENTES who saw Bob Hope's wartime overseas troupe didn't realise it at the time, but they were watching one of the leading TV performers of today—Irene Ryan, Irene, who now plays Granny in "The Beverly Hillbillies," was a regular member of the Bob Hope troupe during the war.

★ ★ ★
ROBERT VAUGHN, now playing in "The Lieutenant," will portray Napoleon Solo in a new show, "Mr. Solo," next season. Napoleon is a suave, sophisticated, iron-hard agent of an international organisation called U.N.C.L.E., which combats T.H.R.U.S.H., another organisation attempting world-wide subversion. The series will be a weekly one-hour dramatic chase-and-suspense thriller in the James Bond genre.

★ ★ ★
ANOTHER offspring of "The Beverly Hillbillies" appears headed for a slot on next season's programming. This one, titled "Bailey of Balboa," is to have Broadway actor Paul Ford in the lead role.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Mamma once said to my sister when she was young and didn't worry too much about her personal appearance (you probably have the same trouble with your young daughter), you know—hated to take a bath, never worried about her hair, wouldn't hang up her clothes, and how about dirt under the fingernails—or biting them? Well, if you have this trouble with your daughter, tell her what Mamma told my sister—and I think your problem will be solved.

Mamma's moral . . . For want of a nail a date was lost, for want of a date a man was lost, for want of a man a marriage was lost, for want of a marriage a family was lost . . . so for goodness sakes take care of your nails!



think of softness think of Johnson's

Think of softness, think of purity. Think of gentle skin care . . . think of Johnson's the softest, purest, gentlest powder in the world . . . the one powder specially made to absorb moisture, to ensure daylong freshness.

Johnson's Baby Powder...Baby Soap...Baby Oil...Baby Cream



Best for baby, Best for you

Sure to be welcome on Mother's Day!



ACTIL

Gift Packed
PILLOW CASES

A 'must for your money' gift
she's certain to appreciate!



Guaranteed Quality
SHEETS & PILLOW CASES



BUY ACTIL — Australia's First and Strongest Sheets and Pillow Cases

WORTH REPORTING

"THERE'S a myth about Frenchwomen and their smartness," Mr. Austin Wood said. "I think business girls in France can't hold a candle to your girls here."

"In fact, the girls in Australian stores are very much better dressed than in any country in the world. Except perhaps America."

Mr. Wood has ample opportunity to compare the dress standards in the world's capital cities. As vice-president of a big American shoe company he spends six months of each year flying from one country to another.

We talked to Mr. Wood—a charming Englishman who has lived in the U.S. for 14 years—during his recent visit to Sydney to launch casual shoes which sold over 7,000,000 in America last year.

He was off a few hours later to Cairo, then Johannesburg, on the same mission.

Mr. Wood said that Sydney, Melbourne, and San Francisco were the only cities in which he saw hats worn to any extent—by either men or women. He considers it part of a universal trend to casual clothes.

"Every Saturday and Sunday, between Germany and Holland, you see a stream of cars full of people dressed for the occasion. It's the same in many other parts of the world," he said.

"I think people are becoming more relaxed in their ideas about dressing because they lead much busier, fuller lives."

"Did you know that since Western dress became the general thing in Japan, it was found that modern Japanese girls didn't know how to tie a kimono?"

"Now they sell obis ready-folded and tied—something like the ready-tied bow tie."

"The shattering of tradition caused quite a stir when they first came out!"

★ ★ ★
SCREENLAND'S master spine-chiller Alfred Hitchcock recently received a letter from a distraught mother.

"I have a big problem," she wrote. "My child saw the French film 'Diabolique,' and now won't take a bath. She saw 'Psycho' and won't take a shower. It's beginning to get very unpleasant. What shall I do?"

Hitchcock wrote back: "Send her to the dry cleaners."



• "It's just like a fairy tale to me," said 80-year-old German actress Tilla Durieux when she made her comeback to the stage in Berlin recently after many years away from her homeland.

Tilla Durieux was one of the "greats" of German theatre from about 1910 until the 'twenties. Remar painted her portrait (it hangs in the Metropolitan Gallery in New York).

After her exile during the Nazi era, she became so destitute that she knitted caps and stockings and sold them in a market place in Yugoslavia. A Munich theatrical agent rediscovered her when she was working as a seamstress in a puppet theatre.

Now she is back in her own world. And is rising to the top in a new world . . . television.

In the picture above, Tilla Durieux (centre) is seen recently with the Mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt, and his wife.

Hands—small but talented

"I HAVE a horror of shaking hands with 'bone-crushers,'" Viennese concert pianist Ingrid Haebler confessed.

"Sometimes those strong handshakes hurt so much, I feel sure I will never be able to play the piano again."

Miss Haebler (at present on a concert tour of Australia) has remarkably small hands for a pianist. "The average concert pianist can stretch ten notes. I can only stretch nine," she said.

"But it has advantages. Although I cannot play percussion and very heavy, dramatic compositions, a small hand means a light touch. And this is essential for interpreting the music of Mozart, Bach, or Haydn."

Miss Haebler has gained world-wide recognition as an interpreter of Mozart (her favorite composer), and spent years of her childhood in his native Salzburg. She is a baroness by birth.

"Although my parents lived in Poland, I was born in Vienna and carried to Poland in a laundry basket when I was three weeks old," she told us.

Why a laundry basket? A dramatic escape?

"No," Miss Haebler laughed. "The basket was

used simply to keep me quiet, and because it was easy to carry. My mother—she is Viennese—did the same thing for my brother."

The pianist's favorite colors are blue and grey, which highlight her upturned fair hair and grey-green eyes. These two colors are constantly in her wardrobe.

Her concert gowns are designed for warmth and usually have sleeves and high-cut necklines.

"I feel the cold badly," Miss Haebler said. "I think I must be abnormal, because most artists become hot and excited before a performance."

"I become 'cold as a fish'."

Tea tinted a bridal gown

WHEN Meriel Douglas Home (daughter of British Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home) married on Easter Monday she hit the headlines because she asked that the word "wedding" be omitted from her wedding vows.

Meriel—she has long blond hair and is addicted to jazzy black stockings—is the most off-beat P.M. daughter England can remember.

But her choice of a wedding gown was conventional enough. It was a long white silk princess gown, with white lace cuffs from elbow to wrist. At least, the dress WAS white, but the bride-to-be decided it looked too new.

So she dipped it in tea. "I was trying to make the tea one day, and couldn't find the tea caddy anywhere," Lady Douglas-Home told a reporter.

"I accused everyone of taking it. In the end I found it in Meriel's bathroom."

"It seemed rather silly until she explained . . ."



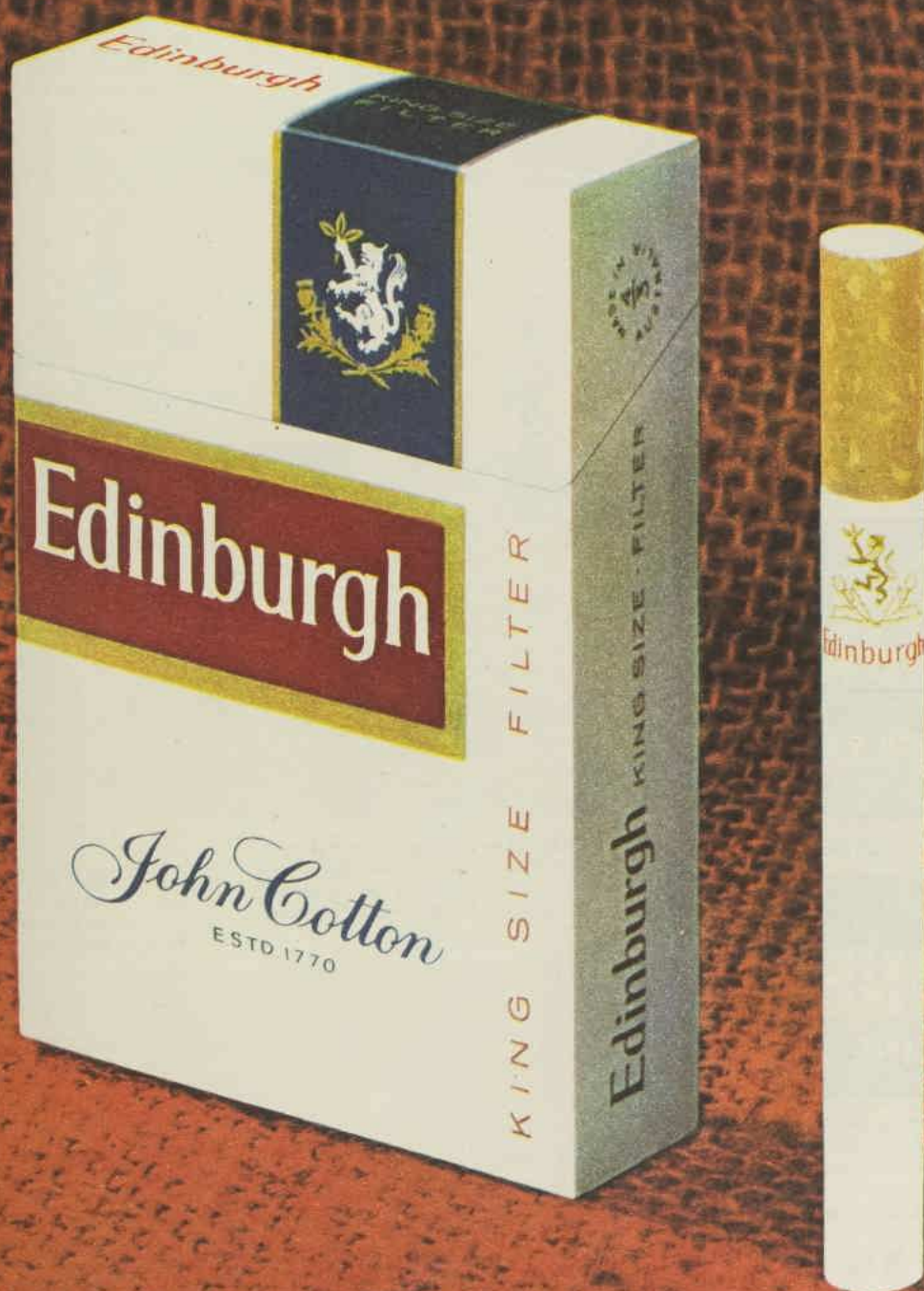
• Concert pianist Ingrid Haebler . . . and those small hands.

NOW IN AUSTRALIA,
GALLAHER INTERNATIONAL PRESENT...

Edinburgh

the new king size-filter cigarette ... now made in Australia

Enjoy Edinburgh ... purely for the natural pleasure
of fine tobacco ... 3¼ for twenty



Edinburgh, now on sale everywhere! Look for the Edinburgh arrow.

John Cotton ... A MEMBER OF THE GALLAHER INTERNATIONAL GROUP

famous SWISS treatment

Varemoïd

for FAST, PROVEN RELIEF from

HAEMORRHOIDS

You'll feel the difference in a week

HAEMORRHOIDS (PILES) ARE SERIOUS—you dare not ignore the symptoms or neglect early treatment, if damage to your general health is to be avoided. Varemoïd is the only answer.

VAREMOÏD IS SAFE, EFFECTIVE. Varemoïd is the result of 10 years' medical research in Switzerland. Clinical tests have proved Varemoïd an outstanding treatment for Haemorrhoids (PILES). It is quite safe for sufferers of all ages and can be taken with complete confidence during pregnancy.

HOW VAREMOÏD BRINGS FAST RELIEF. Varemoïd, containing the amazing new Swiss discovery Vitamin P4 (tri-(hydroxyethyl)-rutosidum), quickly relieves inflammation and pain, haemorrhoids perceptibly shrink. Once again you can enjoy a vital, happy life like many thousands of other sufferers throughout Australia.

IMPORTANT. For lasting benefit, treatment with Varemoïd should be continued for a full week after symptoms disappear.

VAREMOÏD COSTS LESS. Varemoïd is a quick, positive treatment. It costs you less in the long run than any form of temporary relief.

NOW AVAILABLE IN BIG, NEW ECONOMY PACK (100 tablets).



Easily swallowed tablets
make treatment
pleasant, safe, simple.



FROM THE MEDICAL
RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF
ZYMA (SWITZERLAND)

SEE YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST TODAY!

Distributor for Australia, Sera Pty. Limited.

VAR. 2805

Get up to
6 MONTHS'
PROTECTION
FROM
COLDS & FLU

7 TABLET **3 DAY** TREATMENT

SWISS
BUCCALINE
ORAL VACCINE

- ★ Small easily-swallowed tablets are taken with a little water.
- ★ Tablets taken each morning for only three days.
- ★ Don't wait to catch a cold or flu - protect yourself now!

★ **FULL COURSE 12/-**

Get **BUCCALINE** now
from your Family Chemist

BUC 2660

Garden planning

● New package-deal housing projects take all the hard work out of garden planning. The overall look of the development site is considered as carefully as the design of individual houses.

TO most people who buy a project home the real problem is getting the garden organised. Clearing boulders, laying lawns, building rockeries are all hard work and take up an enormous amount of leisure, and often money.

In the new garden-planned neighborhood at Kingsdene Estate you don't have to worry. All the work is done before you move into your new house. And you know that your neighbors' gardens will complement yours.

No extra cost is involved — landscaping, paths, shrubs, etc., are included in the price of the house.

Mr. Michael Bell, a representative of Lend Lease Homes, organisers of this project, says, "We believe garden-planned neighborhoods will introduce a new concept in home-buying and town-planning in Australia."

Prospective buyers can see from scale models just how their home will look in relation to the neighboring houses, and there is no possibility of their views being excluded by other buildings.

The land is carefully divided so that native trees are left standing to provide an attractive setting for the homes.

The houses are sited on different angles so that each one has maximum privacy, as well as giving an interesting layout to the whole street.

All the houses follow the modern trend to open planning, and gardens are planned along the same lines. Fences are at a minimum, and brick and stone feature walls provide privacy where it is needed.

Each home is architect-designed and planned, right down to the last detail of fences, gardens, paths, and lawns which are laid before the owner moves in.

On moving in, he is consulted by landscape gardeners about the shrubs and plants he wishes to grow in the prepared garden beds. These are then planted by gardeners.

There is a wide range of houses in contemporary, traditional, colonial, and ranch styles varying from 10 squares (for a low-priced three-bedroom family home) to 18.5 squares (a four-bedroom ranch-style home).

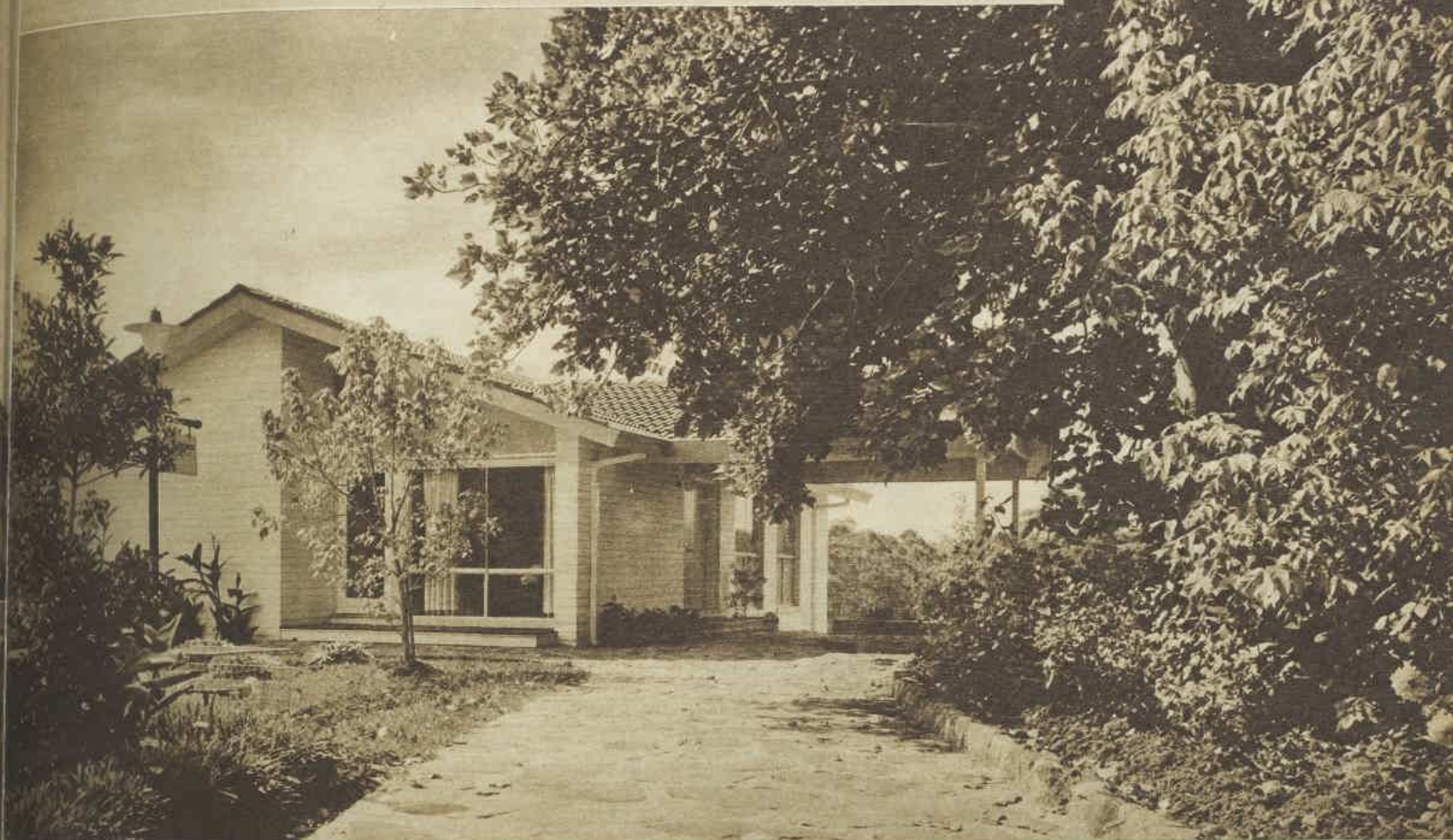


CANTILEVER house and modern bungalow as seen from carport of house opposite. These two homes are designed to suit the needs of different families.

ROCKERIES and shrubs enhance this colonial-style home with its french bay windows and glass doors which open on to the sheltered front verandah.



without backaches



SWEEPING DRIVE in this ranch-style family home is complemented by huge red coral trees and carefully planned gardens. Entry to this house is either directly from the carport or from the sheltered front verandah.



HUGE RED CORAL tree frames this contemporary home. A brick and stone feature wall gives privacy to the house without restricting garden area. This feature wall also screens a terrace at the side of the house.

DEEP front windows and arched beams of verandah and carport give this brick-veneer home a distinctive modern look. Low brick wall camouflaged by shrubs and trees divides property from that of neighbors.

From the makers of Lactogen, the trusted infant formula...

New Nestlé's Strained & Junior Baby Foods

PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS



Better-balanced nutrition for your Baby

As makers of the most famous infant food of all, Lactogen, Nestlé's know all about Baby's nutritional needs! So new Nestlé's Baby Foods are better-balanced nourishment... better protected in hygienic glass. You can re-cap jars and be sure of freshness and flavour.

Nestlé's select Nature's very best: farm-fresh vegetables and fruits, choicest meats, poultry and dairy produce. Their technologists control all cooking... test Foods to ensure natural vitamins and minerals are retained.

STRAINED FOODS: Nourishing "first solids" for the younger baby. Smooth in texture, and bland in flavour, to teach him to enjoy new tastes, and help him graduate to Junior Foods.

JUNIOR FOODS: Ideal nutrition for older babies' healthy growth and development. Tender, "chunky" pieces encourage chewing and help develop strong teeth. Larger 6-ounce jars for growing appetites!

Ask your supplier for the free Nestlé's "key-opener." Serve and warm enough for one feed each time. Leave rest of food in jar, re-cap and store safely in 'fridge for up to 2 days. When Baby eats a whole jarful at once, feeding from the jar is more convenient.

NLS102/61

SAFETY-SEALED GLASS JARS
PROTECT NATURAL FLAVOURS
AND PURITY



For 22 weeks a
year they become . . .

FOOTBALL WIDOWS

● How would all the women in Australia like to give up their menfolk for 22 weeks each year?

IN Melbourne now, about 300,000 wives, girl-friends, and mothers are having to face up to their annual masculine famine.

Broadly this means: no man around the house on Saturdays; nothing to talk about with the man who stamps impatiently round the house during the week waiting for Saturday to come—except football (the Victorian or Australian Rules brand). For the Victorian Football League competition began on April 18 and will not end until the Grand Final on September 19.

Specifically this means: **FOR WIVES:** No more is the song of the motor-mower heard in the land; no more the surprise Saturday night dinner out—just a couple of hours between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. of noisy boasting of the belligerent bursts of the "Brilliant Bombers" (Essendon F.C.).

FOR MOTHERS: That husky husband the married 30 years ago overlooks that in 30 years since he was husky. He comes home tired and surly because his team, South Melbourne (the side that used to win 'em all 30 years ago when Laurie Nash was at his peak) has been beaten again. Sulkily he goes to bed at 7.30 p.m.

FOR GIRL-FRIENDS: Those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer are over. The teenager sees for the first time the great Australian Saturday night party pattern taking shape—the and the other girls down one end of the room; at the other end, the hearties—coiled springs of vigor, slapping and pushing each other frequently, convincing each other they're all Dieterichs (Carl Dieterich, a lanky, loose-limbed, snow-haired 17-year-old who flared to fame in his first season in the big-time last year).

The party banter is sprinkled with many refer-

ences to the Bulldogs (Footscray F.C.)—in the corner a disc of The Beatles spins unheeded. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Well may the other women in Australia ask: Why have this annual winter of discontent? Why don't the women of Melbourne adopt that rule of war, finance and politics: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

Melbourne women don't lack feminine guile. They have.

Joined 'em

Of the 150,000 people who go to the football each Saturday in Melbourne, Victorian Football League officials estimate 50,000 are women.

Carlton Club sells the most season tickets each year—about 10,500. Carlton officials say 40 per cent of the buyers are women.

A season ticket (45/- this year) entitles the holder to a seat in the members' stand at home games and free entry to the outer at away games.

Native-born Victorian women have a distinct advantage. They can reel off the names of the Final Four sides (and their nicknames, too) for the past 15 seasons.

They can also be relied upon to burst into the old club song side by side with their menfolk—provided their team has won.

But consider the plight of The Other Woman (the Other State Woman—that is the Rugby League State Woman) who marries a Victorian.

It happened to me 14 years ago.

Proudly I returned from my honeymoon to go with my husband to a Saturday night party to meet his friends.

Unfortunately it was the night of the opening of the football season.

Tediously, it seemed to me, the talk was all about Great Full-backs. Oh, the foreign names they tossed about—Collingwood's Jack Regan, Richmond's Maurie

Sheehan, Melbourne's Shane McGrath, Norths' Jock McCorkell.

Timidly, as an ignored bride anxious to please, I asked: "What about Clive Churchill?"

The memory of the horror of it still surges up at times.

Has a mad dog got into the party? The guests circle around me, gazing scornfully.

"Who?" someone asks, icily.

"C-c-clive Churchill," I tremble.

My "loyal" bridegroom manages a shamefaced: "She means the Rugby League joker in Sydney who plays full-back for Australia."

Silence. Then I am swallowed up as the party swirls again around me . . .

"Regan . . . Sheehan . . . McGrath . . . McCorkell."

By SHEILA WELCH

Around about that time a young man named John Coleman was pretty big in Melbourne football. He apparently could kick goals with startling regularity.

"Coleman'll kick more'n hundred goals this season, I reckon," said the man who had mercifully joined me as I cowered in the corner.

Delving into my Rugby League memories, I came up brightly: "Oh, good, he must be a bit like Danny O'Connor. I think Danny once kicked 12 goals out of 13 shots for Queensland against N.S.W." The man left me abruptly.

First Lesson. But there were others hard and cruel.

That other Saturday night, as I gained confidence, I volunteered to sing the Melbourne club song, "It's a Grand Old Flag" (HE was all for Melbourne that year).

Regrettably, I somehow managed to sing the words to the tune of "Dolly Grey," which happens to be the melody for the club song of

Melbourne's hated rivals—Collingwood; a musical treat considering that Melbourne's club song is set to the famous, rousing wartime tune written by George M. Cohan, but it was unappreciated.

Then there was the night I mystified three neighbors as I prattled on about the sparkling play that afternoon of "The Rabbit-ohs."

Lamentably I discovered some time later that I was confusing "The Rabbit-ohs" (of Sydney Rugby League fame) with "The Shinboners"—the nickname North Melbourne was bearing then.

But without regularly joining the thousands of Melbourne women who go to "the footy" each Saturday, I've been rejoicing over the past five years that I've got the game beaten.

At Sunday breakfast I've been able to console convincingly a grumpy husband, who has been following Fitzroy the past couple of seasons, that 10 consecutive defeats is not the end of the world—that it doesn't warrant cutting the coach's throat.

I have been able to share with a 12-year-old son the exultation of a string of Essendon victories.

I have been able to bolster up a 10-year-old son's undying faith in the revival of Collingwood as a football power.

I have been able to explain, without offending any of the men of the family, how a six-year-old daughter at the beginning of last season could confidently and accurately predict that Geelong would win The Flag.

(I'm too wily now to mention the name of Reg Gasnier, even though I followed his triumphant Rugby League Test tour of England in newspaper clippings "smuggled" in from the North.)

But have I got the Melbourne game beaten?

It seems that those



FROM autumn to spring each year, Australian Rules football in the southern States arouses a fanaticism among its followers that is mystifying to those where it is a relatively minor sport.

familiar names I have been flinging around so nonchalantly and knowledgeably these past five years are disappearing from the game. An era is closing, apparently.

New stars

John James, the Carlton champ. (he won a Brownlow Medal, you know) has gone to the bush league. Murray Weideman, alias "The Weed," or, as he styled himself in his memoirs, "The Enforcer" (Tough Guy) of Collingwood, looks like lining up in that haven of old players—television.

And there are other stars dropping out, too.

Into the team lists are coming new names—names to drop into conversation.

New stars—the recruits from South Australia, West-

ern Australia, Tasmania, and the Victorian country districts bidding for the big-time.

Names to know, like Jeff Bray (S.A. to South Melbourne), John Gerovich (W.A. to Fitzroy), Steve Traynor (S.A. to North Melbourne), Dennis Marshall (W.A. to Geelong).

Can I beat the game?

I'm hopeful. The other morning I heard the Head of the House croak into the shaving mirror: "Carnamagies!"

I decoded immediately this strange cry to mean that this year he had switched his allegiance from Fitzroy to "The Magpies" (Collingwood) and that he was limbering up for his annual 22 weeks of Saturday screaming.

Ah, well, I know some of the score for '64!



Crack a bottle with lunch

Milk with lunch refreshes you with an extra protein - and - vitamin lift. Turns a bite into a meal. You feel great all day when you lunch with milk.



Enter Miss Teenage Quest—win a Hawaiian holiday for two.

1st prize in the Quest: Two fabulous weeks Hawaii, flying by Qantas V-jet, with free hot accommodation and £250 spending money. Plus a £100 wardrobe from Farmer's and Philips portable tape recorder worth 89 gns. Runner-up will enjoy a luxurious week for two in Queensland at Lennon's Broadbeach Hotel. Five other finalists receive Philips all-transistor battery operated record players and Philips records. For details, see the Daily Mirror.

Famous cook to lecture here

She carries 10,000 recipes in her head

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London office

● The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Australian Gas Industry, is bringing out a famous British cook to give demonstrations in all States this year.

SHE is Marguerite Patten, a cook who can make it all sound such fun that she frequently tops the bill at the London Palladium with the big names in entertainment — Dickie Valentine, Freddy Johnston, Cyril Fletcher, Ted Heath, to name a few.

But as well as making these spectacular appearances, she is also a practical and imaginative cookery demonstrator who is so popular she packs the housewives in (3000 at a time) at sessions throughout Britain.

There's a waiting-list of five years at the Palladium, and the box-office queues are just as long at Manchester, Blackpool, and Liverpool.

Beatle fan

"That is if the Beatles are somewhere else," she said. She's a Beatle fan herself. So when I'm lecturing at Merseyside I make sure I have no engagements for at least one night, when I can see myself in the Mersey tent."

Marguerite Patten has the good looks, personality, and the appearance of an actress rather than a cook.

That is her appeal—until you watch her demonstrating or step into her kitchen. Then she is the straightforward, easily followed expert who takes you step by step to the achievement of really delicious food.

"I married my two loves," she said when I asked her how she can play the boards and be a TV star while still putting over something as simple as cooking and making it so exciting.

"I had trained in domestic science and cookery, then I became an actress and played Shakespearian parts with a repertory company.

"When I realised I wasn't going to get very steady work in rep., I decided to be a lecturer rather than an out-of-work actress."

In 1956 Mrs. Patten was the very first person in British TV to be received on American TV.

"But it was a freak reception," she said.

"I was demonstrating on B.B.C. television how to make a loaf of bread. And that homely transmission you might almost say was the first Telstar."

Easily the best-known cookery expert of her kind in England, Mrs. Patten first became a household name during World War II, when the Government called her in to show housewives how to feed and keep their families fit on the rations.

Later she built up her enormous stock of recipes.

Today she has 10,000 at least. "They are in my head like a filing system," she said.

Mrs. Patten has also written 30 cookery books.

But what she really likes is talking to practical women everywhere. "I like finding out what they want to know and see," she told me.

That is why she is so looking forward to her trip. "I have admired Australian women all my life," she said.

She and her husband already have many friends in Australia.

He flew with Australians during World War II, when the pair met and married.

Their daughter, Judith, now 21, was a war baby.



Bob Patten is giving his wife letters to the Australians he flew with. "I only wish I could go with her," he said.

Bob does no cooking in his home. "Except when there is salmon," said his wife. "I know no one who can poach a piece of fresh salmon better than Bob."

She starts her day early. She goes to her office in Hove, Sussex ("You can see France on a clear day") and works at her books and magazine articles and radio and TV scripts.

But she still loves to cook for her family.

"In fact, I cook two meals every day. I'm afraid I'm a real home body."

She doesn't look a "real home body," however, for she is equally knowledgeable about fashion and fabrics, frequently comperes fashion shows and lectures on the care of new fabrics, and also acts in an advisory capacity to some textile firms.

She has a nice figure and nice dress sense, never wears a pinafore in the kitchen, but has, instead, a whole wardrobe of drip-dry, washable clothes for cooking that are always fresh and pinked.

The Pattens have one of the most modern and beautiful homes in England. They designed it themselves and had it built without an architect, which is very unusual in England.

"Bob designed the house, I designed the kitchen."

It has a Scandinavian



● Marguerite Patten with her cat Jeremiah, who is 12 years old and dominates the house.

● For tea, Mrs. Patten's husband, Bob, eats up the goodies she cooks. He is an ex-R.A.F. type.

● Mrs. Patten's daughter, Miss Judith Patten, of Chelsea, London.



● Mrs. Patten will give demonstrations in all States as follows:

SYDNEY, Monday, June 8 — Friday, June 12 inclusive.

CANBERRA, Tuesday, June 16.

NEWCASTLE, Friday, June 19.

BRISBANE, Tuesday, June 23 — Thursday, June 25 inclusive.

MELBOURNE, Tuesday, June 30 — Friday, July 3 inclusive.

GEELONG, Tuesday, July 7.

HOBART, Thursday, July 9.

ADELAIDE, Tuesday, July 14, and Thursday, July 16.

WHYALLA, Wednesday, July 15.

PERTH, Tuesday, July 21, and Wednesday, July 22.

FREMANTLE, Thursday, July 23.

Mrs. Patten will be seen in additional cookery demonstrations on television in the week following her personal appearances. Full details of all demonstrations will be published in later issues.

GIVE HER
ROSES
FOR LOVE
and a...



FRAZER

... so obviously best.

ONLY FRAZER CENTRE BALANCED, FINGER-TIP CONTROL IRONING TABLES GIVE YOU THE TRUE COMFORT OF SIT DOWN IRONING.

For the easiest ironing ever give Mother a FRAZER quality Ironing Table. Cannot wobble or sag! True four leg rigidity! Perforated metal top is covered with resilient estafoam... steam escape immediately. Automatic finger-tip height adjustment. Gleaming baked enamel finish. Complete with patented auto-tilt iron stand, lift off sleeve board and pull out sheet rail. Choose 18 inch wide 4A table at £16/19/6. or 15 inch wide 6A table at £15/19/6.



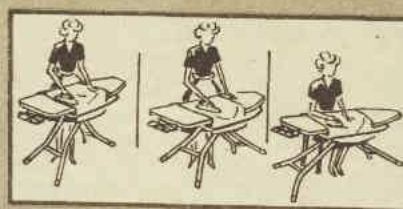
FRAZER PRODUCTS... ON TOUR WITH TRADE SHIP CENTAUR AND CURRENTLY EXPORTED TO OVER 20 COUNTRIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



**FREE
BONUS
OFFER!**

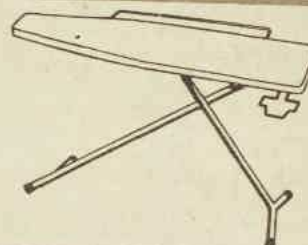


Normally selling at almost £10 this Frazer multi-purpose Utility Step Stool is absolutely FREE with your 4A or 6A Ironing Table. Use it in the kitchen — its built to last. Adds feet to your height. A firm safe step for high cupboards and shelves, globe changing etc. Ideal for kitchen and sit down ironing. Folds flat for easy storage!



Frazer 5A Ironing Table
£10/19/6

Specially designed for maximum leg-room and complete rigidity for sit down ironing. Handy 15 inch wide, 54 inch long perforated metal top. Instant non-slip height adjustment.



Frazer 8A Ironing Table
£9/19/6

Sturdy all metal construction in medium price range. Perforated metal top 15 inch wide, 54 inch long. Strong tubular metal legs ensure perfect rigidity. Instant height adjustment.

♥ P.S.
Mother will love
any Frazer
Industries Product.



A.W.A. FRAZER INDUSTRIES, 500 Punchbowl Rd., Lakemba, N.S.W. Interstate VICTORIA: A.W.A. Frazer Industries, 14-18 Anderson Street, West Melbourne, C3. 30-1958, 30-4841. QUEENSLAND: A.W.A. Frazer Industries, 799 Logan Road, Holland Park, South Brisbane. 97-7722. SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Wm. Haughton & Co. Ltd., 88 Currie Street, Adelaide. 51-1411. WEST AUSTRALIA: Westwood Products 88 Queenstown Pde., Rivervale. 6-6318. TASMANIA: The Reliance Trading Company, 265 Macquarie Street, Hobart. 2-3996. GREGGIAN AGENCIES, 115 Cimitiere Street, Launceston. 2-2500.

How to make pin-money from breeding cats



LITTER of Burmese kittens belonging to Mrs. Harold A. Abbott, of Double Bay, N.S.W. Eastern Venus, the only brown kitten of the litter (born of brown Burmese parents), won the prize for the Best Short-haired Kitten in the 1964 Sydney Royal Easter Show (excepting seal-point Siamese). The other four are called Eastern Ulysses, Eastern Orpheus, Eastern Circe, and Eastern Beaux Yeux, and they are blue — the first blue Burmese ever to be born in Australia.

Story and pictures by ANNE SCOLLAN

- Two cats who enjoy all the comforts of a family home at Northbridge, a Sydney suburb, are not only self-supporting but earn a little extra money for the household as well. They aren't hard-working photographic models but simply cats of good pedigree, well-loved pets.

EACH produces two litters a year, and the money they make comes from the sale of their kittens.

These two are Siamese, carefully bred by Mrs. F. R. Mills, one of a growing number of housewives around Australia who are taking up cat-breeding as a paying hobby.

There's no fortune to be made from it, but it's a rewarding interest that can add a little to the family

income while it gently educates youngsters in biology and in the unselfish care of animals.

Cats and kittens are great fun to have around, and hobby cat-breeding can be a joy. But the cat-lover esteems only one thing above a cat: more cats. And here is one of the many pitfalls of the game.

If you'd be inclined to keep saying, "Oh, he's too beautiful to sell, we'll keep him," you can condemn yourself to life as a cats' nurse, and be eternally tied to the house.

One or two cats can be boarded occasionally, or even go on some types of holidays with you. Five or ten cats are a different proposition.

If you think you'd like to embark on cat-breeding, you'd be wise to think about it first.

Lovable though he can be, the alley cat is a glut on the market, and it's difficult to give away "ordinary" kittens, much less to sell them. Therefore, your first purchase is a pedigreed cat.

Continued overleaf



So gentle it won't harm the petals of a rose...
or so vigorous it washes the grimeiest overalls spotless!

ONLY KEYMATIC HAS TWO DIFFERENT WASHING ACTIONS!

No other automatic gives you this! Not just 2 speeds, but 2 entirely different washing-actions — one gentle for delicate fabrics, one vigorous for sturdier fabrics. And Hoover Keymatic automatically chooses the correct washing-action to use for each of its 8 wash-programmes!

Gentle Washing-Action. So careful even a fragile rose could be washed in it without any harm.

That's why you can trust your most delicate fabrics to Keymatic. The exclusive washbowl creates currents of warm, sudsy water that gently swirl through the garments easing out soil with all the care of hand-washing.

Vigorous Washing-Action. Gives you the power-washing extra-dirty clothes need! In this washing-action Keymatic's exclusive pulsator combines with the washbowl

movement — creates extra-turbulent currents of near-boiling water that surge through every fibre, flexing out even the most ingrained dirt and grime. The most thorough washing-action of all!

Keymatic promises longer life to clothes, too, because it washes by water-action only — it has no damaging paddles or fins to slap and drag clothes. Water-currents do the work!



FREE DEMONSTRATIONS NOW
 AT YOUR LOCAL HOOVER RETAILER



8 WASH-PROGRAMMES!

A complete & perfect programme for every fabric! Select desired programme from keyplate, click it in!



CLEANEST RINSING!

Deep immersion rinses at reducing temperatures. The final rinse-water is clean & clear as drinking water.



10 lb. WASHLOAD!

Most compact of all automatics, yet takes a bigger washload than most — 10 lb. family-size capacity.

HOOVER Keymatic

AUTOMATIC WASHER

WASHES CLEANEST— CARES FOR CLOTHES

How to make pin-money from breeding cats

Continued from previous page

What cat should you choose?

• Most popular are the short-haired cats. Currently there are five types of Siamese (chocolate, seal, blue, color and lilac points), two of Burmese (blue, brown), two of Abyssinian (red, standard) which are available.

THE list lengthens as new cats are imported or bred locally, and the rarer the cat the more it costs.

In N.S.W. you can pay from 10 to 30 guineas for a Siamese; for a Burmese or Abyssinian, up to 50 guineas. (In the U.S. an Abyssinian can set you back 300 dollars—something like £A150.)

Kittens from show champions may be expensive, but a cat that has never seen a show bench can give you good kittens.

Persians cost from five to 12 guineas. You can choose from chinchilla, shaded silver, white, blue-eyed white, orange-eyed white, tortoiseshell, blue-cream, red, tabby, black (all long-haired).

But if yours is a busy, hurried household, it's no place for a long-haired cat. A Persian needs brushing and combing and sprinkling with talcum powder every day, to prevent its hair matting and knotting.

Male or female?

You'll find the female cat easier to live with than the male, which is continuously noisy, strays, and is not as clean as the female.

For a fee of four to 10 guineas you can send your female away to be mated, and the kittens are yours to sell.

But if you own only a stud male, you have the responsibility of other people's cats, and his fees may not be frequent.

A warning for new breeders comes from well-known Sydney breeder Mrs. Harold A. Abbott, of Double Bay, a member of the Royal Agricultural Society's Consultative Committee on Cats. (She is herself a housewife who breeds a small number of cats.)

"Don't buy a breeding cat from anyone but an authorised breeder." (This is a breeder registered with the R.A.S., or the equivalent governing body in each State.)

"If you do, you risk getting a kitten that may be suffering from the effects of bad feeding or neglect, or from a weakness you don't know about. Or you may get a pedigree that is not authentic."

Another breeder says, "People who buy cheap kittens that haven't had a good start in life wonder why they die."

Some female cats cannot have kittens. A breeder who imported a Burmese female from England, at great trouble and expense, has had no kittens from her in three years. You just have to wait and see.

How do the different breeds behave?

• Sydney Persian breeder Mrs. William Taylor, of Lane Cove, finds all Persians lovable and playful. She says, "One of mine adores men, and will always put up a paw to be picked up by a man."

ANOTHER talks, all the time. A couple more are really maniacs, always frisking, although they're built like draught horses.

The raucous-voiced Siamese cats are more temperamental, but their entertainment value is high.

(You may not appreciate your Siamese eating pieces of your new floral arrangement and drinking the water, but you have to laugh.)

A Siamese will adapt to a leash, answer to its name, growl like a watchdog.

One housewife says, "You're never lonely with a Siamese in the house."

The two more expensive breeds, Burmese and Abyssinian, are quieter.

The Abyssinian is supposed to be the direct descendant of the sacred cats of Egypt, and maintains a pose of regal reserve until it tosses dignity to the winds to romp in a puddle of water, which most cats dislike.

The Burmese is intelligent, happy, and affectionate; a placid pet.

Physically, it is so closely related to the Siamese that some authorities believe it is simply a highly pigmented Siamese.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964

One of the few Australian Burmese breeders, Mrs. Abbott describes Burmese as "the caviar of catdom."

"Once you acquire one, all other cats seem bland by comparison," she says.

Queen Sirikit of Thailand, a cat fan, dropped in at Mrs. Abbott's terrace home on her recent visit to Australia to admire her Burmese cats.

"The Queen told me that blue Burmese are very popular in Britain now," Mrs. Abbott recalls.

"It doesn't seem so long ago that I was sending Siamese cats to Siam, as it used to be called."

"It was actually just after the war. It seemed a strange thing to do, but the reason was that so many cats had been eaten during the war."

How do you get pedigrees for your cat?

• Many people register as breeders with the governing cat-breeders' organisation in their particular State, although this is not mandatory.

YOUR cats' pedigrees are authorised through this organisation. A pedigree is a chart identifying the cat's family for four generations back. One copy stays with the owner, another with the organisation.

This is the procedure with the Royal Agricultural Society of New South Wales:

• You register the service (mating). Owners of both cats sign the service certificate, which is sent to the R.A.S. within 20 days. This registration is free.

• When the kittens are born, you register the litter, quoting numbers of males and females. (Cost: 1/6.)

• Each kitten must be registered under its own name, preceded by the cattery you choose. For instance, if you decide to be known as "Westwind," all your kittens will carry this name. (Cost: 3/- each kitten.)

• As you sell a kitten, the buyer is given a transfer of ownership. (Cost: 3/- each kitten.)

How healthy are cats?

• Most cats having the right food and exercises are no trouble. A healthy cat has warm ears, a cool nose, and it also has a shining coat.

KITTENS which are given insufficient calcium can die, painfully, or may grow up with a weakness.

Many breeders believe in immunising cats against feline enteritis, which could wipe out a cattery in hours, and several other immunisations are also available.

Colds in cats may be treated, and worming is necessary, especially with kittens.

Skin trouble can be an expense.

It is normal for a cat to lose fur twice a year in the moulting seasons. Long-haired cats are particularly prone to swallowing fur while they wash, but a furball in the stomach can be dealt with simply by giving a teaspoon of paraffin oil or a small tin of sardines.

Where should you keep your cats?

• As a safety precaution, you should check with your local council before you begin to breed cats. Regulations vary among councils about the number of animals allowed on domestic premises.

THERE are other factors, such as possible noise nuisance to neighbors and the point where amateur breeding becomes commercial, which need to be investigated.

By breeding your cats you can almost always be surrounded by kittens—literally, if you keep them in the house, although they may face more danger there than in a special confined area.

People who don't like animals in the house are not likely to become breeders. But some experienced breeders who are also very fond of their cats maintain that it is kinder to keep a cat and her kittens in a cage.

Continued overleaf

NEW TASTE THRILL!

New! Mandarin Orange Segments in Syrup! Ideal for cake decorating ... as a new and exciting dessert ... as a titbit between meals. Extra luscious, sun-ripened — wonderful for scores of dishes. So inexpensive too! At all good food stores!

Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD.
P.O. Box 76 Brunswick, Vic.
N.S.W.: 54 8427 — Sth. Aust.: UA 9156



NO OTHER FURNITURE POLISH REMOVES SCRATCHES & STAINS

MARVEER COSTS LESS AND GOES FURTHER

MARVEER



- Removes scratches and stains
- Polishes brilliantly, effortlessly
- Preserves the wood

Obtainable at all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery Stores. Also in 1-Gal. cans and 5-Gal. topped drums for Institutional and Commercial use. A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic.

BM/1M102



Knit this jumper in double-quick time ... SIRDAR "Pullman" (12 ply) on No. 4 needles. SIRDAR leaflet 2079; only 1/3 at your favourite wool counter or send 1/8 to Dept. B, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn, N.S.W.

For knitting satisfaction

Wonderful
SIRDAR

S-17

TO BE SURE USE ONLY SIRDAR WOOLS FOR SIRDAR PATTERNS

Unique to Dorothy Gray, another advanced-formula cosmetic . . .

SATURA

MOISTURISER

The most impressive beauty discovery in years!

For centuries it has been known that the remarkable skin beauty of Scandinavian women is due to the cool, moist atmosphere they live in. For years, chemists have tried to produce similar results for women in drier climates, but only succeeded in developing moisturisers that take their moisture from the skin. Then Dr Emil G. Klarmann of Dorothy Gray discovered the secret—a humectant that draws moisture from the air and holds it against the skin. For this work, Dr Klarmann received the Award of The Society of Cosmetic Chemists.



Satura
Moisture Cream

Satura
Moisture Lotion

Satura
Lipstick

Dr Klarmann's discovery is now available to Australian women for the first time, exclusively in Dorothy Gray's "Satura". "Satura" effectively counteracts the loss of natural oils and moisture, the main cause of dry and aged complexions. "Satura" also nourishes the skin with Vita Cos—a Swiss vitamin compound with amazing properties. It is used by the medical profession for the treatment of hard-to-heal skin. If you use cosmetics, then your skin needs "Satura"—unique to Dorothy Gray.



DOROTHY GRAY

NEW YORK : LONDON : PARIS : SYDNEY

FOR BEAUTY THE MODERN WAY



How to make pin-money from breeding cats

Continued from previous page

The cage should be more like a small aviary than the wire box the word suggests, because to stay healthy the animals must have room to move around. They must also be let out for regular exercise.

Mrs. Abbott says, "It's very easy for a kitten living in a house to be jammed in a door or trodden on accidentally or have something dropped on him. If he lives in a warm, dry cage until he's bigger, then he's safe."

Mrs. Mills, however, is one of the people who feel that if your home is reasonably roomy kittens should be part of the family from the start.

"Kittens not used to being indoors and being handled are wilder in their new homes and not as friendly," she says.

A cage away from the house is useful for a female cat in season, when she is calling for a mate. All cats call to some degree, but the Siamese is the worst and the loudest.

Australian cats are likely to come in season in February and June, while cats imported from the Northern Hemisphere will have a different schedule, perhaps because of weather differences.

But there are no rules. A cat may call almost continuously until she is mated, and this may be a deterrent to breeding cats. (Desexed cats do not call, and because they are cleaner and more affectionate they are popular pets.)

The more space you can give your cats the better, which makes cat-breeding ideal for many country housewives.

Households including toddlers may also need cages for the animals, as toddlers can kill or maim pets with kindness.

As one expert says, "You wouldn't leave a toddler alone with a six-month-old child. Kittens are just as helpless."

"Children should be taught that animals are playmates, not playthings."

As they grow older, children can be taught to lift a cat with one hand under the chest, the other supporting the hind feet.

What should you feed cats and kittens?

● For kittens, the "good start in life" breeders refer to means four or five meals a day from the time they are old enough for supplementary foods.

THESE include powdered calcium and vitamin drops, strained baby cereal, scraped or chopped meat and fish, perhaps scrambled eggs and vegetables, and milk.

This means that you must be around in the daytime to provide all these meals, for several weeks with each litter. It's usual to sell the kittens at 10 or 12 weeks, and certainly before they're six months old, so that they will adapt easily to a new home.

Experienced breeders advise housewives not to have too many cats.

One or two can be properly fed and looked after, and in future years you are not left with a lot of old cats which no longer breed and therefore don't pay their way.

Mrs. Taylor, who has nine cats now, admits this has happened to her.

"If you're wise, you pass them on," she says. "If not, you keep them as I do and try to make their old age a happy one."

(Mrs. Taylor has a "cattery" in her garden, a building of three narrow rooms and a patio enclosed with chicken-wire. Here her Persians, including occasional kittens, lounge on furniture, play with stuffed toys and balls, sharpen their claws, and climb on a felled tree trunk.)

She is particular about their food.

"My cats always have food we could eat ourselves," she told me.

"I never give them kangaroo or horse meat because I think it could easily be infected."

"Besides, steak from the butcher produces a healthier cat which doesn't seem to need vitamins."

"I believe a cat lives longer on good steak."

"One of mine, Craigholme Marana, is nearly fifteen. Eight years ago she had a major operation for cancer, and she's still with us."

"The cost is reasonable, because I find I need only half as much good steak as other meat."

In spite of her cattery, Mrs. Taylor is able to go out a lot, and she claims that her secret is organisation.

"Each morning I have my cats finished with by nine o'clock," she says. "They've been groomed and fed, their sand changed, the cattery mopped."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 6, 1964

"For breakfast I make them a stew, with two rabbits, poultry, or steak scraps, pearl barley, carrot, celery, a small onion, and sometimes marrow, which they love."

"If the weather is hot, I'll give them a salad — chopped lettuce and tomato, grated carrot and cheese, perhaps with a tin of tuna and some buttered squares of brown bread."

"Other people tell me their cats won't eat this food, but I suppose it's because mine have been brought up to it."

"I always leave clean water out, but not milk, as it sours. What they don't drink is put away."

Some breeders simply give adult cats milk for breakfast, raw chopped meat and table scraps at night, and make up diet deficiencies with chemical products.

A cat may eat things it isn't supposed to, like other pets—fish, birds, beetles, lizards—and occasionally something stranger.

A cat-breeder's husband complained that there must be moths in his cupboard, because small holes were appearing in the legs of his socks. His wife indignantly denied this. Neither could find evidence of moths.

The mystery was explained one night when a sound of quiet chomping awakened the wife. She discovered a kitten sitting on a woollen cardigan, blissfully licking its lips after eating a large section out of the back.

The owner of one of the kitten's brothers was appalled to see her kitten vomiting what was apparently blood. It turned out to be not blood but the remains of a red bedsock.

An appetite for wool seems to stem from a vitamin deficiency, and a dosage of drops may correct it.

What special care does a mother cat need?

● Very little, apart from correct feeding. Most mother cats desire only a box in a dark corner, lined with paper, as a labor ward and nursery.

IF the birth goes normally, they will do all the work themselves.

Occasionally, a cat will not make up its mind where to have its kittens.

Rama Kwai, one of Mrs. Mills' Siamese, will decide on her maternity corner weeks beforehand, and happily shred paper in the box in preparation.

The other, Rama Kitya, will explore the house restlessly.

Mrs. Mills hopefully puts boxes in several rooms, but she still has to watch the cat to dissuade her from a bedspread or a wardrobe.

Normal gestation period with cats is 63 to 65 days.

Like babies, they often choose to be born in the middle of the night.

"I sit beside the cats when they have their kittens," says Mrs. Mills. "They haven't needed me yet, but they like me to be there."

If a cat is in labor for two or three hours, you should call a vet, and this points up a "must" in cat-breeding: a breeder should live within easy reach of a veterinary service, preferably one available at weekends.

Death of a cat or kitten means a financial loss as well as a personal one.

Many breeders feel that after a cat has been having kittens for six years or so it is humane to have it desexed, to enjoy the rest of its life as an idle pet. Cats usually live to about ten years, but they can go on into their teens.

MUST you put your cats in cat shows?

● You can please yourself. Becoming part of the cat show world can be fun, you'll meet new people, and it will help you become known as a breeder, which could be a financial fillip.

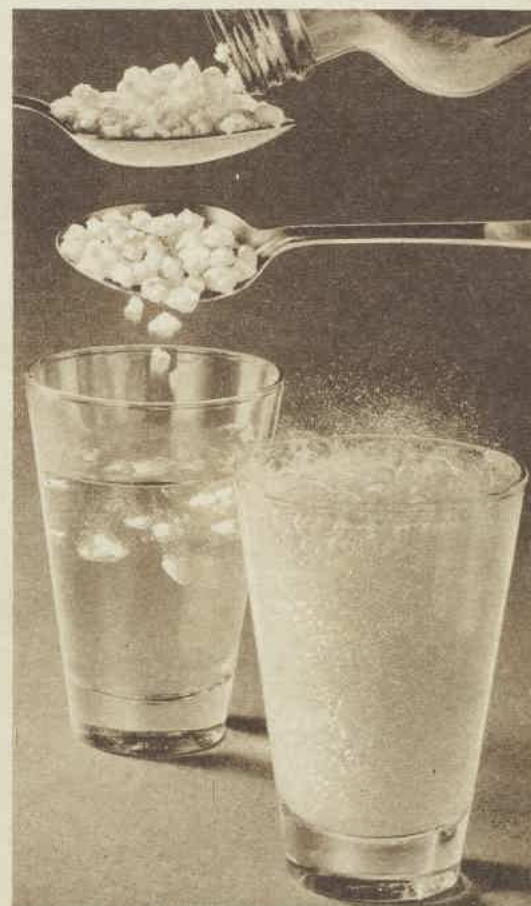
YOUR queens (mother cats) may not often be in show condition, but you can show kittens.

There are some drawbacks to showing.

Your animals run the risk of infection, in spite of the

Continued overleaf

simplest way to settle "upset tummy"



double-acting DEXSAL

formulated solely for 'upset tummy' brings quick, effective relief SAFELY to everyone. (Everyone from toddler-age on!)

One teaspoonful or two of Dexsal in a glass of water dissolves into the lively, sparkling drink that quickly settles 'upset tummy' without any side-effects. Dexsal is safe for everyone because it is formulated solely to relieve 'stomach upset'. It contains no pain-killer ingredient which can so often set up an excess-acid reaction in the stomach. Simply-formulated Dexsal acts in two ways: brings direct relief to 'upset tummy' discomforts or sick feelings and, simultaneously, restores your lost energy. That's because Dexsal contains 34% medicinal glucose — the quick, energy-builder that quickly restores your natural vitality. Next time 'upset tummy' strikes in your family, make the lively Dexsal drink — the simplest way to settle tummy upsets. (N.B. Children love the fresh tingling-taste of Dexsal.)

Double-acting Dexsal quickly relieves:

- Ordinary indigestion
- Heartburn
- Acidity
- Bilioussness
- Car and travel sickness
- Sick headache
- Nausea
- Periodic upsets
- Over-eating or drinking

Safe for all the family. And especially recommended for expectant mothers

AT CHEMISTS ONLY



5/6 A BOTTLE

DEXSAL

A product of Drug Houses of Australia



All over
the world...
so
much
more
to
enjoy

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

How to make pin-money from breeding cats

Continued from previous page

thorough veterinary checks imposed before your cat can enter the hall.

Usually you and your cat must be at the hall by 7.45 a.m. for this check, and the cat must stay in its cage (you provide curtains and bedding) until 5 p.m.

You need to buy a carrying case. These range from fibre cases costing around £1/10/-, through cane baskets which let in more air and can be padded for comfort, to expensive wooden cases with windows and doors which may need two people to lift them. Cases are sized for one kitten or numbers of cats.

An adult cat may weigh up to 14lb., which is no featherweight for a woman to haul around.

Standards are similar in each State, but judging varies a little. If you become known as a reliable breeder, the demand for your cats can come from anywhere in Australia or from overseas.

The show world is an intensely competitive sphere, where some cat owners have been known to try on tricks like substituting new cats under old names and illegally sprucing up their cats with make-up, under the pressure of wanting championships.

You may not wish to be bothered with shows, even though a champion in the family could improve your price.

For breeding, the health and stamina of a cat is more important than show ribbons.

What will your expenses be?

- Initially there is the cost of buying the cat, having it immunised against feline enteritis (about three guineas), buying its food, registration fees, stud fees, cost of advertisements to sell kittens.

THEN there are possible show entry fees, with travelling expenses and carrying-case and veterinary fees, which are roughly equivalent to a doctor's.

You might also include wear and tear on the house. A cat must keep its claws sharp to protect itself, and it believes the best place to do this is on upholstery.

One breeder exchanged her shredded fabric lounge suite for a vinyl-covered suite, and her cats transferred their attentions to her carpet.

Mrs. Mills has an ingenious solution to this. She keeps an old padded ironing board firmly tied up-right in an unobtrusive corner.

The cats happily scratch off patches of padding, and kittens run up and down it. Renewal is simple.

Some cats can be persuaded to scratch trees instead, or a carpet-covered pole.

Cats will also scratch linoleum and furniture they climb on and knock over breakables. (But so will babies.)

How much money would you make?

- A healthy female cat can be bred twice a year — more frequent breeding defeats its purpose, resulting in poor kittens and a weakened mother.

SO if you have two cats and good fortune you could have 16 to 20 kittens a year.

Cats usually have three to six kittens in a litter, but older cats may have only one or two.

Suppose your kittens are Siamese, priced at ten guineas. You will in theory earn 160 to 200 guineas a year.

But all the kittens may not sell at that price. Some may die, or all the litters may be small. Deduct your expenses, and you should still clear some pocket money.

If you earn more than £65 a year, you will be concerned with income tax. You don't pay tax on your annual earnings until they reach £208. But, for every £1 you earn over £65, £1 is deducted from your husband's annual claim on you as a dependent.

To sum up, although hobby cat-breeding requires a few sacrifices, it can be worth while, and fun, too.

But be warned. If you get carried away with enthusiasm and decide to invent a new type of cat — by cross-breeding — you should realise that it will not be officially acceptable until it has proved itself through four generations.

This means that you could land yourself with fifty or so kittens romping through the house.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964



PERSIAN Fuchee, owned by Mrs. William Taylor, Lane Cove, N.S.W., explores his cattery. Full name, Craigholme Fuchee.

SIAMESE Rama Kitya, owned by Mrs. F. R. Mills, Northbridge, N.S.W., is groomed by Janne Mills, 19. (Below.)



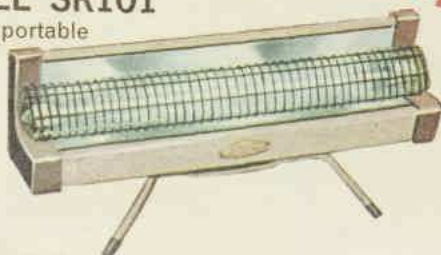
Everyone loves that

SUMMER FEELING



NEW Sunray MODEL SR101

An 850 watt personal portable
Infra-red heater offering
instant, cosy, economical
warmth when and where
you want it.
Price £5 19 6.



NEW Sunray MODEL SR201

A handsome new 1600 watt free
standing portable Infra-red heater
with twin silica sheathed elements
with built in switch that enables
you to use one or both.
Price £9 12 6.

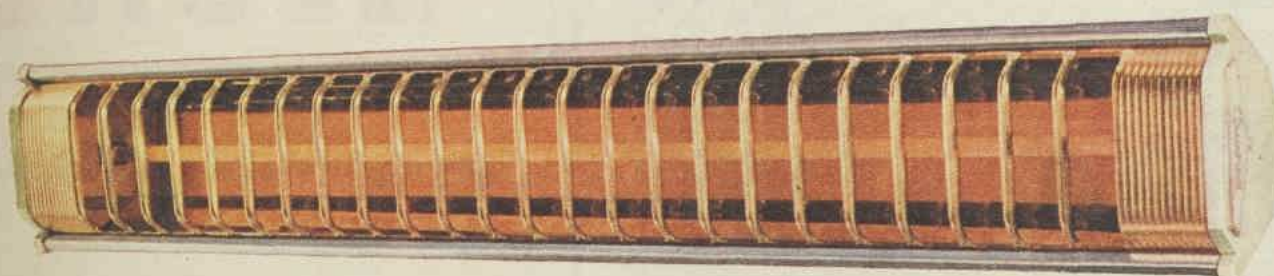


...it's yours with a

Sunray

INFRA-RED HEATER

Open your door to the "Summer Feeling" of Sunray Infra-red heating. Infra-red rays — like sunshine — penetrate through the skin to warm your bloodstream and so warm all parts of the body. Sunray heating is safe . . . economical . . . and healthy. Because it does not take oxygen from the air, you never feel drowsy or stuffy, and Sunray's silica sheathed elements provide heat instantly. You'll love the feeling of Sunray warmth — **it heats like the sun.**



Sunray Model SR12 OVERHEAD HEATER

Australia's most popular Infra-red overhead heater. Available in 4 wattages, the beautiful Sunray SR12, finished in soft beige and gold, enhances the look of any room. Priced from only £6 10 -. With pull switch 10 - extra.

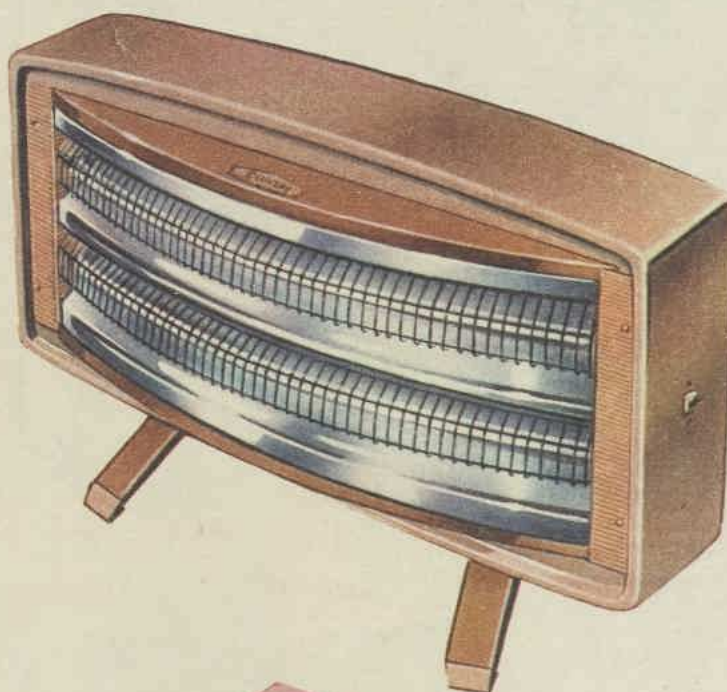
Overhead for safety. Mounted overhead out of harm's way, the Sunray SR12 is completely safe. It's ideal for every room in the home.

NEW Sunray MODEL SR212C

2400 watts

An exciting new concept in floor level heating. A truly modern room heater with an exclusive convex shaped reflector giving radiant warmth throughout the whole room. Once the room temperature has been raised to comfort level one of the Sunray's twin 1200 watt silica sheathed elements may be switched off if required. Price £14 7 6.

Manufactured by —
SOUTHERN CROSS ELECTRIC CO. PTY. LTD.



.....Electric Blankets too!

Sleep warm...sleep well the Sunray way.

New Sunray Electric Blanket made from a superior weave of the finest merino lambswool. Sunray Electric Blankets with heat control give you safe, healthy, head-to-toe warmth while you sleep. Available in blue or pink in single-bed size and a choice of two double-bed sizes.



Priced from
£14 17 6.

MARTHA

ERIC and

GEORGE

She was dedicated to her art, so father had to look after the baby . . . our new serial

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

ERIC TAYLOR, returning home to lunch, after the French fashion, from his morning's work at the City of London (Paris branch) Bank, paused as usual outside the concierge's lodge. The flat occupied by himself and his mother was on the fourth floor; tradespeople in a hurry frequently left parcels below—also Mme. Leclerc, the concierge, seldom troubled to carry up a letter unless she suspected it to contain bad news. The pause at the lodge was part of Eric's routine, his words ritual.

"Anything for me to take up, Mme. Leclerc?"

For once, a rare smile curved the thin lips. Employing all her fine Gallic gifts of drama, irony, and concision—

"Apparently yes, monsieur," replied Mme. Leclerc; and issuing burdened from her lodge, planted in his arms a carry-cot containing a two-week-old infant.

Among all classic images of popular art none is more familiar, and touching, than that of the unmarried mother, babe in arms, at the door of her parents' home. Typically the season is winter, the dwelling humble; a grandmother weeps, her husband angrily denounces her; a fourth character, canine or juvenile, may complete the composition — too familiar indeed to require further detailing . . .

But how rarely, if ever, is the central figure depicted as male — an unmarried father!

There were in this case other minor variations, it wasn't winter, it wasn't snowing, it was an uncommonly hot August day. The flat in the rue d'Antibes, though small, was extremely comfortable. No irate father threatened, Mrs. Taylor being a widow.

More importantly, psychologically (and which if Eric had indeed been a young woman would have been impossible) he had until that instant no slightest suspicion of his child's existence. The state of parenthood came upon him so suddenly he was totally unable to assimilate it; and thus had a moment's grace.

"I say, there's some mistake!" protested Eric — quite lightly.

With a long, bony forefinger like the finger of Fate, Mme. Leclerc indicated an envelope pinned to the carry-cot's upper blanket.

It was addressed economically but plainly c/o MRS. TAYLOR: the letters large, rather flowing, in sanguine chalk such as is used by artists or art-students. Even from such limited material a graphologist might have deduced a female character unusually strong-minded, unconventional, and independent — and Eric could have told the graphologist he was right.

He whitened. The leech-like eye of Mme. Leclerc might have been physically sucking his blood, he so paled. The concierge's aspect, on the other hand, was rather gay.

"Imagine one's surprise!" agreed Mme. Leclerc. "Preparing one's midday meal, naturally one does not run out at every sound—for a tradesman, the postman, the laundress! But only a moment, I assure monsieur, can the little one have awaited!"

As the implication penetrated, Eric, if possible, went whiter still.

"You mean," he articulated, "it was just—left?"

His tone was no longer light. It was appalled. Like all concierges, Mme. Leclerc knew far more about her tenants than those tenants could have wished. It was she who from her lodge, some nine or ten months earlier, had seen Eric slip out into the dawn — not unaccompanied.

Hitherto she'd held her tongue—she wasn't one to make trouble!—especially if handsomely tipped; now her glance reminded him of the occasion so explicitly, Eric heard again the betraying click of the lift-gates behind himself and his partner in guilt . . .

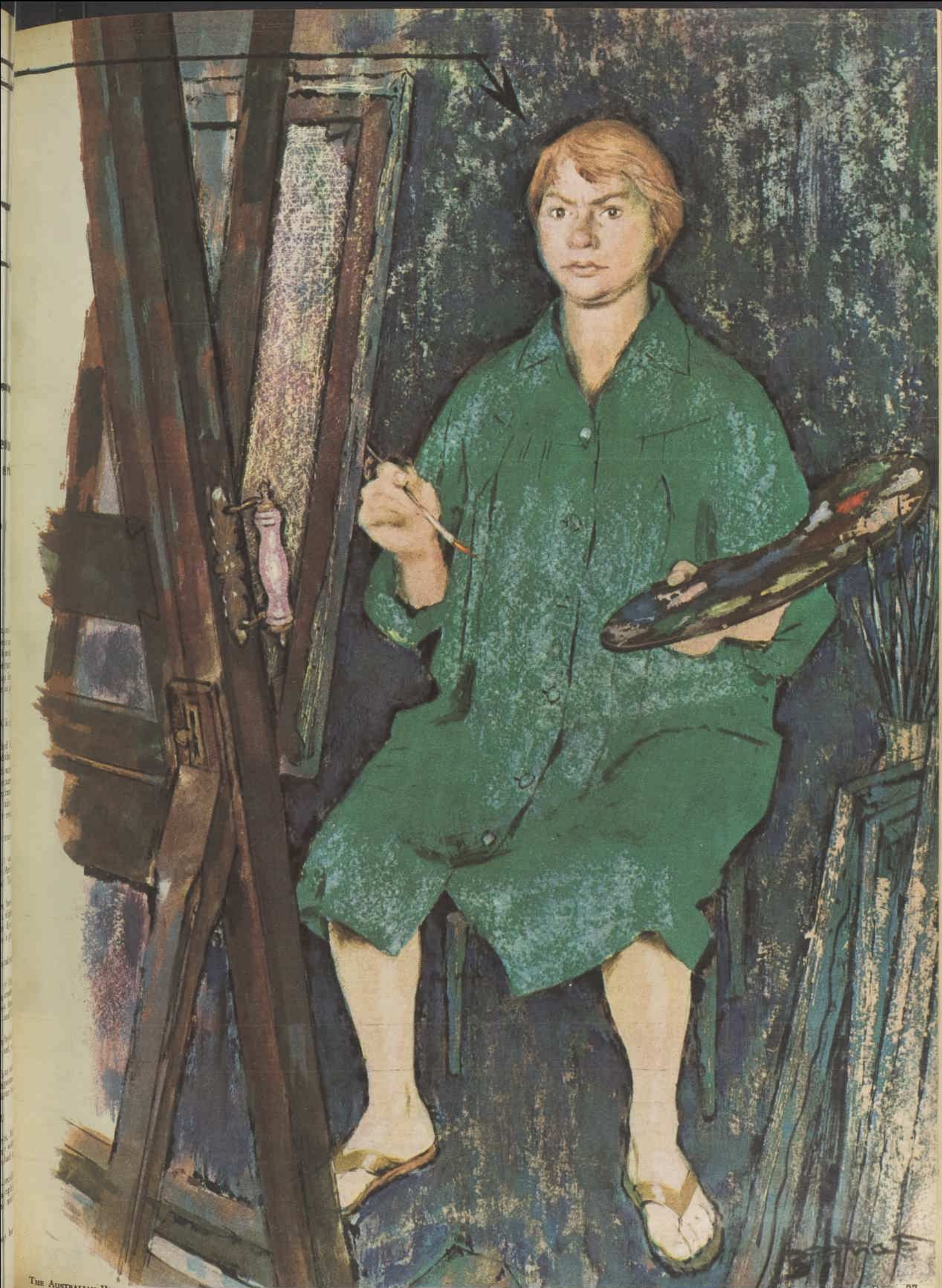
Guilt.

The carry-cot in his arms suddenly weighted not only his muscles but his

To page 57

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964







Say it in the sweetest way...

A BUTTERCAKE FOR MOTHER'S DAY

DAIRY FOODS
BUTTER

A
GOLDEN
BUTTER RECIPE
FROM THE
AUSTRALIAN DAIRY
PRODUCE BOARD

Tell her how special she is—with a very special cake! Make it lovely to look at, delightful to eat—and that means make it with butter. Nothing else will do when you're cooking for someone you love. How proudly you'll set this beautiful buttercake before your mother on Mother's Day!

(The rose is a fresh one from the garden—and we tell you such an easy way to make the chocolate leaves!)

MOTHER'S DAY BUTTERCAKE

6 ozs. butter, 6 ozs. ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup) sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs (beaten), 8 ozs. (2 cups) flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice.

Cream the butter, gradually adding the sugar and lemon rind. Add the beaten eggs a little at a time, beating until all sugar is dissolved. Sift flour, cream of tartar and soda. Fold in together with the lemon juice. Turn into a buttered 9" heart-shaped tin (or two 8" sandwich tins) lined on the bottom with paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350° gas, 375° electric) 35-40 minutes.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

(8 ozs.) 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, grated rind of 1 lemon, 3 egg yolks, 4 ozs. soft butter, food colouring.

Bring sugar, water and rind to the boil. Simmer 5 minutes. Meanwhile, beat egg yolks until light and lemon-coloured. Increase beating speed, slowly pouring in cooled syrup. Beat till cold and thick. Add butter and continue beating till firm and creamy. Colour as desired.

CHOCOLATE ROSE LEAVES

3 ozs. dark cooking chocolate, fresh rose leaves. Melt chocolate over hot water. Cool slightly. Carefully coat the upper side of each leaf with chocolate. Place on a tray and cool or chill till hard. Peel away the real leaves, leaving chocolate leaves behind!

Butter makes it better...and better for you too!

The Brighton Road

By MARIE JOSEPH

THERE were two loves in the life of Jonathan Grey: Penelope Platt and a veteran car. Penelope Platt was a model, the top-flight fashion kind. She was Irish, with copper-colored hair, skin the color of top-of-the-milk cream, and the figure of a seductive greyhound. The veteran car was a De Dion Bouton, year 1901, a voiturette, with her engine at the back in case anyone cared. And Jonathan Grey did care, very much.

He cared for that car for three hundred and sixty-four days of every year, and on the remaining day he would drive her triumphantly all the way from Hyde Park to Brighton. For four years, ever since my sixteenth birthday, I had sat next to him, clutching the sandwiches and two flasks of coffee, underneath a rather scruffy tartan rug.

Following at a respectful distance in his modern car, changed for a more modern one every two years, would be Jonathan's father. He carried the tools which might be necessary if the veteran broke down. But she never did. How could she, when she'd had as much care lavished on her as if she'd been an adored and delicate only child?

There was only one week to go to the big day and when I went into the garage next door Jonathan had a polishing rag in his hand and a shifty look in his eye.

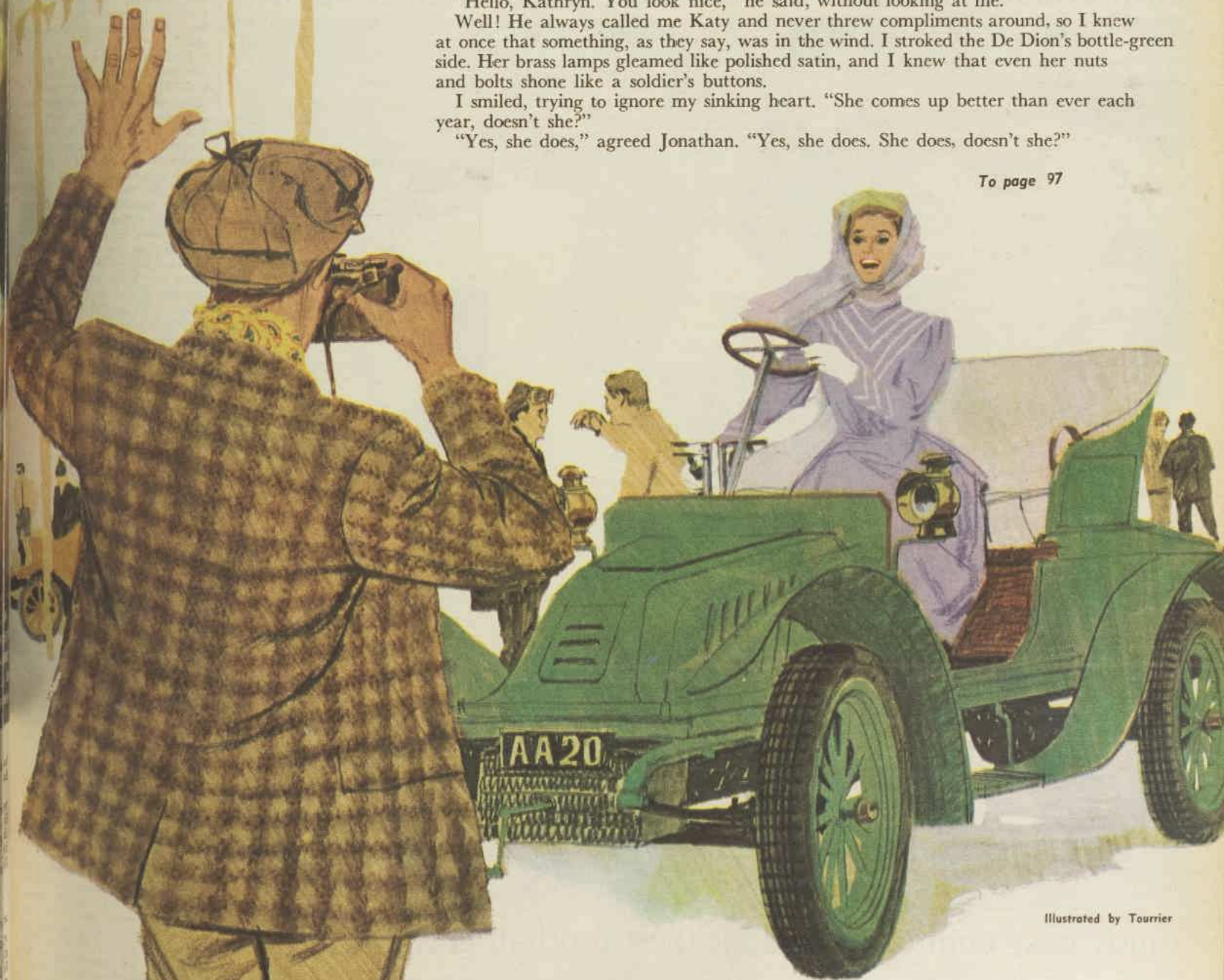
"Hello, Kathryn. You look nice," he said, without looking at me.

Well! He always called me Katy and never threw compliments around, so I knew at once that something, as they say, was in the wind. I stroked the De Dion's bottle-green side. Her brass lamps gleamed like polished satin, and I knew that even her nuts and bolts shone like a soldier's buttons.

I smiled, trying to ignore my sinking heart. "She comes up better than ever each year, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she does," agreed Jonathan. "Yes, she does. She does, doesn't she?"

To page 97



Illustrated by Tourrier

"Just one more picture, darling," Jonathan said to Penelope Platt as, smiling triumphantly, she sat at the wheel of the car.

BY
MAUREEN
POWER

the DARK MYSTERIOUS ONE

BOND'S

BEST-SELLER

"BONDELLA"

chill-chasing underwear knitted from Ingola yarn...



Enjoy cosy comfort at the bleakest football grand-stand...

or wherever you risk a shiver, "Bondella" is knitted from Ingola yarn of soft, warm wool and cotton. And it's a true thermal-knit fabric. The waffle-like texture creates air-pockets which form a snug layer of insulation. "Bondella" holds body warmth close and keeps cold at bay. "Bondella" is highly absorbent, machine washable and needs no ironing. At stores everywhere. Packed in polythene, for your convenience.

Short Sleeve Boy's: For use and his: Round neck styling. Rib-knit neckline. Rib cuffing and biasque waistline anchors garment in place. Men's 29/11, Boys' all sizes 17/6.
Men's Ankle: Comfort pouch gives firm non-binding support. Non-gape vertical fly. Replaceable elastic waistband. Double thickness fabric in pouch, gusset and seat. All sizes 24/11.
Boy's Undershirt: Non-gape vertical fly. Replaceable elastic waistband. Double fabric in seat. All sizes 17/6 at stores everywhere.
Men's Ankle: Rib-cuffed ankle prevents ride-up. Healthy comfort pouch. Non-gape vertical fly. Double thickness fabric in pouch, gusset and seat. All sizes 29/11.

THE green, cool smell of mint blew across the garden with each lazy puff of summer breeze. Leaves on the old pear tree rustled, and a brown-and-yellow butterfly settled in the centre of a big white daisy. Everywhere the garden seemed to drowse. Melissa, her large green eyes only half open, watched the butterfly idly.

"It's lovely just to lie here in the garden, watching butterflies and thinking about practically nothing," mused Melissa. "I don't feel like ever doing anything else."

For this was the first long and careless vacation she had ever had. Her last term at school had ended with prizes and tears and farewells, and next year she would study French at the university. On the grass next to the wicker couch on which she lay was a pile of textbooks to be read before the term.

They were unopened and were far too serious for Melissa to bother about at the moment. She just lay on her back, with her pink-and-white-checked dress above her knees and falling over the side of the couch. Specks of white cloud glided slowly across the bright blue sky.

Melissa studied the peace for a moment and then she thought of her friends. Most of them had taken jobs for the vacation, but Melissa had recoiled from the idea of working in a factory or a shop. Next year, perhaps, but just now she was delighting in the leisure of being able to think her own thoughts in the calm of the back garden.

Her friends seemed very distant now. Kay was selling shoes in the city. Letters occasionally came from Sandra, who was minding children in the country. Then there was Barry, who had been her partner at the end-of-year dance and who sometimes took her to the skating rink. He was working as a storeman in a big chain-store.

"I really don't know how he could face it straight after the exams and everything," she thought to herself. Good old Barry, always ready to be her partner when she couldn't find anyone else. Quite often she couldn't, either, although she didn't often admit this to herself. For Melissa spent much of her time dreaming about what could be and far too little time doing anything about it. The unopened French books were an indication of this.

Now she glanced at them, and turned away to where she could see, framed in a gap in the trees, the woman next door snipping flowers. This turned her wandering thoughts to one of their favorite realms. For the woman was a new neighbor, and the mother of the best bit of material for speculation Melissa had ever seen.

He was dark and mysterious and wore a white towel shirt with such an air that Melissa felt quite weak when she saw him. His arms were

He was the hero of the story Melissa loved to tell herself

very brown, and he wore the most masculine watch on a silver band.

Since he had moved in a fortnight ago, she had taken to sitting on the piano stool by the window in the sitting-room at the front of the house, watching for him to go past.

Melissa often imagined how she would meet him outside the corner shop, and how he would almost not see her, and then would say in a kind of husky voice, "How about showing me round here. I haven't been here long."

"Well, what would you like to see," she'd say, quiet, controlled, and pleasant. "There's the creek, and the library, and the bowling green, and, oh well, things like any other suburb, mostly." She would be rather offhand.

Then he would say, "Show me your favorite places," and she'd smile and say shyly, "All right then, let's go down here." And they would go to the bottom of the steep hill, past the school and the church, and would come to two white posts across a lane. The white pebbles in the lane would crunch under their feet as they went down between the fences to the cool dark creek.

They would sit on the edge of the creek and splash little stones into the water, and he would tell her of other places where he had lived.

Today, however, she thought of a different idea. As the soothing sun spilled on to her and the now cloudless blue of the sky melted away, she let the dark, mysterious boy play the best part in her most special drama. The setting of this idea was indeterminate. It resembled, more than anything else, a little lake shrouded in mist where purple foxgloves and orange poppies grew.

She sat by the lake in a billowing white dress with blue dots on it, and the dark, mysterious one was beside her. Pointing to the misty blue of a faraway hill, he said, "Just over that hill is a little stone church among yew trees. I want you to be there soon, at midnight, and be my bride."

Her own answer was wordless, but the next scene was at midnight, and a warm wind ruffled her long veil of white lace as she stepped from a high black carriage which was drawn by two coal-black stallions. This was as far as the story ever went.

IN fact, this was the first time that a real person had had the privilege of being the hero. Melissa returned her thoughts to contemplation of the features of her dark and mysterious neighbor.

Just then her mother appeared on the verandah.

"Melissa!"

"Yes, what?" Melissa spoke lazily, as she was still lost in the peace of the afternoon and the enveloping bliss of her dreams.

"You're wanted on the phone."

"Who is it?"

"It's Barry, dear. I've been talking to him for a few minutes, now. Won't you come in and speak to him?"

"Oh, all right. Just a minute."

Melissa slipped her feet into yellow thongs and went across the lawn to the house. The wire-screen door slammed behind her, and she blinked in the darkness inside the house. She picked up the phone. "Hello," she said.

"Oh, hello, Melissa, it's Barry here. How are you?"

"All right. Just out in the sun in the garden."

"Sounds good. How would you like to go for a swim in the river tonight? One of the boys at work has a second-hand sports car."

Melissa picked at the paint on the wall with her fingernail. "Well, I was planning to read one of this year's textbooks. So, really, I don't think I'd better."

She could sense the disappointment Barry was feeling, and began to be irritated by it.

"Sorry about that," he said. "See you some time. Goodbye, Melissa."

Feeling as though the afternoon had begun to be spoiled, she went to the kitchen, where her mother

was making scones, and ate one of the fresh, hot delicacies.

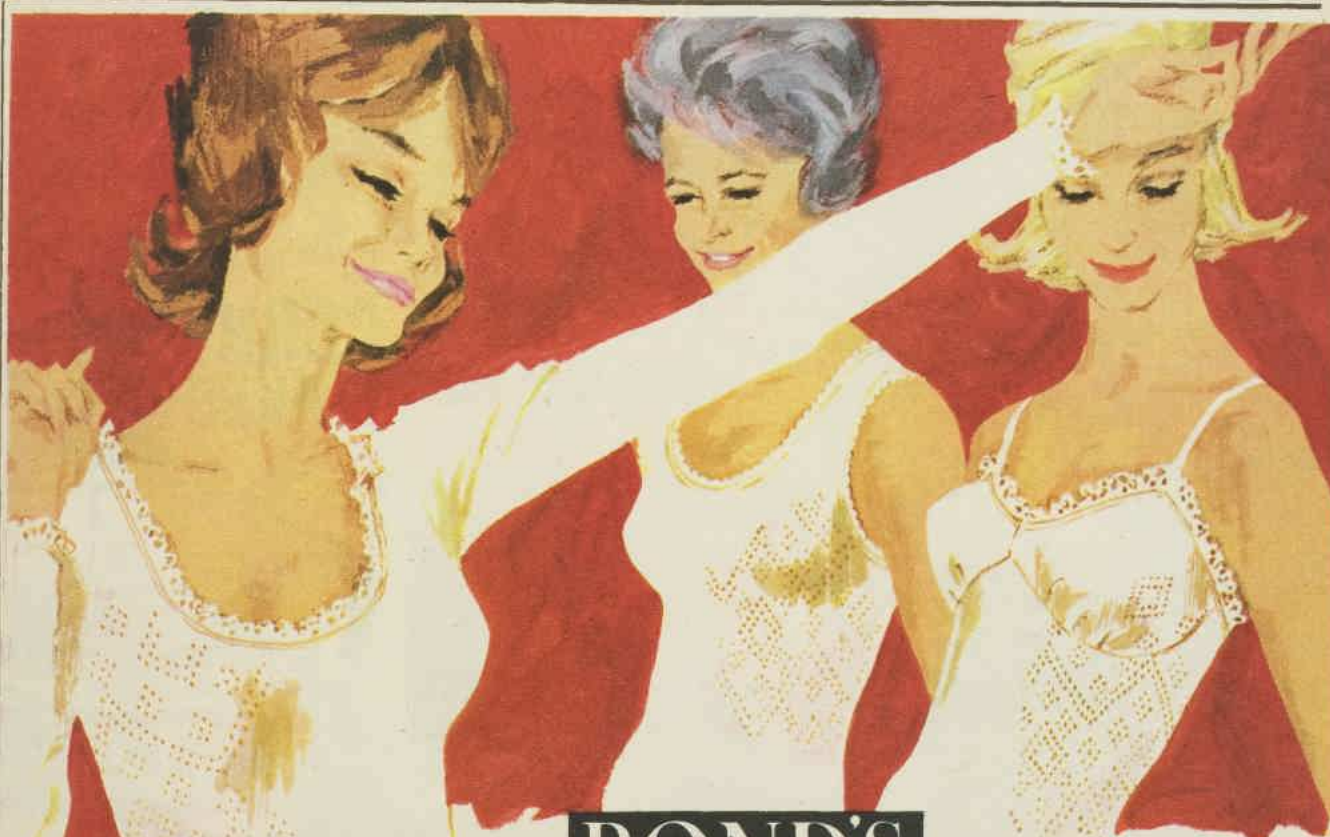
"Wasn't it a coincidence about that boy next door?" said her mother.

"What was?" asked Melissa.

"Oh, didn't Barry tell you? He is working in the storeroom with him, and he is the one who has just bought the sports car."

The afternoon seemed dark and cold as Melissa trailed back into the garden. She sat down sideways on the couch and picked up the top book on the pile and began to read.

(Copyright)



BOND'S BEST-SELLER "BONDELLA"

... new diamond-pattern knit using the famous **Ingola** yarn

Never before have undies seemed so warm yet light. That's because "Bondella" is knitted from Ingola yarn, which gives warmth without weight. You'll love the dainty diamond pattern, the easy-care qualities of "Bondella" which is machine washable, non-iron. And the "Tru-size" fittings mean complete comfort, perfect fit.

Broadshoulder vest has picot neckline. Cream. SW-OS, 14/11. XOS, 17/11.

Opera top vest has elasticised lace edging. Cream. SW-OS 16/11.

For children too!

Short Sleeved vest elasticised lace-edged neckline. Cream. Sizes. AS0, AS1, 6/11. AS2, AS4, 8/11. AS6, AS8, 10/6.

Fabric shoulder vest elasticised lace-edged neckline, matching trim on armholes. Cream. Sizes: AS0, AS1, 5/11; AS2, AS4, 6/11; AS6, AS8, 8/11.

Long sleeved spencer has lace trimmed elasticised neckline and sleeves. Cream SW-OS, 22/6. XOS, 24/11. (Short sleeved spencer also available. Cream. SW-OS, 19/11. XOS, 22/6.) Long legged pantie. Cream. SW-OS, 14/11. XOS, 17/11.

B609R

Nicest way to say:
"It's Mother's Day!"



There ought to be a better word than delicious —
just for **Kellogg's** **CORN FLAKES**

Best flavour, Crispness that welcomes milk.
More nourishment in every friendly flake.

"the best to you each morning"



*Trade mark registered

It was a family situation which
must somehow be solved... an
appealing short short story

LEFT BEHIND

By ISABEL JOHNSTON

PEGGY gazed resentfully at the outboard motor-boat her husband and young sons were loading on the trailer and attaching to the car. They knew she couldn't swim. They knew that even with a life-belt she was terrified. Weekend after weekend all summer long they had urged her to join them on these fishing trips. Today they hadn't suggested she come with them. They'd made all their preparations and had not even invited her!

They waved goodbye to her gaily and drove off. She went back into the empty house—and a terrible loneliness seized her. She might have known that this place near the water would mean they'd buy a boat.

She'd argued against the expense, the dangers, but her husband and sons had just laughed at her. Phil insisted that healthy days on the water would mean fewer doctors' bills for the boys. Jack, very practical for his age, pointed out that owning a boat cost much less than renting one.

Young Peter loudly proclaimed that all the other kids had boats!

The truth was, they were perfectly happy to go off without her. The house, usually so noisy with the boys around the place, was depressingly quiet. Peggy sat down, determined to keep busy, but she was in no mood for needlepoint. Her husband and sons had been happy to go off without her—and she had a vision of herself as an old lady, left behind, rattling around in this ark of a house, unwanted and alone.

She remembered their landlady in the city, old Mrs. MacDougal, living in loneliness. And poor old Mrs. Crothers! She'd met Mrs. Crothers in the square of park those early days when she'd taken the boys to the little patch of green to play. Mrs. Crothers lived in a tiny hotel room, cooking skimpy meals on a hotplate, not knowing a single soul on her floor. She recalled pathetic little Miss Nelson, a retired schoolteacher, who was always so grateful when Peggy dropped in with her little boys.

"Don't worry if we're a bit late," Phil had called back to her.

Worry? She certainly wouldn't! Not even if a hurricane blew up! She certainly wasn't going to sit around all day unwanted, left behind, worrying! No, indeed! She'd give Phil something to worry about!

If she'd married Len Harding, she'd be the wife of a wealthy Texas oilman right now, living miles away from the water. Len Harding, that was it! Phil had been quite jealous of him long ago in their courting days—and she'd make him good and jealous again!

With triumphant fury, she scribbled a note:

"Len Harding called up. He's in the city for the weekend and asked me to meet him in town. Don't worry if I'm a bit late — you know Len always likes to do things well. Peggy."

She propped the note up against a lamp where Phil would see it the minute he came in. Then she hurried upstairs and put on her most fetching outfit—just as if she really were going for a rendezvous with another man. She called a cab, arrived at the station just in time to catch a train.

The city was noisier, the big station more crowded than she remembered it. Aimlessly, she pushed past indifferent strangers—all going their own ways—without a passing thought for a wife and mother left behind.

She shrank from the prospect of taking in a show all by herself. Instead she bought a box of candy to take to their former landlady, Mrs. MacDougal. Perhaps if she were kind to old ladies, maybe in her own solitary old age somebody would take pity on her.

Mrs. MacDougal was pathetically pleased at having a caller. She insisted Peggy stay for lunch.

"I miss your boys," Mrs. MacDougal said, "but it's better for them to be in the country where they can go swimming and boating and things like that."

"You must come out for a weekend," Peggy urged.

"I'd like to. You don't know how much," Mrs. MacDougal explained, "but the drops I take for my eyes three times a day have to be kept refrigerated. And they'd get too warm on a train trip."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964



As Peggy crossed the park she felt sorry for the old man sitting forlornly on a bench.

Peggy left Mrs. MacDougal with a vision of herself as a frail, ailing old lady, threatened with blindness or crippled—with nobody who cared. On her way to Miss Nelson's she stopped at a florist's and bought flowers.

"How dear of you! Bringing me flowers from your place!" Miss Nelson exclaimed. "I try to grow flowers in a window-box, but with the city dust and soot they don't do very well."

Peggy didn't have to explain she'd bought the flowers in town. Miss Nelson, alone so much, spilled over in a monologue of talk that didn't give Peggy a chance to say a word. But Peggy was touched to see how much pleasure it gave Miss Nelson to have an audience. Willingly she listened. Perhaps some day she'd be so lonely she'd talk any visitor to death.

It was only five o'clock when Peggy reached Mrs. Crothers', but the old lady was thrilled to go out to dinner no matter how early. At the restaurant Mrs. Crothers told Peggy how she belonged to a Golden Age Club. She enjoyed it, too, except that the members were all old people, and today it was so nice to be going out with someone young!

Ironically Mrs. Crothers selected fish for her meal so she could have a titbit to take back to her cat. As Peggy ate her own fish, she couldn't help wondering how Phil and Jack and Peter were doing on their trip.

On her way back to the train Peggy passed through the little square of green and saw an old man sitting on a bench, alone, forlorn. It made her vaguely uneasy and suddenly eager to get home.

The lights were on in the house when she arrived. Phil greeted her warmly.

"Glad Len turned up so you didn't stay home all day worrying," Phil said, and then, without a trace of jealousy, asked, "Why didn't you ask old Len out for the weekend?"

Peggy had a strong suspicion that Phil hadn't been taken in by her silly note.

"Len's an inland man. He'd probably hate going out in a leaky old boat," Peggy said stiffly.

"Poor old Len," Phil sympathised.

Dinner was the usual noisy affair, with both boys talking at once, arguing about who had caught or lost the largest fish.

She wasn't hungry, but she tasted their fish. In the bustling home atmosphere it did taste better than the restaurant flounder. As the boys' voices rose in argument, Phil caught her eye and smiled with tender good humor.

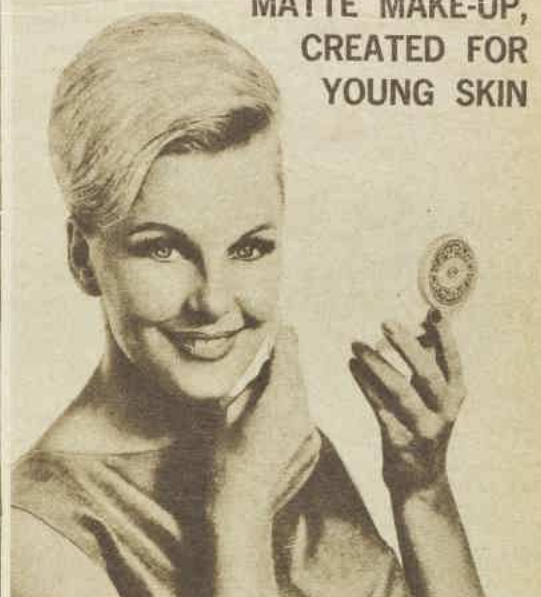
Suddenly she remembered the old man in the park. What would Phil do when the boys grew up and went away? He'd be left behind, too, lonely, much lonelier than old women were—without a single soul to go on his beloved fishing trips with him. It was more than she could bear.

"Maybe if I took one of those fitness courses I could learn to swim," she suggested. "Then I could go out with you on the boat."

She would still be afraid, she knew, but at least Phil wouldn't be left sitting on a bench in a park, lonely and forlorn.

(Copyright)

A GLAMOUR
MATTE MAKE-UP,
CREATED FOR
YOUNG SKIN



Helena Rubinstein's CLEAR & LOVELY

FOUNDATION and COMPACT

CLEAR & LOVELY—gives your complexion a natural looking matte finish—eliminates shiny nose—stays fresh and flawless all day.

CLEAR & LOVELY—specially formulated for oily and disturbed skins—heals as it conceals.

CLEAR & LOVELY—so glamorous you would not dream that it was medicated, too!

In six skin-toned shades.



Available from Helena Rubinstein salons, all leading department stores and leading chemists within the Commonwealth.



Jewellery—"His" and "Hers".

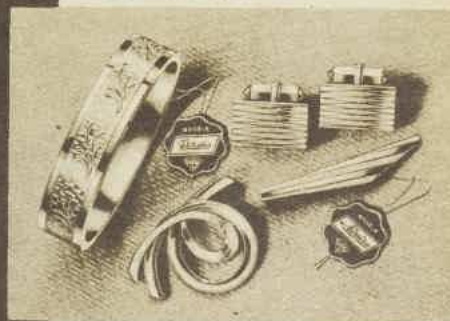
Fashioned by master craftsmen, made in the world-famous, especially durable "Gold-Anker" quality. Smart, elegant and attractive.

Floralia

Jewellery for the Lady.

Admira

Jewellery for the Man.



Your jeweller has a large selection of captivating FLORALIA and ADMIRA jewellery, made of solid gold, or excellent hard-wearing rolled gold. Discerning jewellery by RoWi which will appeal to you because of its artistic styling.

When buying be careful to look for the gold-on-blue quality label, the hallmark of high quality craftsmanship at the right price.

This jewellery is a product of the factories making the world-famous FIXO type branded watch bracelets — ELASTO-FIXO and FIXO-FLEX by RoWi.

KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches, legs ache and rheumatism, with your work and fun, take New Improved CYN-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get scientific, laboratory-tested and Certified CYN-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 4/6.

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.

See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

Page 43



*why
is it
that blondes...?*

Go blonde. Absolutely, gorgeously blonde. Or simply lighten your own hair colour gently . . . naturally.

New Decore Blonding Cream blondes smoothly, evenly. It's quick, creamy action leaves your hair silk smooth, softer-toned . . . natural looking.

Go blonde. Tonight. Discover why it is that blondes . . .

DECORE SPECIAL SHAMPOO is scientifically blended to protect and revitalise blonded and colour-rinsed hair.

Decore

**blonding
cream**
with lanolin



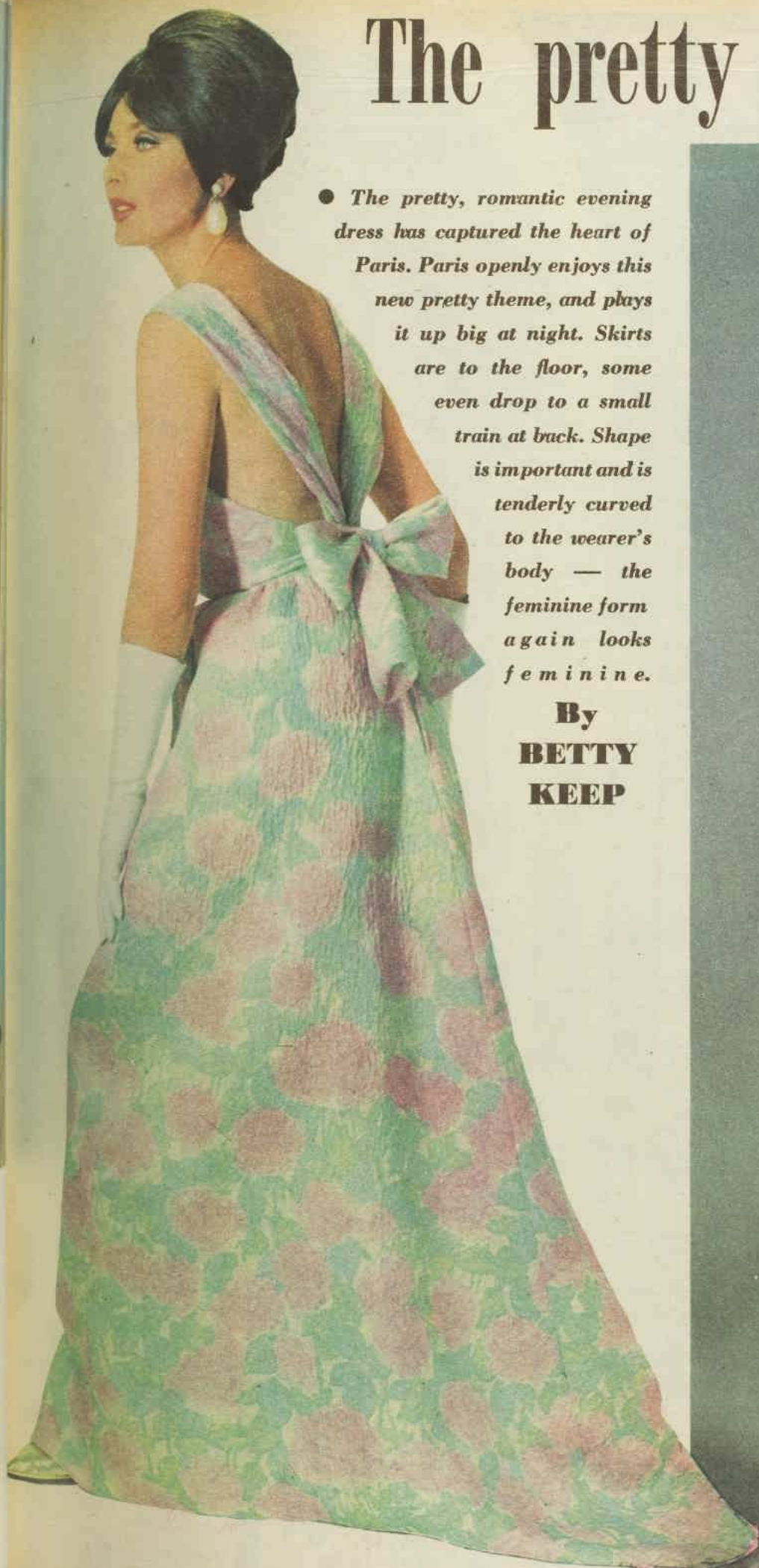
Price 8/11

FREE HAIR ADVISORY SERVICE. Should you require special guidance on blonding, home perming, colouring or any hair problem, please contact our expert hair consultants. Simply phone Sydney 61-2412 or, if you prefer, send along a 2" snip of hair with letter explaining your hair problem, with stamped self-addressed envelope, to DECORE ADVISORY BUREAU, Dept. W.W., 389 Sussex Street, Sydney.

The pretty Paris dress

● The pretty, romantic evening dress has captured the heart of Paris. Paris openly enjoys this new pretty theme, and plays it up big at night. Skirts are to the floor, some even drop to a small train at back. Shape is important and is tenderly curved to the wearer's body — the feminine form again looks feminine.

**By
BETTY
KEEP**



FLOWER-PRINTED crepe dress (above) from the Ricci spring collection. The bodice is bared low at back. From the waist the skirt drops to a small train.

NEW PEAK of night life prettiness is seen in Jeanne Lanvin's romantic chiffon dress (right). The skirt is flounced and curved to the wearer's proportions.



EXCLUSIVE **to COLES**

Starlet cosmetics

bring you lasting loveliness
for so little cost!

The Starlet range of matching cosmetics,
exclusive to Coles Stores throughout Aus-
tralia, gives you everything you expect to
find only in very expensive beauty aids!

FOR LOVELIER HAIR AND EASIER CARE...

**SHEER MIST
HAIR SPRAY**

6'11

You'll be so glad you tried
Starlet "Sheer Mist", the
hairspray that imparts new
lustre and radiance while
giving a satin-smooth
setting that stays naturally
in place for hours!

REGULAR SIZE 6/11
ECONOMY SIZE 11/6



Starlet

Remember!—The Starlet range
of cosmetics provides you with
the ideal gift selection for

**MOTHER'S
DAY!**

Nail Enamel with Nylon . .

Fashion at your
fingertips . . . with
Starlet's high gloss
nail enamel in 12
exciting shades!

2'11

Pearl Sheen Nail Enamel . .

Your fingers will
glow with colour
with Starlet's
shimmering nail
enamel in 7 up-to-
the-minute shades!

4'11

**Beauti-Film
LIQUID MAKE-UP**

Fragrant and satin-smooth to
compliment your natural colour!
In Pechetone, Glotone, Gold-
tone, Suntone and
Natural. Smart
gold-capped bottle.

5'.

Slide Action Lipstick

Imparts a soft,
subtle sheen—in
12 glamorous shades!

2'11

American Formula Lipstick

Creamy-smooth,
lasting, non-drying,
12 heavenly shades!

5'9

Pearlescent Lipstick

For radiant lip
sheen—in 6
pastel shades!

5'9

**Magic Touch
INSTANT MAKE-UP**

For the woman who wants in-
stant beauty . . . try Starlet
Instant Make-up—medicated
for your protection!
Five flattering
shades—Pechetone,
Glotone, Goldtone,
Suntone and
Natural.

5'.

OBTAINABLE ONLY AT COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA!

Dress Sense

By BETTY
KEEP

● The floor-length housecoat illustrated below was chosen for a reader who asked for a warm winter robe.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, and my reply.

"I need a style and pattern for a winter robe I can wear comfortably at home. I want it floor-length, and would also like a list of suitable fabrics for the design you choose."

Lightweight wool, flannel, corduroy, or any fleecy fabric would be suitable for the housecoat. I have chosen in answer to your query. The design has front buttoning and a slightly raised waistline.

For further details and how to order, see below illustration.

"I want to make a wool frock with a dropped waist and can't decide what style of skirt would be best. I would also like to know how to finish the neckline of an elbow-length wool cape."

A dress with a long-torso bodice could have a pleated or slightly gathered skirt. Finish the cape with a small roll collar.



6066. Floor-length winter robe in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6066, price 6/6 includes postage. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon. No C.O.D. orders.

"Would it be possible to buy patterns for a group of autumn separates? I need patterns for a skirt, slacks, waistcoat, and a tailored long-sleeved blouse."

Vogue pattern 5983 includes the separates listed in your letter.

The slim skirt has a back inverted pleat, the waistcoat has a button back-belt and one pocket, and the slacks and blouse are both neatly tailored. The pattern is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 5983, price 7/6 includes postage. Address pattern

order to me at Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"Do you think it is satisfactory to have slacks made in stretch fabric?"

Yes, I advise stretch fabric for its qualities of shape-retention and crease-resistance.

"Is mohair still in fashion for this season?"

Yes, there is a revived interest in mohair and the current crop has subtle surface interest, i.e., it is less fluffy and has fewer loops than last season.



Milk Tray means happiness for two!

Give every date a gala touch with Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates. No matter what the program—a movie, the latest musical, your favourite TV serial or a spin in the car—Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates make all the difference to enjoyment. And be sure of this! His thoughtfulness in bringing you a box is just another way of saying that you're really rather special.



instant oven stick

NEW OVENSTICK cleans your oven instantly. Can't drip or spill. No gloves needed!

Cut housework down to size with

**RECKITT'S
HOUSEHOLD
PRODUCTS**

**OXFORD
white cleaner**

OXFORD WHITE CLEANER with the new roller sponge applicator cleans easier... faster.

**Reckitt's
instant starch**

NO BOILING
just add to cold water

RECKITT'S INSTANT STARCH mixes immediately with cold water. Gives a crisp finish. Easier ironing.

HARPIC
The safe toilet cleanser

SAFE WITH SEPTIC TOILETS
PERFUMED

HARPIC cleans your toilet thoroughly. Kills germs, even deep down. Keeps your family safe!

**Reckitt's
LIQUID Blue**

FOR WASHING MACHINERY

RECKITT'S LIQUID BLUE is the easy way to perfect whites. Just add a teaspoonful when rinsing.

AN INTERNATIONAL LOOK AT

CHICKEN

The chicken dishes in this 4-page feature are national classics in their own countries, with subtle and delicious flavors acclaimed throughout the world. With modern chicken raising and merchandising methods they are now within the budget range of most Australian households.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

AUSTRALIA

ROAST SEASONED CHICKEN

One medium-sized plump chicken, prepared stuffing (see recipe below), 2oz. softened butter, 1 cup chicken stock, vegetables.

Place prepared stuffing inside chicken, spread breast with softened butter. Put into a baking-dish and pour stock round. Roast in moderately hot oven 45 to 60 minutes, turning and basting frequently. When cooked, transfer to a serving-dish. Serve with gravy made from the pan juices. Golden baked potatoes and mint-flavored green peas are a good accompaniment.

Stuffing: One medium-sized onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1oz. butter, 6oz. soft white breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, grated rind and juice of 1/2 lemon, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, egg to bind.

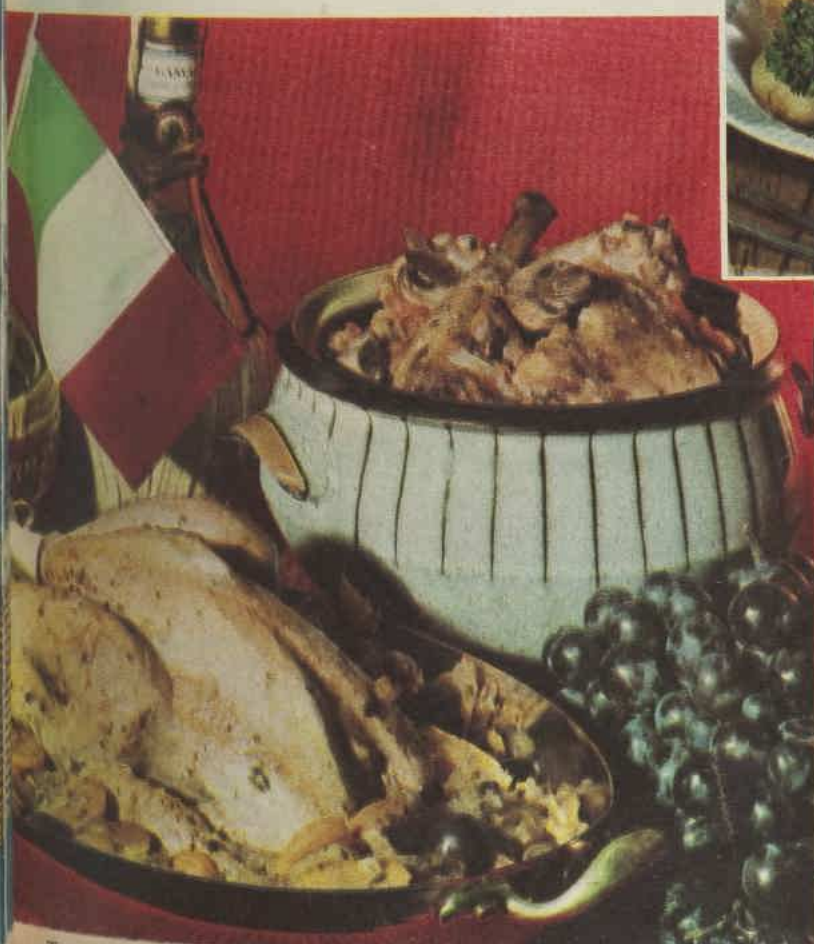
Saute onion and celery in heated butter until soft. Then stir in the crumbs, parsley, lemon rind and juice, salt, pepper and herbs. Mix well and bind with beaten egg. Cool before use.

CHICKEN SALAD

Three cups cooked chicken pieces, 3 stalks celery, 1 green pepper (sliced), 1lb. peeled and chopped tomatoes, 1/2 cup sliced shallots, 1 sliced cucumber, salt, pepper, 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise, lettuce.

Combine chicken pieces, celery, green pepper, tomatoes, shallots, cucumber, salt and pepper in basin. Mix well with mayonnaise. Serve well chilled in lettuce-lined salad bowl.

ROAST SEASONED CHICKEN
(right) in foreground, Chicken
Salad at rear.



ITALY

POLLO ALLA MATUANA

One 3lb. chicken, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 chopped onion, 2 stalks celery, sliced, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 sliced carrot, little oil, salt, pepper, 1/2 cup chicken stock or consomme, 1/2 cup tomato juice, 4 green olives (finely chopped), 8 each green and black olives.

Truss chicken. Heat butter in saucepan, brown chicken well on all sides. In a little oil in separate pan

brown onion, celery, and carrot. Add to chicken, together with stock and tomato juice; add finely chopped olives, parsley, salt and pepper. Cover pan and cook over gentle heat 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Add black and green olives; cook further 5 minutes. Place chicken on serving-dish, surround with vegetables and olives.

POLLO ALLA CACCIATORA

One medium-sized chicken, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 small onion (chopped), 1 green pepper (thinly sliced, with seeds removed), 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt and freshly ground pepper, pinch rose-

Level spoon measurements and the 8-liquid-ounce cup are used.

mary, 3 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1/2 to 1 cup dry red wine, 1 cup sliced mushrooms.

Joint chicken, brown pieces on all sides in hot oil. Remove chicken from pan; cook onion, celery, and green pepper in remaining oil until lightly browned. Add tomatoes, garlic, parsley, salt, pepper, rosemary, and wine. Return chicken to pan, cover, simmer until bird is almost tender. Stir in mushrooms, cook further 15 minutes.

POLLO Alla Matuana
(left) in foreground.
Pollo Alla Cacciatora
in deep casserole.

More recipes on page 51

NEW 2-IN-ONE MIX!

... a delicious self-saucing sponge or steamed pudding.

Betty
Sydney

Sponge Pudding
MIX



Now! Make the lightest, fluffiest sponge pudding with its own scrumptious sauce . . . or a delicious steamed pudding with simple-to-make topping—both from the one mix! New Betty Sydney two-in-one Sponge Pudding Mix. So quick! So easy! Just add one egg and water. Deliciously deep-blended flavours are vanilla . . . lemon and rich chocolate.

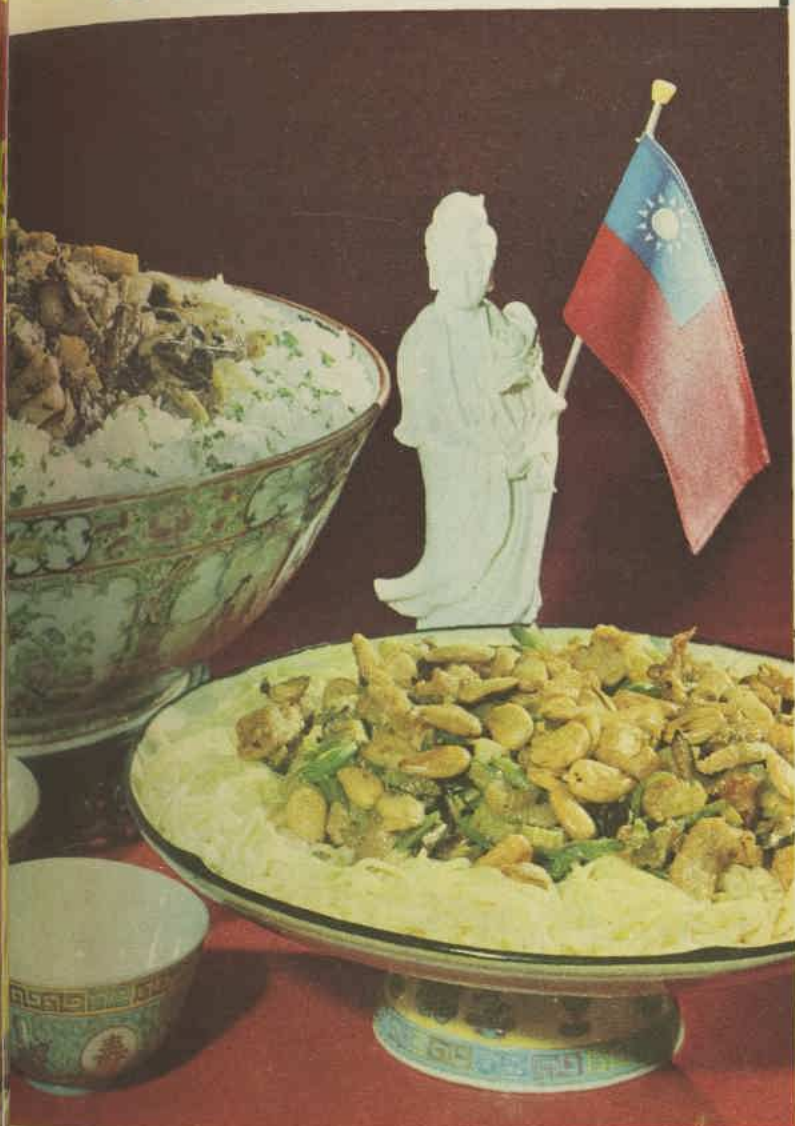


WHEN IT COMES FROM THE PACK WITH THE RED SPOON - IT'S BEST!



An international
look at

CHICKEN



In France they call it poulet or coq, in Italy and Spain it's pollo, the Indians ask for murgtha—and the Chinese know it as gai.

But however you spell it, it still adds up to chicken—one of the most succulent and delicious foods ever to grace a table.

Both Chinese dishes featured here are based on it. In the first the chicken is boiled, then simmered in a rich sauce. In the second, chicken breasts are coated with a cornflour, egg-white, salt, and oil mixture, deep fried, and finally heated through in a chicken stock and vegetable sauce.

CHICKEN and Almonds (left) in foreground, **Chicken Chow Mein** at rear of picture.

CHINA

CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

One medium-sized chicken, salted water, bouquet garni, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 large onion (sliced), 2 cups celery (diced), 1 lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 cup water chestnuts, 1 cup bean sprouts, 1 cup bamboo shoots, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 3 dessertspoons soy sauce, salt and pepper, noodles, oil for frying.

Joint chicken and put into saucepan with bouquet garni; add salted water to cover, simmer until the chicken is tender; drain and reserve stock. Remove bones from chicken; return bones to stock and simmer a further 30 minutes. Strain stock and set aside. Cut chicken meat into strips, reserving white meat for garnishing platter.

Heat oil in frying-pan and brown onion. Add celery, mushrooms, and 1 cup of stock. Simmer a further 10 minutes, then stir in water chestnuts, bean sprouts, and bamboo shoots. Mix cornflour to paste with another 1 cup of stock and the soy sauce. Gradually add to the pan, stirring constantly. Stir in dark chicken meat, simmer 10 minutes. Add salt

and pepper to taste, serve on Chinese egg noodles. (These can be boiled; or boiled then fried in deep hot oil.) Top with the strips of breast meat.

CHICKEN AND ALMONDS

Three large chicken breasts, salt, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon oil, 1 1/2 cups chopped celery, 1 lb. mushrooms, 1 lb. green beans (sliced and parboiled), 1 onion, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 1/2 teaspoons cornflour (blended with a little water), 1 1/2 teaspoons soy sauce, hot rice, parsley, toasted almonds, oil for frying.

Cut chicken meat into small dice. Mix with salt, egg-white, cornflour, and oil. Cut onion into small dice. Deep-fry chicken meat in hot oil until just golden, remove from pan, drain well. Remove excess oil from pan, add celery, onions, sliced mushrooms, and beans. Pour in stock, simmer until vegetables are tender. Return chicken to pan, cook further few minutes to heat chicken. Thicken with blended cornflour and soy sauce. Serve with hot rice flecked through with finely chopped green parsley. Top with toasted almonds.

INDIA

INDIAN CURRIED CHICKEN

Three packets of chicken pieces (or 1 chicken about 3 1/2 lb.), 3 cups water, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 whole onion, few cloves, 1 carrot, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons curry powder (or to taste), 1 cup coconut milk, pinch pepper, 1 1/2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, pinch ground cloves, 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint, 1 pint cream, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Stud whole onion with cloves. Put chicken in large saucepan with the onion, water, salt, and carrot. Cover, simmer 1 hour or until chicken is almost tender. Remove from broth, cool. Reserve broth.

Melt butter in pan, add chopped onion, saute until transparent. Stir in curry powder. Gradually add coco-

nut milk and 1 cup of the strained chicken broth. Add pepper, ginger, ground cloves, and mint. Cover, cook over gentle heat 30 minutes.

Cut chicken into small pieces, add to the sauce and continue cooking until chicken is tender, adjust seasoning if necessary. Just before serving, stir in lemon juice, then whipped cream. Do not allow to boil once cream has been added. Serve on hot rice. Serve chutney as an accompaniment.

Note: If fresh coconut milk is not available, pour 1 cup fresh scalded milk over 1 cup of desiccated or shredded coconut. Let stand 30 minutes, then strain.

COUNTRY CAPTAIN

One 3 lb. chicken (or 3 packets chicken pieces), 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 or 3 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup finely chopped onion, 1/2 cup finely chopped

green pepper, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 1/2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 cups canned or peeled and chopped tomatoes, finely chopped parsley.

Cut chicken into serving pieces; coat with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Heat butter in large pan, brown chicken pieces well on all sides. Remove and set aside. Add onion, green pepper, garlic, curry powder. Cook, stirring, until the onion is slightly transparent. Add tomatoes with their liquid, add chicken pieces. Cover and cook until tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve chutney separately.

INDIAN Curried Chicken (right) in foreground, **Country Captain** at rear.



More recipes page 53



LACONIA MAKES A BED

"Limelight". Delightful block overcheck pattern in subtle lilac, lime and white.

Treat yourself to the luxury of Australia's best blankets!

This is the luxury of Laconia! The warmth and softness of Australia's finest "first clip" lambs' wool . . . the cosy, fleecy feel of Laconia's exclusive "denser pile" finish . . . the beauty and harmony of dozens of decorator patterns and glorious plain

colours. For extra warmth without weight, for luxury that lasts a lifetime, make sure you choose Laconia blankets. In these and many more delightful patterns at all good stores.

Laconia

100% PURE LAMBS' WOOL
MAKE "GOODNIGHT" A CERTAINTY



"STARDUST"
COLOUR RANGE

- | | | | |
|--------------|------------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Sage | 4. Camellia Pink | 7. Flame | 10. Buttercup |
| 2. Rose Pink | 5. Wisteria | 8. Sandy Beige | Also |
| 3. Turquoise | 6. Gold | 9. Capri Blue | Snow White |

Enjoy healthy, controlled warmth with the
SPEEDIE-LACONIA ELECTRIC BLANKETS
Pure lambs' wool blankets with extra low voltage in Single, Double and Dual Control models. Single also available with normal voltage. Choose from Rose Pink or Capri Blue.



LACONIA BABY BLANKETS

The only Australian made blankets offering constant, hygienic Sanitized protection against bacteria, odours, mould and mildew! Full range of shades and patterns.



"Starlight". Appealing white-bordered windowpane check in blue, pink and lavender.



"Mexicana". Vivid 9" check in blue, yellow and red.

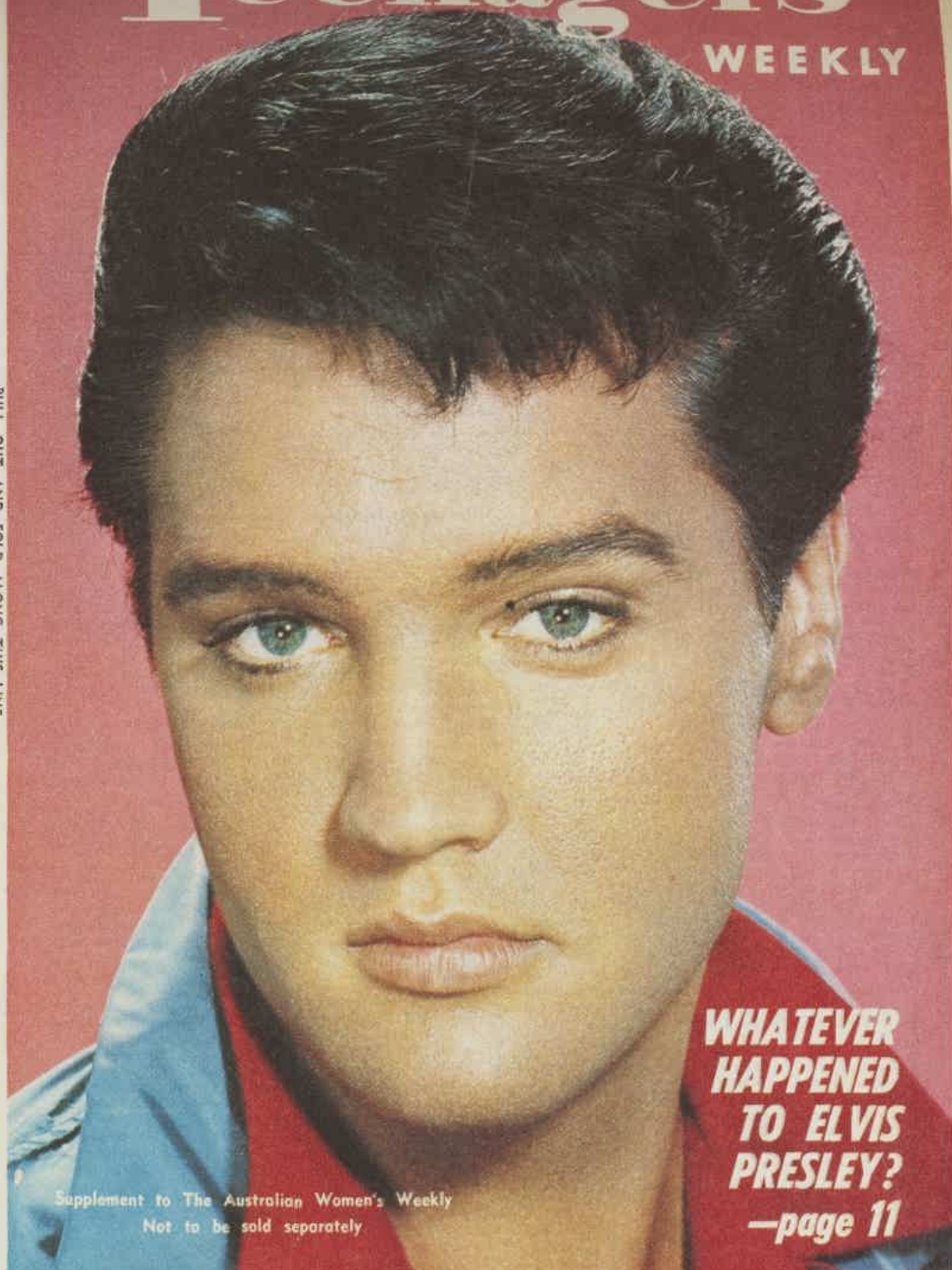
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 6, 1964

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



**WHATEVER
HAPPENED
TO ELVIS
PRESLEY?
—page 11**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

Letters

Women teachers dowdy

WHY don't female teachers at least try to improve their appearances? I'm sure pupils would respect a teacher more for being modern in dress sense, beauty, and outlook, than for being an old-fashioned school ma'am in seemingly ancient garb.

Round my school I am constantly seeing poor misguided females who think fashions have not changed since 1940, or even earlier.

Long dresses, laced-up shoes, practically no make-up, and hair clipped short and pulled back in the most unflattering manner is certainly not the fashion of today.

I could understand this lack of "vogue" if the income of women teachers was not extremely high.

Beauty and fashion are easily attained nowadays, and no woman, whatever her age may be, should not try to look her best. — "Schoolgirl," Glebe Point, N.S.W.

Beatles? Bah!

I AM writing to ask one direct question — I would like to know the reason for Beatlemania.

When I ask my crazy friends what they like about the feminine darlings, they say, "Oh, I don't know — everything." The more honest ones say, "Actually I'm not mad about them, but I like them because everybody does."

Come, teenagers, where's your sense of individual-

ism? Who but idiots would scream when a group of morons yell, "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" which, after all, my niece of 14 months can do quite easily.

What has happened to the artists of the surf and stomp season? What can you do when The Beatles are played at parties except sit and listen to ridiculous girls screaming?

I wonder if they'd scream so readily if someone brought on an Old English sheepdog — it's the same hairstyle, you know. — "D.D.T. Fan," Latrobe, Tas.

Man or boy?

AT 14 years old, I want to know if I'm a kid or a man.

When I ask to drive the car I am told I am a kid. When I start fighting with my sister, I am told to act my age, and that I'm not a kid any more.

I think I have a point. — J. M. MacPherson, Northgate, Qld.

Individuals

THE opinions held by people about teenagers perturb me greatly. Why do so many in their letters to T.W. allude to teenagers as a group?

I mean, some speak of the way we all wear too much make-up, dance crazy dances, and go steady with boys when only in

our early teens. While others say we are a sadly misjudged and misunderstood lot who can be moulded into strong and conscientious citizens with just a little patience and understanding.

Though I agree that we need patience and understanding to form our character, readers must admit that all teenagers are not alike. They are neither all of the first group, nor all of the second.

We are individuals, and we like to be treated as such. — B. J. Russell, North Booval, Qld.

Groggy hobby

HOW many other boys or girls share my hobby of collecting labels off bottles of beer, wine, and liqueurs.

Probably because it is not very common, and because of the thrill of receiving a fat envelope full of new labels, I have so far found it a fascinating and rewarding hobby.

It is also educational, as there would not be many people who had a letter written to them in Russian from Uzbekistan Wines, Moscow.

This hobby has even been called "Labology" by collectors in Britain, to whom I have written many letters.

It is not hard to get started, just write to a firm and ask them for some samples of their labels.

I have been collecting for about 18 months, and so far have about 600 labels, and have mounted many of the rare ones.

So if you are looking for a new, interesting hobby, off the beaten track, I would recommend to you that of labology. — David Jordan, Grafton, N.S.W.

Study tip

I SHOULD like to add my special method to those of your how-to-study articles.

At high school I was terrible at maths, and realised that failure could ruin my whole career.

After trying practically everything else, I finally worked up a real crush on our maths master, and naturally drank in everything he said and did my homework with as much tender care as love letters.

Result — one of the best maths passes in the whole school, and no more career worries! — Jill Davis, Tullamarine, Vic.

Nom de fume

CAN anyone explain to me why the mottoes of nearly all schools are in a foreign language?

Though so few schools seem to have them, surely there is nothing wrong with a motto in English.

It must be realised that no more than about half the community are able to read Latin, although more people can understand French. — Joan Coe, Coleraine, Vic.

Stay or go

THIS year I am doing my Leaving, and next year hope to get a good job. But in this town there are no jobs in which I have the slightest interest, nor any opportunities for a career.

Thus, it seems it will be necessary to go to the city, where I have never been, except once overnight, when the impression was overwhelming!

I have heard that it is a lonely life in the city, and almost impossible to make friends. I will know nobody and will have no relatives in Sydney.

I hope some kind reader will advise me whether to go to the city or stay in the country (which, incidentally, I love, though there is not enough social life). — "Indecisive," Cowra, N.S.W.

Next week...

• A bumper Beatles issue! There are two color pages of Beatle party-food recipes and ideas — intriguing dishes like Beethoven Roll-Overs. Also, see how to make a Beatle blouse — from tea towels! • See a big color picture of Lucky Starr's fiancée — and her favorite picture of Lucky. Read about Dig Richards' engagement, too. • There's a color pin-up of singer Wayne Newton.

Fair go

AM I alone in this? I am a teenage boy and I like The Beatles very much. But lately I have found that too much air time is being taken up by them, instead of letting some lesser-known talent try his or her luck. — *Grahame Bailey, Yagoona, N.S.W.*

Aged aided

A GROUP of girls I know are bridging the gap between youth and old age by having a service called Operation Sunshine in their club.

Any small change they may have is put into a bottle, and when there is enough a gift is bought for a "shut-in" person. The girls deliver the gift where possible, and in this way give pleasure to both donor and recipient.

If all clubs did this, what a lot of joy would be circulating. Operation Sunshine is becoming a vital part in the club pro-

gramme, and the girls are learning by their actions that it is more blessed to give than to receive. — *"Worth Trying," East Brisbane.*

Wives at work

MANY married women, I know, work though their husbands have excellent positions, and all over Australia there must be teenagers looking for jobs that are held by married women.

I know that there are exceptions—where there is a large family, and the mother as well as the father must work to properly educate the children.

But there are also married women who are so bored with routine that they find positions and then spend the money on new clothes.

I definitely think that it's time the Government did something about it. Don't other teenagers agree? — *Patricia Ryan, St. Leonards, Tas.*

BEATNIK



"You must be good for something — why not good for nothing?"

READERS SAY

few beautifully written ones when exams draw near.

Surely you can't expect teachers to put notes on the blackboard for a class to copy, in their best handwriting, into English, Social Studies, or Science notebooks. — *"Another Student," Launceston, Tas.*

I THINK it is better for notes to be read to students than to be written on the board. This saves a lot of time for both students and teachers.

There are many things against the use of the blackboard. The teacher's writing is often hard to read, only a certain amount can be written in such a limited space, and often copying is slowed down by the teacher standing in the way while she continues to write.

Then if there are more notes when the board is full, the quicker students have to wait while the slower finish copying the first lot down.

Of course, chalk is necessary for diagrams, but more and fuller notes can be taken when dictated. — *S. Lomas, Burwood, N.S.W.*

Writing "ruined" by fast-talking teachers?

● The good writing she had developed at primary school, declared S. Watts (T.W., 4/3/64), had been ruined by the quick dictation of high-school teachers who seldom use the blackboard.

HAVING had the same problem myself, I would advise her to adopt the new cursive script adopted lately in Victorian primary schools.

I practised for a fortnight, and afterwards found my writing speed greatly increased, as the script omits loops in letters such as l, b, h, and k. The result was well worth the effort. — *"Jo," Paiseo Vale South, Vic.*

NATURALLY a pupil spends more time and care with his writing in primary school than in secondary school.

In primary school a pupil is still learning to write, but in secondary school he or she should be capable of writing quickly and neatly.

When taking notes, a verbatim record is not required. Take down the

main points, with enough description to fill out when revising. A full report on the lesson could always be written up at a later date.

One of the aims of secondary education would be, I should think, to encourage students to think for themselves, not just copy something put in front of them.

To say that "the Education Department must have run out of its supply of chalk" is ridiculous as an explanation for students not copying direct from the blackboard. — *Jennifer A. Jones, Auchenflower, Qld.*

I AGREE that the first experience of rapidly dictated lecture notes is hard on the handwriting. Nevertheless, as I have found, it is excellent training for people who intend going on to university.

University lectures are often high-speed affairs, and students need practice in taking dictation to avoid missing important points.

A small hint — try to listen as well as write, so that you may absorb the essential facts and skim over the less relevant material. Also, it is a good idea to work out a few shorthand symbols of your own to increase your writing speed without becoming illegible. — *P. A. Oliphant, Mentone, Vic.*

IF a grade II child is capable of writing his own sentence after a health lesson, a secondary school STUDENT must be capable of writing notes while a teacher is talking. One can't expect to be hand-fed forever.

I should like to point out that many notes which are scrawled are going to be more helpful than a

TOEING

Cable

Materials: 6 balls Lincoln Crepette; 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles; 1 cable needle.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin., 12 rows to lin.

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts. (30 sts. on each of 3 needles).

Join and work in rounds as follows: **Next Round:** * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. this round for lin. Work as follows: **1st Round:** * p 2, k 6, p 2, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st round.

3rd Round: * p 2, slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and hold at back of work, k 3, then k the 3 sts. from cable needle, p 2, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st round 5 times.

These 8 rounds form the patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 14½ in. or required length to top of heel. Work as follows: **1st Round:** Work in patt. to last 10 sts., k 10, then k 14 sts. from next needle.

3rd Row: P 48, leave rem. sts. on 2 needles for instep and work on these 48 sts. for heel as follows: **1st Row:** * sl. 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, purlwise, p to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows for 2½ in. Shape heel as follows: **1st Row:** K 27, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn.

2nd Row: P 8, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

3rd Row: K 9, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn.

4th Row: P 10, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

5th Row: K 11, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn.

Cont. in this way until all sts. have been worked on to one needle (28 sts.). Knit back 14 sts., thus completing heel. Slip all instep sts. on to one needle. Knit rem. 14 sts. of heel, then pick up and k 20 sts. along side of heel, using a 2nd needle work in patt.

LONG, thickly cabled socks and short "candy" stripes look smart with casual shoes.



across the 42 instep sts., using 3rd needle pick up and k 20 sts. along other side of heel, then knit the 14 heel sts.

Next Round: 1st needle, k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, work in patt.; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end.

Rep. this round until there are 15 sts. on 1st and 3rd needles.

Next Round: K 15, work in patt. across next 42 sts., k 15. Cont. in this way without shaping until foot measures 7½ in. or 2 in. less than required length. Knit the first 3 sts. of 2nd needle on to end of 1st needle, then slip the last 3 sts. of 2nd needle on to beg. of 3rd needle. (18-36-18) sts. Work toe as follows: **1st Round:** 1st needle, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rounds until dec. to 28 sts. in all. Knit the 7 sts. of 1st needle on to end of 3rd needle (14 sts. on each of 2 needles).

TO GRAFT TOE

With wrong sides facing, thread end of wool through bodkin or darning needle, then pass bodkin through first st. on front needle as if to purl, but do not slip st. off needle, pass bodkin through first st. on back needle as if to knit, but do not slip st. off needle.

* **Front Row:** Slip off first st. as if to knit, then pass bodkin through

second st. as if to purl, but do not slip st. off needle.

Back Row: Slip off first st. purlwise, then pass bodkin through second st. as if to knit, but do not slip st. off needle.

Rep. from * until all sts. have been worked off. Darn in end of wool and press lightly.

Candy

Materials: 2 (2) balls main color, 1 (2) balls first contrast, 1 (2) balls second contrast color Daphne Crochet; 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles, pointed both ends.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c.1, contrast color; c.c.2, second contrast color.

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 60 sts. (20 sts. on each of 3 needles) or 70 sts. (20 sts. on each of 2 needles and 30 sts. on 3rd needle). Join and work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 rounds. Change to c.c.1, k 1 round, then work 3 rounds rib of k 1, p 1. Change to c.c.2, k 1 round, then work 3 rounds rib of k 1, p 1.

Cont. in this way until work measures 3 in. (4 in.). Turn work inside out so that ribbing will turn back on to right side, then knit in rounds, working 4 rounds of each color alternately. When work measures 3½ in. (5 in.) from end

of ribbing, shape leg as follows: **Next Round:** K 1, k 2 tog., knit to last 3 sts. of round, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 11 (11) rounds.

Rep. the last 12 rounds until dec. to 52 (60) sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures 7 in. (10 in.) from end of ribbing or required length. Work heel flap as follows: K 13 (14) sts., turn, purl these 13 (14) sts., then p 13 (14) sts. from end of 3rd needle. Slip rem. 26 (32) sts. on to 2 needles and leave for instep. Work in st-st. and m.c. for 2 in. (2½ in.) on these 26 (28) sts. Turn heel as follows: K 15 (16) sts., k 2 tog., k 1, turn, p 6, p 2 tog., p 1, turn, k 7, k 2 tog., k 1, turn, p 8, p 2 tog., p 1, turn, k 9, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

Cont. in this way until all sts. have been worked — 16 (16) sts. Knit back 8 (8) sts., thus completing heel. Slip all instep sts. on to 1 needle.

Using a spare needle, knit the 8 (8) sts. of heel, then pick up and k 14 (18) sts. at side of heel; using 2nd needle, knit the instep sts.; using 3rd needle, pick up and k 14 (18) sts. at other side of heel, then k 8 (8) sts. of heel. Cont. in rounds, working 4 rounds of each color alternately and shape instep as follows:

Next Round: First needle, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, k; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end. Knit 1 round.

Rep. these 2 rounds

THE LINE

until dec. to 52 (60) sts. Cont. without shaping until foot measures 6in. (7in.) or 1in. less than required length. Arrange 13 (15) sts. on each of 1st and 3rd needles, and 26 (30) sts. on 2nd needle and shape toe, using m.c. as follows: **Next Round:** 1st needle, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

Knit 1 round.
Rep. these 2 rounds until dec. to 20 (24) sts., knit the 2 sts. from 1st needle on to end of 3rd needle.

TO GRAFT TOE

With wrong sides of work facing, thread end of yarn through bodkin or darning needle. Pass bodkin through first st. on front needle as if to purl, but do not slip stitch off needle, then pass bodkin through first st. on back needle as if to knit, but do not slip stitch off needle.

* **Front Row:** Slip off first st. as if to knit, then pass bodkin through second st. as if to purl, but do not slip stitch off needle.

Back Row: Slip off first st. purlwise, then pass bodkin through second st. as if to knit, but do not slip st. off needle.

Rep. from * until all sts. have been worked off. Darn in end neatly and lightly press.

Bowling

Materials: 4 balls main color, 1 ball contrast color Cleckheaton Orlon, Lincoln Crimpene, or Daphne Crochet; 2 sets of 4 needles, Nos. 12 and 14.

Measurements: To fit average foot.

Tension: 10 sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

Using 4 No. 14 needles and m.c., cast on loosely

80 sts. (27 sts. on each of 2 needles and 26 sts. on 3rd needle). Join and work 4 rounds rib of k 2, p 2. Change to c.c., k 1 round, then work 3 rounds rib of k 2, p 2. Change to m.c., k 1 round, then work 3 rounds rib of k 2, p 2. Change to c.c., k 1 round, then work 3 rounds rib of k 2, p 2. Change to m.c., k 1 round, then cont. in rib of k 2, p 2 until work measures 1 1/2in. Change to 4 No. 12 needles and work as follows: **Next Round:** * k 3, p 2, rep. from * to end.

Rep. this round until work measures 5in. Shape heel as follows: **Next Round:** Work 16 sts. from 1st needle, leave the rem. 11 sts., turn, p 16, then p 24 sts. from end of 3rd needle. These 40 sts. are for heel; divide rem. 40 sts. on to 2 needles and leave for instep.

Next Row: Knit to last st., turn, purl to last st., turn.

Next Row: Knit to last 2 sts., turn, purl to last 2 sts., turn.

Cont. in this way, leaving 1 more st. unworked every row until there are 12 sts. left unworked each end of needle.

Next Row: Knit to last 12 sts., pick up loop between sts. and slip it on to left-hand needle, then knit it tog. with next st., turn, purl to last 12 sts., pick up loop between sts. and slip on to left-hand needle, then purl it tog. with next st., turn.

Cont. in this way until all sts. have been worked on to one needle again. K 20 sts. to complete the heel. Slip the 40 sts. for instep on to one needle. Using a spare needle, knit the rem. 20 sts. of heel, then pick up and k 2 sts. at side of heel; using 2nd needle, work the 40 instep sts. in patt. as follows: K 2, * p 2, k 3, rep.

SPORT socks for, say, bowling (left) and skiing.

The latest craze for winter
SOCKS! Knee-high to wear with skirts, ankle socks for under ski boots, or three-quarter length for, perhaps, bedtime. Take your pick and knit from the easy-to-follow directions given here.

from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1; using 3rd needle, pick up and k 2 sts. at side of heel, then knit the rem. 20 sts. of heel.

Next Round: 1st needle, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, work in patt.; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

Next Round: 1st needle, knit; 2nd needle, work in patt.; 3rd needle, knit. Rep. the last 2 rounds until dec. to 80 sts. Cont. to knit 1st and 3rd needles and work 2nd needle in patt. until foot measures 10in. (from back of heel) or required length. Shape toe as follows: Slip 1st st. from 2nd needle on to end of 1st needle.

1st Round: 1st needle, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

2nd Round: Knit. Rep. the last 2 rounds until dec. to 28 sts. (7 sts. on 1st and 3rd needles and 14 sts. on 2nd needle). Knit the 7 sts. of 1st needle on to end of 3rd needle.

TO GRAFT TOE

With wrong side of work facing, thread end of yarn through wool needle or bodkin, pass bodkin through 1st st. on back row as if to knit, but do not slip stitch off needle.

* **Front Row:** Slip off 1st st. as if to knit, pass

bodkin through 2nd st. as if to purl, but do not slip off needle.

Back Row: Slip off 1st st. as if to purl, pass bodkin through 2nd st. as if to knit, but do not slip off needle.

Rep. from * until all sts. are worked off. Finish off neatly.

Ski

Materials: 7 balls main color; 1 ball contrast color Lincoln Slick Knit; 1 set of 4 No. 7 needles, pointed both ends.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in., 7 rows to 1in.

Using 4 No. 7 needles and m.c. wool, cast on 52 sts. (16 sts. on 1st and 3rd needles and 20 sts. on 2nd needle). Join and work in rounds, working 2 rounds rib of k 1, p 1. Change to c.c. wool, k 1 round, work 1 round rib of k 1, p 1. Change to m.c. wool, k 1 round, work 1 round rib of k 1, p 1. Rep. the last 4 rounds until work measures 3in. Cont. with m.c. wool only in rib for 3in. Turn work inside out so that top will turn back on to right side, then knit in rounds for 1 1/2in. Slip the 26 centre back sts. on to 1 needle and work the heel

● To page 11



ILLITERATE FARM GIRL SAVED HER COUNTRY

● The final story of Joan of Arc, the teenage saviour of France, is one of the best-known sagas of history. But what do we know of Joan the girl?



JOAN OF ARC, as portrayed by DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

WELL, she was born of quite humble parentage in the small French village of Domremy, early in the 15th century. She had two older brothers and a sister. Another brother was born later.

In common with the peasant children of her day, Joan did not go to school, and consequently could not read. Sometimes she helped tend her father's flocks of sheep, but preferred helping at home with the housework and needlecraft.

Her mother taught her the Pater-noster, the Credo, and Ave Maria, and told her stories of the lives of saints. Whenever the village church bells sounded she would kneel and make the sign of the cross.

On Saturday evenings she would often climb the small hill rising above the village of Greux, across the river from Domremy, and visit the tiny chapel built there.

At 13 Joan suddenly "heard a voice," and later claimed to have received a message telling her to leave the village and go and save France from the invaders from across the English Channel. She continued to hear voices, which Joan believed were divine, two or three times a week for several years.

Childhood filled with violent tales

When she was 15, Joan and her parents were driven out of Domremy by an English attack. Domremy was situated on a fairly busy road in the Meuse Valley, and had long carried a stream of refugees from the war with England. In fact, a lot of Joan's childhood had in consequence been filled with tales of violence and murder, attacks and plundering. Marauding knights and soldiers were familiar sights.

The Darc family (it was only in 1756 that a poet of Orleans referred to Joan as Jeanne d'Arc, a form which has stuck) settled in the town of Neufchateau in Lorraine, and Joan obtained a position at an inn. Part of her duties was to look after

the animals in the field, and here she learned to ride a horse and how to use weapons.

By this time Joan had developed into quite an attractive teenager, with dark hair and a fresh and pretty complexion. About her was an air of gravity and virtue, almost majesty.

After two unsuccessful attempts at being taken to the Dauphin with her important message, Joan managed at last to convince a young man named Jean de Metz that he should help her.

"Supporters poor, broken in spirit"

Thus it was that in February, 1429, she set out on horseback with six newly acquired friends in a determined effort to accomplish her mission in life. She had cut her hair short, and wore male clothing and armor. At first glance it was impossible to distinguish her from her soldier companions.

Eleven days later the small party reached Chinon, where the Dauphin of France was residing.

For years the harassed son of Charles VI had been forced to flee in disguise from city to city to escape assassination at the hands of the English invaders. His supporters were poor, broken in spirit and exhausted by their long struggle.

The Dauphin was a timid wreck of a man, and thoroughly frightened, but Joan was able to convince him of the authenticity of her mission.

He fitted her out in a new suit of armor and provided her with a small army of two or three thousand men.

Joan then set out at the head of this band to relieve besieged Orleans, temporary capital of the uncrowned French monarch.

As the Maid advanced toward the beleaguered city, other soldiers, stirred by the accounts they had heard of Joan, joined the march.

In testimony to her military

genius and the complete faith in her mission, the nineteen-month-old siege of Orleans was raised within a few days of Joan's arrival.

At the news of the victory, the French people once again took heart, and rallied to Rheims to witness the fulfilment of the second phase of Joan's mission.

Here, in the great Cathedral where his ancestors had been crowned before him, the Dauphin was crowned Charles VII of France. By his side at the ceremony stood Joan of Arc, just 17 years old.

With the English on the run and Charles VII safely crowned, Joan felt that her mission had been well and truly accomplished. She wished simply to go home, but the French people had other ideas. They asked her to continue to lead them in battle.

Defeated — and accused as witch

Joan agreed and had several more military successes against the English forces. However, a year later she was defeated by the Burgundians in an unsuccessful defence of Compiègne.

The Burgundians handed her over to the English, who in turn arranged for a French court of ecclesiastics to try Joan as a witch and heretic. After a protracted trial she was found guilty of the vicious charges and was burned at the stake at Rouen in 1431.

The judgment of the French court was later annulled by the Vatican, and Joan was beatified in 1909 and canonised in 1920.

Once a lowly teenager with a mission, Joan of Arc is now a patron saint of France, revered and celebrated with a national festival each year on May 8.

● Half-yearly examination time is drawing near. Here is some helpful advice from educationists PETER O'MEARA, DON SHIRLEY, and R. D. WALSHE, authors of "How To Study Better."*

"We have had many letters from readers of our series on study methods in Teenagers' Weekly earlier this year. This article is intended to answer their main questions about preparation for this year's examinations."

— P.O'M., D.S., R.D.W.

PREPARE FOR 'THE HALF-YEARLY'

THE time for busy exam preparation is at hand. Are you clear as to the date of your school's half-yearly exam? Have you a goal to get better marks than you did last year?

There is time now to avoid "cramming." But if a student delays for long, then a last-minute flurry will be his only hope of averting disaster.

It is difficult to state just how much exam revision time you should allow. As a general guide we suggest about a month before your half-yearly exam (and twice as long before your yearly). Of course, everything depends on how well you have worked throughout the year.

Timetable

Probably as you read this you are bogged down in the current work of your class. The thought of embarking on general revision is frightening—there is so much of it! Nevertheless, a start must be made, so let's stop worrying and take action. Decide that tomorrow night or on Saturday you will have a Planning Session. You will look over all your notebooks, see what is to be done, and work out a Timetable of Revision.

As you draw this up you will realise that every day is precious, and so you will set down for each day a definite task or tasks. Try to be quite specific: Instead of writing "Revise Science," write

* "How to Study Better and Pass Exams Confidently," published by Martindale Press, 57 Woronora Crescent, West Combe, N.S.W. Price 3/6, plus postage.

"Revise Electricity," and so on.

See that your timetable covers all your subjects and allows more time for your weaker subjects. Don't try to accomplish too much in any one evening of study: Divide each evening into a number of 30-45 minute sessions with five-minute breaks in between.

Arrange things so that you will complete general revision in time to allow a full week for final polishing of topics and preparation of anticipated answers.

Revision

1. **Work from Notes:** You now should be able to set your textbooks aside and study from your notebooks. But if you find that some of your notes are scrappy, you must make an early effort to repair them. Practically all exam revision should be from notes—that is why your day-by-day note-making throughout the year is so important.

2. **Work Actively:** The mere reading-over of notes is an inefficient, passive form of study. You must study actively, as by underlining, jotting down points, drawing a diagram or sketch, taking out a summary, and, above all, by continually practising recall.

3. **Continually practise recall:** At least half of your revision should be given to recalling what you have read. This is a vital fact. Instead of just reading on and on, stop frequently to recall and recite section by section what you read. Thus you become your own examiner—you do the

very thing that will be required of you in the exam room.

4. **Make Clear Summaries:** See that you have first-rate summaries of all the topics in which you will be examined. Indeed, see that these are completed a week before the examination, leaving you time to learn them thoroughly. A summary represents your mind's special, personal understanding of a topic.

5. **Plan Anticipated Answers:** When your summaries are completed, plan the answers to a series of anticipated questions. Write out the question and set the main points of an answer beneath it. This is an act of intelligent preparation, not a shallow "tipping" of the paper, and a student should plan, say, 10-12 such answers if he has to answer six.

6. **Practise Essay Writing:** Since more than half of the examination answers in secondary schools are in essay form, it is essential to practise essay writing. You must answer exactly the set question—"stick to the point!" Avoid "padding" by knowing plenty of facts and good arguments; write in short sentences, write legibly, and pay attention to punctuation and spelling.

State your answer in general in the OPENING paragraph and indicate what the following essay will attempt to do.

Make an important point in each BODY paragraph and support it with examples and evidence. In the CONCLUDING paragraph sum up

your views or close a story with real finality.

The last week

If you have revised busily in preceding weeks, then the final week will not be one of "cramming."

It will be given to intense revision and recall of summaries, preparation of anticipated answers, practise of essay writing, occasional checking back to notes for details that reflection has indicated are important. . . in short, bringing one's knowledge to that desired point of instant recall.

This is the best antidote to "exam jitters." The student who relies on last-minute "cramming" will be tired, confused, and beset by anxiety. The student who has prepared well can tell himself that an unavoidable degree of exam tension is a good thing in that it will enable him to write fast and concentrate completely.

On no account should the last night before the exam be a late one. It is best spent in a final, quiet, confident turning over of summaries and prepared answers to leave a recent impression on the memory. Get a normal night's sleep.

Exam technique

Here are just a few practical points on the skilful handling of the exam:

● First, scan the exam paper, then read it carefully.

● Choose your questions and allocate time to each.

● Briefly jot down the plan of an essay before writing.

To page 10

TOKYO TEAM'S YOUNGEST-EVER 'WATER BABY'

● Gillian de Greenlaw, 13, mightn't pass the exams at the end of the year — but, even if this happens, she'll still be the pride of her school to teachers and girls.

FOR Gillian — a student at Abbotsleigh, a Church of England girls' college in the Sydney suburb of Wahroonga — became the school's conquering heroine when she recently won selection in the Australian swim team for the Tokyo Olympics.

GILLIAN DE GREENLAW the schoolgirl (left) in her Abbotsleigh, Sydney, uniform; and Gillian the swimmer (below). She trains with the famous Forbes Carlile.

This butterfly star, who splashed into big-time swimming prominence only in recent months, is the water baby of the 1964 team, and also the youngest swimmer ever to win an Australian Olympic blazer.

She captured her first Olympic "record" by being just one month younger than Victoria's Marjory McQuade was in 1948 when she made the team for the London Games.

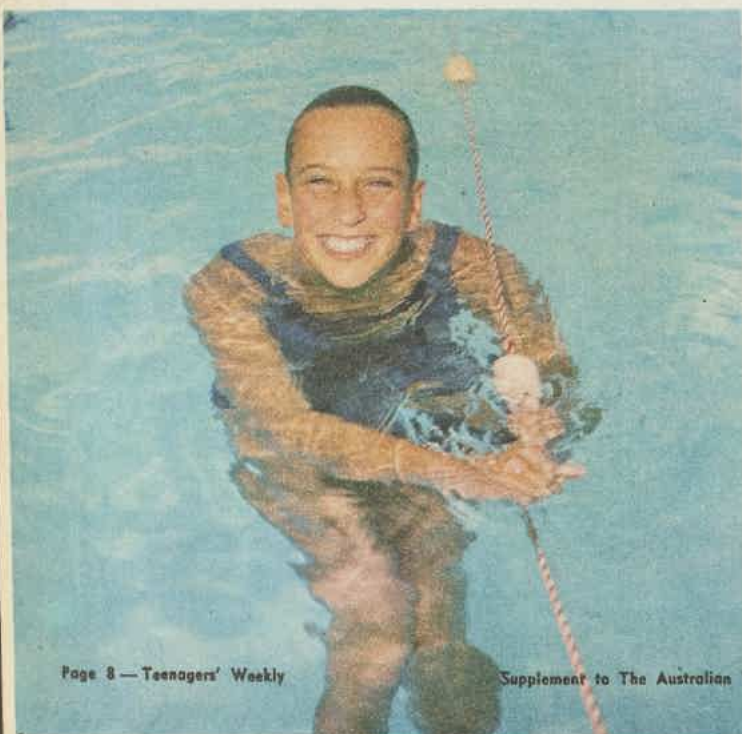
By winning her coveted ticket to Tokyo, Gillian realises that she has placed her school studies in jeopardy this year, though she's still hoping to "scrape through."

As she has talent in the classroom as well as in the swimming pool, she'll probably succeed, but, like nearly a dozen school-children in the swim team, she won't find it easy.

These "sprats" will wave farewell to their teachers and classrooms at the end of July, and won't see them again until they return from Tokyo late in October — just a few days before it's time to sit down to exam papers.

On August 1 they'll begin a hard pre-Games training session in Queensland's winter sun (the girls at Townsville, the boys at Ayr), and as soon as that's over they'll be flying off to the excitement of the 1964 Olympic City.

Though they'll be taking their school-books with them, they'll hardly be in an academic atmosphere.





THE YOUNG CHAMPION relaxes at home against the backdrop of swimming awards.

Although tall, green-eyed Gillian is the baby of the team, she is also one of its real personality girls.

She has a bubbling charm and all the appeal of an unspoilt, unsophisticated teenager.

You can't talk to Gillian about boys and parties and "all that stuff," because they don't (sensibly enough) enter her 13-year-old world.

Ask her how she fills in her non-school hours, and she says brightly: "I eat, sleep, swim, read, and listen to the radio for pop tunes. And in between times I eat, sleep, and swim."

Gillian sat curled up in a lounge-chair at her parents' attractive brick home in the Sydney suburb of Pymble as she told me what life currently meant to her.

This pretty, fresh-faced kid explained that reading and listening to those pop tunes were her

greatest relaxations, and then suddenly her nose wrinkled in the most unpretty fashion.

"But please don't think I'm one of those Beatle enthusiasts," she said earnestly. "I think they're beaut to listen to, but

By
**CYNTHIA
ROBINSON**

they're just horrible to watch. I can't bear them on TV."

In reading, Gillian admits she has pretty wide tastes, and she's as happy sitting down with a classic or a drama as she is with a good comic.

"The only books I don't like are romances," she said, displaying a wrinkled-up nose again. "Ugh. I can't stand all that mushy stuff. I suppose it's because I don't know what it's all about yet."

Gillian, who is modest

in talking about her achievements, says she wants to be a physiotherapist when she grows up.

"And I want to teach young ones to swim, too," she said.

"I suppose I'll be swimming for a while yet myself. But I probably won't go on for years and years because I suppose when I'm a bit older I'll start wanting to go to parties, etc., and there's not much time when you're swimming."

Not much time is an understatement.

During normal training periods, Gillian gets up at 5 a.m., swims at Ryde from 6 a.m. to 7.30 a.m., has breakfast, goes to school, returns to the Ryde Pool from 4 to 6 p.m., has dinner, does homework, and — if she's not already half asleep — watches a little TV before falling into bed.

It's five years now since Gillian had her first

swimming lesson, and she broke an under-10 free-style record in her first competitive swim.

When she began taking lessons from Forbes Carlile about two years ago, he decided she should try the butterfly stroke, and the result is her Olympic selection.

She first rocketed into notice during the recent swimming season when she covered the 110yd. distance in 1 min. 13 sec., which bettered national champion Linda McGill's best time in the series.

But Gillian — who eats "anything and everything" and yet remains a slim 5ft. 6in. — has really only begun to show the swimming performances of which she's capable.

There are three more promising young de Greenlaw swimmers — David, 12, and 10-year-old twins John and Jenny — all coached by Forbes Carlile.

LISTEN HERE

Fans know their Onions

● Their friends say they look like the famous English Beatles — but members of the Melbourne Red Onion Jazz Band get rather hot under their cut-away collars when they hear this.

"WE'VE always worn our hair long and combed down over our foreheads in Caesar style. We adopted the style about two years ago," said one of the seven Red Onions, 19-year-old Allan Browne.

But they have a look of The Beatles about them — and Allan, an insurance clerk who plays washboard and drums in the band, actually resembles one of the Beatles — Paul McCartney.

On stage the boys look a bunch of Mersey "characters."

They wear Edwardian cutaway coats — which they sought out at oppor-



SIX RED ONIONS, from left, Gerry Humphreys (clarinet); Allan Browne (seated, washboard and drums); Bill Howard (trombone); Rainer Breit (seated, banjo); Kim Lynch (tuba); and Brett Iggulden (trumpet).

tunity shops — and tight black trousers.

"We don't mind what we look like," said Allan, "but we do care what we sound like."

"We call ourselves a revivalist group and we only believe in playing in the style of the jazz of the 'twenties — which, we think, was the greatest."

"We don't try to improve the jazz of the period, but just to capture the spirit in which it was played and to get back to the sound of that classic jazz era."

"We've made one record and we're hoping to cut another soon. As well as playing at dances and jazz

concerts we do quite a bit of TV work.

"We've just done the background music for some interlude poetry readings," added Allan.

The other Red Onions are clarinetist 21-year-old Gerry Humphreys — a stamp dealer; Kim Lynch, 18, tuba player — a second-year art student at Melbourne Institute of Technology; Rainer Breit, 18, banjo — first-year engineering student at Melbourne University; Brett Iggulden, 18, trumpet — a matriculation student at Haileybury College; and Bill Howard, 16, trombone player and silk screen printer.

The group also has a pianist, Ian Clyne, a first-year economics student at Monash University, Melbourne.

How did they come to call themselves the Red Onions? They took it from the Red Onion Jazz Babies — the group which Louis Armstrong recorded with back in the 'twenties.

WORTH HEARING

MOZART: "Jupiter" Symphony, "Little Night-music"

IN the last years of his life Mozart was plagued by poverty, disappointments, and domestic trials; but during these same years he was somehow able to pour out his greatest music in astonishing profusion; even more astonishing is the serenity and good humor of so much of the music he wrote during this period.

In 1788 he wrote what was to be his last symphony, the great work in C major which came to be called (though almost certainly not by Mozart) the "Jupiter" Symphony.

In the preceding year he wrote the last of his "Serenades" — a title that then implied an instrumental work in a relatively light style, divided into movements. This was the work for strings alone which he called "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" — "A little night-music" — and which became for succeeding generations the most popular of all his compositions.

These two works are included on one disc released by R.C.A. They are played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and conducted by Erich Leinsdorf.

The interpretation of the symphony is rather "big" and emphatic for Mozart, but there is no question that the playing is technically superb. And no qualification need be made about the "Night-music," which combines lightness, polish, and verve.

— MARTIN LONG

EXAM TIPS

● From page 7

- Answer first a question you can handle confidently, thereby allowing initial "jitters" to pass.
- Show the working of mathematical problems.
- Never omit a whole question—write what you can about it.
- If you have a "blocked thought," don't worry—leave a space, go on, and it will probably flash to mind later.
- Do not exceed the time you have allocated to a question.
- Use all the time allowed—to check, lengthen, or improve answers.
- See that your answers are assembled and numbered correctly before handing in.

Don't miss

Disc

The great new five-page pop music review in Everybody's magazine

*

NEWS • PICTURES • AUSTRALIAN

AND OVERSEAS CHARTS •

REVIEWS • STAR DOSSIER •

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE U.S. BRITISH

AND LOCAL RECORD NEWS.

*

Now in

Everybody's
Out tomorrow

Page 10 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 6, 1964



To marry Ann-Margret?

'Bugged' by Beatles?



WHATEVER TO ELVIS



HAPPENED PRESLEY?

● Compared with The Beatles, Elvis Presley (on the cover this week) sounds like Caruso in a recent film. And he certainly looks better than The Beatles.

THESE "sentiments" are the critical judgments of "The New York Times," which has not been known for any past kindness toward the "hill-billy" singer, once blamed unfairly for corrupting a generation.

Actually, Elvis, the teenagers' idol of the 1950s, has shown remarkable staying power in the pop-music field.

True, he has been playing second (or third or fourth) fiddle to The Beatles.

But his "Kissin' Cousins" was the tenth-selling single record in the U.S. recently, followed by "It Hurts Me" in the No. 22 spot.

His album from the film "Fun in Acapulco" was still high on the lists, too.

But Elvis is more than just a voice—as his Hollywood employers, Paramount Studios, are fully aware.

He is one of the biggest box-office draws in the country. In Great Britain, too, he ranked third in a recent poll of cinema managers, behind Cliff Richard and Peter Sellers.

Elvis has made a total of 15 films, each one an improvement on the one before. His fee per picture was recently raised from 500,000 dollars to 750,000 dollars (about £A375,000).

His records bring about 500,000 dollars into the till annually. R.C.A. has sold more than 15 million dollars' worth of his records. Then there are his

personal appearances and the inevitable trinkets.

His office claims he has 150 million fans in America, but you can discount that figure slightly, as the U.S. population numbers only 190 million.

The "new" Presley, now without his sideburns and using fewer body actions to accompany his songs, seems more relaxed and personable than in the old pelvis-tossing days when he was being denounced from the pulpits.

He and his astute manager, Colonel Tom Parker, have been building up the new image.

Early this year the singer paid 55,000 dollars

for a luxurious yacht, Potomac, that once belonged to the late President Franklin Roosevelt. He planned to donate it to the "march of dimes," a medical research charity that Roosevelt organised.

But the charity was unable to accept the gift, and, rather than use it himself (and risk being branded as a big-noter), Presley finally turned the Potomac over to the U.S. Coastguard.

It is doubtful if The Beatles, at this stage of their career, could afford to throw away a similar sum.

The truth is that Elvis hardly missed it.

In a recent year he earned the staggering sum of 2,800,000 dollars, on which he paid a federal income tax of 1,700,000 dollars. This was one of the largest taxes paid by any individual in the U.S.

To his small fleet of Cadillacs, Presley recently added a 21,000-dollar Rolls-Royce.

He lives in the second-largest house in Bel Air, the Shangri-La suburb on the fringe of Hollywood. He has five personal servants.

Here is Elvis' latest word on girls:

"Right now I'd like to get married, but the older I get, the more choosy I become."

"I'm in no rush. I've learned to live with a little loneliness."

But he said this before meeting Ann-Margret (see page 16), the vivacious young actress with whom he starred in M.G.M.'s "Love in Las Vegas."

Their romance has been the talk of the gossip columns for months.

After all, Elvis is now 29, and he isn't getting any younger.

KNITTED SOCKS

● From page 5

flap on these sts. Divide rem. sts. on to 2 needles and leave for instep. Work the 25 heel sts. in st-st. for 3in. Turn heel as follows:

Next Row: K 15, k 2 tog., k 1, turn, p 6, p 2 tog., p 1, turn, k 7, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

Cont. in this way, working 1 more st. every row until all sts. have been worked and there are 16 sts. on needle. Knit 1 row, then pick up and k 12 sts. down side of heel, knit the sts. for instep on to one needle; using 3rd needle pick up and k 12 sts. along other side of heel, then k 8 sts. of heel and slip rem. 8 sts. on to 1st needle.

Next Round: 1st needle, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog.,

k 1; 2nd needle, knit; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

K 1 round.

Rep. these 2 rounds until dec. to 52 sts. Knit in rounds until foot measures 9in. or 2in. less than required length. Shape toe as follows:

Next Round: 1st needle, knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd needle, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

K 1 round.

Rep. these 2 rounds, working 2 rounds c.c. and 2 rounds m.c. alternately until dec. to 24 sts. in all. Knit the sts. from 1st needle on to end of 3rd needle, leaving 12 sts. on each of 2 needles.

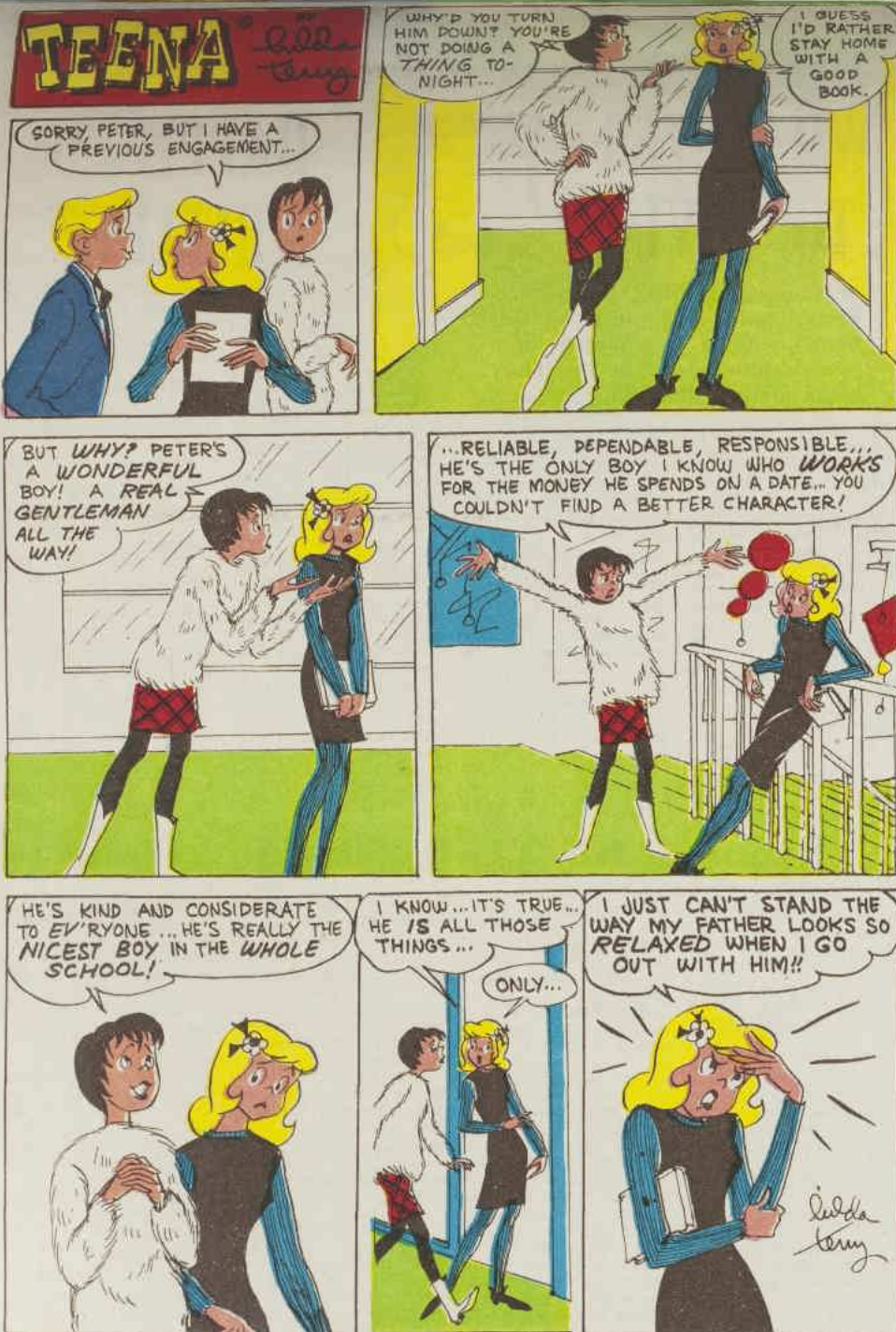
TO GRAFT TOE

With wrong sides facing, thread end of wool through bodkin or darning needle, then pass bodkin through first st. on front needle as if to purl, but do not slip st. off needle, pass bodkin through first st. on back needle as if to knit, but do not slip st. off needle.

* **Front Row:** Slip off first st. as if to knit, then pass bodkin through second st. as if to purl, but do not slip st. off needle.

Back Row: Slip off first st. purlwise, then pass bodkin through second st. as if to knit, but do not slip st. off needle.

Rep. from * until all sts. have been worked off. Darn in end of wool neatly and press lightly.



TOPS IN SPORT

Water-polo on the brain

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Take water-polo, jazz, and gourmet cooking; mix with university studies, season with world travel — and you have all the ingredients of a peculiarly Tom Hoad-type recipe for living.



TOM HOAD

IT'S a recipe which bronzed, easy-going Tom — the 23-year-old captain of Australia's Olympic water-polo team for Tokyo — thinks would take a power of beating.

And it's a recipe mouth-watering enough to make it the envy of many young Aussies.

Tom — who hails from East Fremantle, Western Australia, and is the eldest of a family of four — spent all his school life at Aquinas College, Perth, where he was school captain in 1957.

During his schooldays, Tom showed the all-round brilliance, as a student and sportsman, which has moulded his life in more recent years.

From school he went to the University of Western Australia, where everything went swimmingly (both in studies and sports) till 1960, when he took a year out of his Arts course to concentrate on water-polo.

It was a year successfully spent, for first of all Tom was chosen as a member of the Australian team to tour New Zealand, and then he won his way into the Rome Olympic team.

And, as Tom says, nothing could be more exciting than winning an Australian Olympic blazer, and no Olympic city could be more exciting to visit than Rome.

After the Games, Tom returned home to graduate as a Bachelor of Arts, majoring in philosophy; and to win two university "blues" in swimming and in water-polo.

In 1962, with these achievements to his

credit, Tom travelled again to Europe, and spent nearly three months at the University of Genoa Student House where he "brushed up" his Italian.

From there he went for a month to Hungary ("home of the best food in the world," according to this self-confessed gourmet), and then on to Yugoslavia where, for another month, he was feted as a guest of the Yugoslav Swimming and Water Polo Federation.

By August, 1963, Tom had found his way to the United States. There he stayed some weeks with Laurie Elliott, a Western Australian who is studying at the University of Houston, Texas, and, Tom says, "running very well — even if not quite as well as his brother, Herb!"

A highlight of Tom's visit to America was his sojourn in New Orleans, for his greatest love — next to his water-polo and his studies — is trad jazz.

An interest he finds nearly as exciting (though definitely more calorie-packed) is cooking. He loves to play the role of the bachelor cook.

Tom is lucky that in water-polo his love of good food doesn't have the disastrous effects it does in some sports where more strenuous diet is essential.

"But I have to keep fit, as fit as possible," he said.

Tom, who was captain-coach of the W.A. water-polo team for three years before becoming Australian Olympic captain, returned to Australia from his world trip last September.

He went straight into training, but also did part-time work with the Fremantle City Council to help raise £20,000 for a local Olympic pool.

NEXT WEEK: Lyn Wagg and Norma Howard.

Beauty
in brief:

WIDE-EYED GLAMOR

THE fashion for bold, heavily outlined eyes and eyelids loaded with blue eyeshadow has made a speedy exit, and in comes the vogue for a more natural, wide-eyed beauty. Eyes will look as bright as a child's this season — made larger and more brilliant, of course, by the cunning use of eye make-up well applied.

You really can enhance the natural beauty of your eyes with make-up if you aim for faint, misty shadows and subtle emphasis. Just the tiniest bit too much of anything and this effect is spoiled.

The secret of making eyes seem wide and appealing is to accentuate eye glamor at the outer edges of the eyes; blend eyeshadow from the centre of the upper lid, keeping the color strongest at the outer end of the lid and fading it outward and

slightly upward. Take care, though, that shadow disappears well short of the eyebrows.

If you use eye-liner, confine it to the upper lid — a thin, sweeping line is wonderfully effective in making eyes look larger. Another eye-opening trick is to curl your lashes AFTER you've put mascara on.

Give close-set eyes a wider look by plucking away a few hairs from the inner brow edges above the nose, and extend the outer ends of the brows with a sharp eyebrow pencil.

Bright-looking eyes result from good health and plenty of sleep, but nearly everyone has to disguise tired eyes some time. One way is to carry your rouge very faintly up to the outer corners of the eyes to give them extra sparkle.

—CAROLYN EARLE.

Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

Romance in rollers?

THE other day I went to the hairdresser to have my hair set and the boy who did it was very nice. I think he might like me because he told me I was beautiful and kept winking and staring at me while I was under the dryer. However, I can't help thinking about him. I never get hungry and often cry myself to sleep thinking what would happen if I never saw him again. I just haven't the money to go and get my hair set every day. How could I become better friends with him?"

"Miserable," N.S.W.

Sounds like that hair-curling Casanova is a big asset to his firm. His line probably lures dozens of impressionable girls like you back to the salon for more hairsets-with-personalised-attention!

Next time you have a hairset, take your most attractive girl-friend along and see if he uses the same tactics with her. If he doesn't, you might stand a chance with him (but leave all the moves to him).

If he ogles her, too, change your hairdresser.

No more mail!

LAST November I wrote to an American boy aged 20 asking him if he would be my pen-pal. He immediately answered, giving every indication that he was eager for us to continue writing. He didn't mind our age difference (I am 14). Since his letter I have written to him three times, sending a photo in one letter and asking him to return it if he had decided not to write. But I haven't heard from him since. I regret some of the things I wrote to him now. He shares his own business with his father and he told me he wasn't married. Do you think I should ask someone who lives near him to find out why he hasn't written? Sometimes I dream of him, and I won't forget him until I hear from him again."

"Letters," Vic.

Do nothing—except cut out your day-dreams about a boy you've never met and have heard from only once. I suspect he has either found a girl-friend or wisely decided not to encourage a schoolgirl who is over-eager for romance.

Dangerous friend

RECENTLY I have made a new friend. She is only 13 and is boy-crazy. She goes for drives with boys aged from 15 to 23 years. Three times she has asked me to go for a drive with her and boys, but each time I remember that my mother told me NEVER to get into cars with boys. Do you think she's a friend worth keeping or not? My mother doesn't think she is. But this girl is very nice to me and hasn't yet gone against me."

"Undesirable," N.S.W.

You should rely on your mother's judgment about the company you keep—for your own protection. This girl may not have "gone against you yet," but if you continue being friendly with her you'd be going against your mother, wouldn't you? It's also likely that she'd infect you with her boy-craziness and lead you into trouble. Much better to remove yourself from that sort of temptation. Stick to friends who act their age.

Steals from sister

I AM a girl of 17. Recently my 15-year-old sister proved extremely troublesome when she stole my boy-friend, with whom I am still deeply in love. However, this is not all she steals. My clothes and cosmetics have been gradually disappearing for the past year. Her 'pranks' include short-sleeving my bed and placing marbles in it. Please help me, as this is really true."

"Worried Sister," Tas.

Have a good think about why your sister does these things. Does she resent your manner toward her? Or the fact that you can buy clothes and cosmetics and she can't?

Then talk to her quietly and sympathetically, and see if you can

A word from Debbie . . .

● Budget can't possibly run to a new winter overcoat?

HERE are a few hints to help you pep up last winter's model . . .

● Try getting your topcoat dyed a different color. (This should be a professional—not a "do-it-yourself"—job, as some colors will not take over others.) Add bright, contrasting buttons of unusual shapes for a jazzy finish.

● Fur trimming—real or fake—is in this winter. Just a small piece can give your coat a smart with-it look.

Replace ordinary covered or plastic buttons with furry knobs. Now sew cord in the same color under either lapel and attach matching fur pompons. Watch

them swing jauntily as you trip along!

If you have a princess-style or A-line coat, give it a "winter 1964" look by trimming the hemline with a narrow band of fur. Another fur strip on each pocket, if it has any.

● Here's a way to smarten a slightly tired, collarless coat: Buy some material in a warm, contrasting shade and make a "Little Red Riding" hood.

Trim the front edges and sleeves of your coat with the same material.

You'll look cute—and feel cosy—when the chilly winds blow!



"Maybe that is why I can't dance, Helen!"

improve the relationship between you. It will probably take time and patience, and you might have to be stoic about a few more apple-pie beds and other pranks. (But don't let her see that they worry you!)

Try giving her some new cosmetics of her own and promising the loan of one or two things from your wardrobe on special occasions, provided she promises *not* to help herself.

Forget about the "stolen" boyfriend. A boy who's easy meat for an immature 15-year-old just isn't worth pining for.

Cure for boredom

"I WORK from 9 a.m. until 7 p.m., with an hour off for lunch every day except Thursdays and Saturdays, only working until 11.30 a.m. on those days. I get very bored, and for hours on end find myself doing nothing (I have five hours four days a week with nothing to do). I am a receptionist and only work during surgery hours and then not always, only if there are patients waiting. Could you suggest something to do in my spare time? I like drawing (mainly copying), reading, knitting, embroidery, and typing. I have taken a course in typing, but cannot practise that all day as it gets boring after a while, too. Could you offer any suggestions?"

"Frankly Bored," N.S.W.

Practising your typing won't be boring if you find something that interests you to type. Why not have a bash at writing short stories; maybe children's stories that you could try illustrating yourself. (You might find you have talent you didn't suspect!)

Or, learn a new language. You can buy a number of good teach-yourself books on French, Italian, Spanish, etc. If you decide to learn, say, Italian, arrange for a pen-friend in Italy on whom you can practise your phrases and whom you can help with English at the same time.

You can obtain information about pen-friends in foreign countries by writing to Mr. Vance Hilton, Chairman, Operation Flow, P.O. Box 17, Heidelberg, Victoria. Here again you can type your letters and liven them with some drawings.

Mum is right

"I HAVE a great problem which I would very much like you to solve for me. I am a girl of 14, and although I am quite small for my age I am well-developed and quite mature. Most of my girl-friends are a bit older than myself and the boys we go around with are mostly about 17. Several times these boys have asked me to go to parties with them or to the drive-in theatre. As my mother thinks I'm too young, she always insists it must be a double date. I get quite sick of this. (1) Do you think I am too young for dates with boys to parties? (2) Do

IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS THE SKI'S THE LIMIT

● In the pop-music business nowadays you're nothing unless you've got what they call a "sound."

THE classic example of this principle, of course, is the success of The Beatles.

They are famous for their Mersey Sound.

Other Sounds have set artists on the path to renown.

The Surf Sound, for instance.

Strangely enough, in the era of Sounds, some obvious ones have been unexploited or even ignored.

Why, for example, hasn't there been a full-scale attack on ear-drums with a Ski Sound?

The Sound could jazz up some old standards.

There could be "Drink To Me Only With Thine Ice."

And how about a rollicking number, "There's No Business Like Snow Business"?

And "On An Icicle Built For Two"?

Imagine Al-pine Martino and His Snowmen (they wouldn't be the first Abominable group!) putting the Ski Sound into an old poem:

"I did but see her passing by,
And Yet'll love her till I die."

Or, perhaps, he'd prefer the backing of the Yodelltones.

One of the big stars of the Ski Sound could, of course, be Cold Joys.

Groups would not really be suited to the Ski Sound—duos, perhaps, but no more.

Two's company, you know, but freeze a crowd.

Digger Revell's big disc hit "Just Call On Me" could, with slight revision, become a Ski Sound success dedicated to snow-sport beginners.

Digger, of course, would have to record it again as "Just Fall On Me!"

I'm not sure, though, that I can fit Judy Stone into my Ski Sound scheme.

In skiing, you see, there's an old saying that a carolling Stone gathers no moss.

—Robin Adair

you think I am too young to go to drive-ins with boys alone? (3) Do you think it is wrong at my age to have necking sessions?"

S.J., W.A.

(1) Yes, unless your mother approves of the boy and the type of party. (2) and (3) YES. In this case it's quite certain that Mother Knows Best.

Break by mail

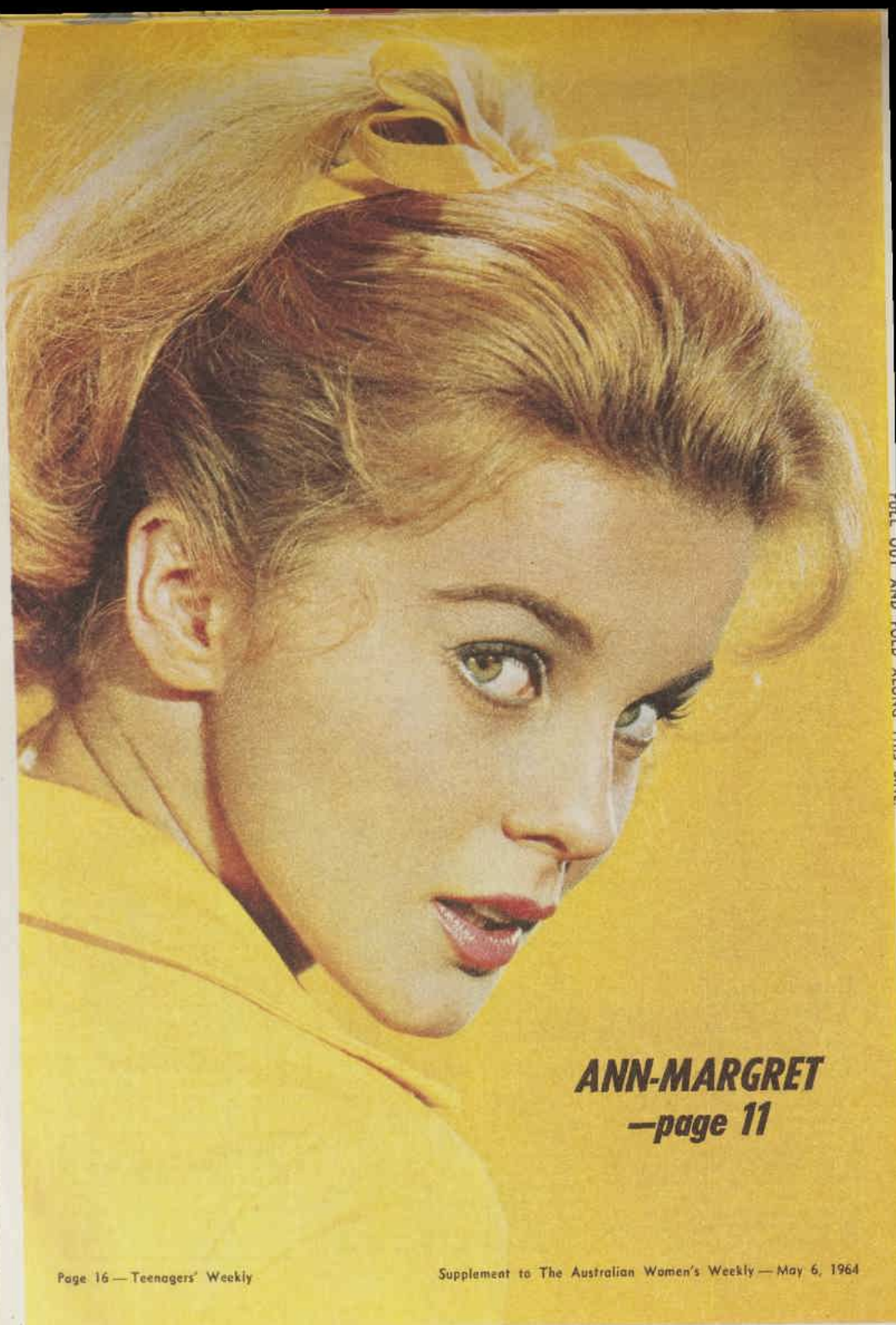
"I AM a girl of 15 and have just started going with a boy of the same age. I gave him no encouragement, but he has asked me out a few times and I have accepted. I think he is becoming serious about going steady, and I feel I am too young. I don't particularly like him and I cannot find the right words to tell him. I have asked my mother what to do and she said to tell him

that I didn't wish to go out with him again, but I cannot seem to say this to him. Could you please help me solve my problem. I have no telephone, so I cannot say I am not home when he calls."

"Help Needed," N.S.W.

You certainly shouldn't continue dating someone you "don't particularly like" just because you find it hard to break things off. Write him a little note telling him you've given the matter some thought, feel you're too young to have a boy-friend and don't wish to go out with him again.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



ANN-MARGRET
-page 11

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 6, 1964



An international look at CHICKEN

FRANCE

CHICKEN MARENGO

One medium-sized chicken, seasoned flour, 4 tablespoons oil, 1 oz. brandy, 2 cloves garlic (finely chopped), bouquet garni, 2 large tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1 cup dry white wine, salt and pepper, 12 mushrooms, chopped parsley, fried croutons.

Joint chicken, roll pieces in seasoned flour. Sauté in heated oil until golden brown, then pour brandy over, heat and ignite. When flames die down, transfer to casserole and add garlic, bouquet garni, tomatoes, salt, pepper, and wine. Cover and cook over gentle heat for 30 minutes; add mushrooms. Cook further 15 minutes or until chicken pieces are tender. Remove chicken pieces to serving-dish, reduce sauce over high heat if necessary. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with a garnish of fried croutons.

COQ AU VIN

One chicken, about 3½ lb. (or 3 packets of chicken pieces), 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup diced bacon, 12 mushrooms, 12 small whole onions, ¼ cup brandy, 3 cups red bur-

gundy, 1 cup chicken stock, salt and pepper, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 bayleaf, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter.

Heat butter in pan, add bacon; cook until crisp, remove from pan. Cut chicken into serving pieces, add to pan, cook until chicken is golden brown on all sides. Pour warmed brandy over, ignite. Add burgundy, stock, salt, pepper, garlic, bayleaf, and bacon. Bring to boil, cover, simmer for 45 minutes or until chicken is tender. Add mushrooms whole and onions (sautéed separately in a little butter until well-glazed and golden) to the pot for last 15 minutes' cooking time.

Skim sauce well. Blend together the tablespoon of flour and butter, swirl into the sauce to thicken.

CHICKEN Marengo (right) in foreground, Coq au Vin at rear.



SPAIN

ARROZ CON POLLO

Three shallots (finely chopped), 1 onion (sliced), 2 tablespoons oil, 1 medium sized chicken, seasoned flour, 3 tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), 1 cup chicken stock, 1 bayleaf, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, ½ teaspoon saffron (soaked in a little warm water), ½ lb. rice, 1 green pepper (sliced), 2 oz. dry sherry.

Cook onions and shallots in hot oil until golden. Remove from pan, add chicken pieces, previously rolled in seasoned flour, and cook until brown on all sides. Return shallots and onions to pan, add tomatoes, stock, bayleaf, parsley, saffron, salt and pepper. Cover and cook approx. 30 minutes. Then add rice, pepper, sherry, and mix well; cook further 20 minutes. Serve very hot.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

CATALAN

Two frying chickens, about 2½ lb. each, ½ cup oil,

½ cup flour, 1 large onion (chopped), 1 medium sized eggplant (sliced), 4 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 3 red peppers (seeded and cut into strips), ½ cup dry sherry, 1 clove garlic (crushed), ¼ teaspoon dried basil, salt and pepper, hot cooked rice.

Joint chicken, pour ¼ cup of oil into large heavy frying-pan and heat. Dredge chicken pieces lightly in seasoned flour and sauté until golden. Turn pieces, add onion, and cook until chicken and onions are brown. Remove chicken and onions to ovenproof casserole. Add remaining oil to pan and put in eggplant and tomatoes; sauté gently 10 minutes, then add peppers. Cook about 5 minutes, then add sherry, garlic, basil, salt and pepper. Bring to boil and cook 2 to 3 minutes more. Pour sauce over chicken and transfer to fairly slow oven. Cook until chicken is tender.

To serve: Place layer of rice on large serving-platter. Top with chicken pieces. Check sauce for seasoning and spoon over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

POLLO DE SEVILLA

One roasting chicken, salt, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 carrot (scrapped and sliced), 1 leek (sliced), 2 stalks celery (sliced), 1 small

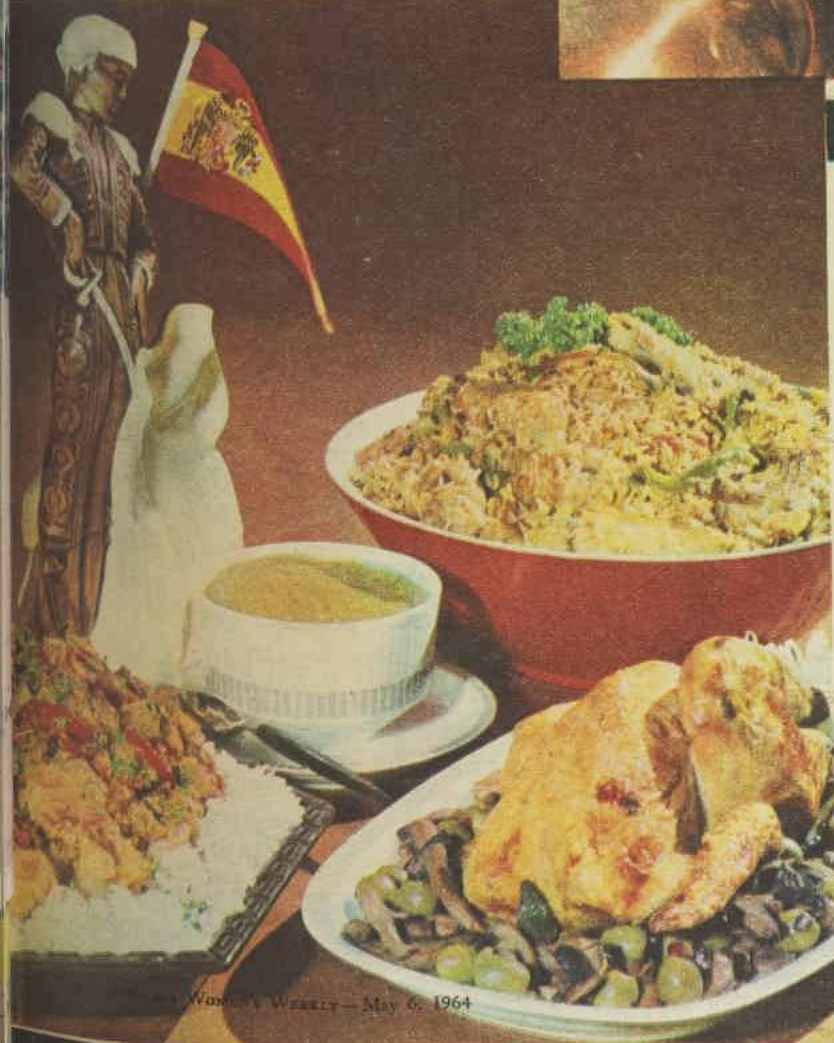
onion (chopped), few peppercorns, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 bayleaf, pinch dried thyme, ½ cup dry red wine, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ lb. mushrooms (sliced), ½ cup stuffed olives, 1 to 2 dessertspoons flour, ½ pint chicken stock, ¼ cup brandy.

Wash chicken and season with salt; truss. Rub with oil and place breast side up in large open baking-dish. Put in hot oven for 20 minutes to brown. Then add the carrot, leek, celery, and onion along with a spice bouquet made from the whole peppercorns, garlic, bayleaves, and thyme. Add ½ cup of wine, reduce heat to moderate and cook about 1 hour longer, turning chicken frequently. Remove spice bouquet. Puree vegetables and liquid in blender or push through sieve.

Meanwhile, melt butter in large frying-pan, add the mushrooms and sauté until tender. Add olives and heat through. Remove olives and mushrooms to platter with a slotted spoon; arrange chicken on top; keep warm.

Stir flour into liquid and butter remaining in frying-pan. Slowly stir in pureed vegetables, then chicken stock and remaining wine; cook, stirring, until thickened.

More recipes page 55



ARROZ CON POLLO (left) at top of picture. Foreground: Chicken Casserole Catalan at left, Pollo de Sevilla, right.



When they were big, plump and heavy with juice,
these beauties were ready for KRAFT and for you.
Our special, and secret 'quick cook' method has
captured all this goodness in sparkling jars of
fresh-fruit good KRAFT* Loganberry Conserve.

They're fresh-fruit good!

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas



Other varieties include -

- Apricot Conserve
- Sweet Orange Marmalade
- Seville Orange Marmalade
- Raspberry Conserve
- Raspberry Jelly
- Apple Jelly
- Black Currant Jelly
- Red Currant Jelly
- Strawberry Conserve

*Registered Trade Mark.

KRAFT



An international
look at

CHICKEN

AMERICA

CHICKEN MARYLAND

One young chicken (about 3lb.), 1 cup seasoned flour, 1 egg (beaten with a little milk), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup butter, 1 cup oil, fried bananas, sweet corn fritters (recipes below), bacon rolls.

Cut chicken into joints, roll in seasoned flour, dip in egg, and coat with crumbs. Heat butter and oil in heat-proof casserole, add chicken pieces, cook until golden brown on both sides. Drain off excess oil, cover pan, cook slowly in moderate oven until tender. Serve with fried bananas, corn fritters, and bacon rolls. (If using an electric frypan, drain off excess oil, cover, and cook slowly until chicken is tender.)

FRIED BANANAS

Bananas, egg, breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Cut bananas in halves crosswise, dip in lightly beaten egg, and roll in crumbs. Fry in heated fat until golden brown on both sides. Drain well.

CORN FRITTERS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg (separated), 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup canned or frozen whole kernel corn, oil for deep-frying.

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking-powder, salt and pepper. Beat egg-yolk with milk; mix with corn and turn into dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Beat egg-

white until stiff, fold in. Deep-fry dessertspoonfuls of mixture in hot oil until golden. Drain well; serve with Chicken Maryland.

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

One medium-sized chicken, 1/2 cup flour seasoned with salt and pepper, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 1-3rd cup milk, oil for frying, creamy gravy (recipe below).

Rinse and dry chicken, cut into joints. Sift flour with salt and pepper. Combine beaten egg and milk, stir into dry ingredients; mix thoroughly, coat chicken pieces, fry in lin. heated oil or shortening in heavy frying-pan until brown on all sides. Cover pan, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (30 to 45 minutes). Drain well, serve with the following Cream Gravy.

Cream Gravy: Pan drippings from fried chicken, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 1/2 cups stock, 1 cup cream, salt and pepper.

Skim off most of the drippings from pan, leaving about 2 tablespoons. Stir in flour, cook, stirring until smooth. Combine cream and stock; slowly add to flour mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until gravy is smooth and boiling. Season to taste and serve immediately.

CHICKEN Maryland (right) in foreground, Southern Fried Chicken shown at rear.



AMERICAN CREOLE

CREOLE CHICKEN GUMBO

Three packets chicken pieces or 1 large chicken cut into serving-sized pieces, 1/2 cup oil, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1/2 cup flour, 1 tin tomato paste, 2 1/2 cups chicken stock or water, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon thyme, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1/2 cup chopped shallots, 1 green and 1 red pepper (chopped), 1lb. shelled prawns, 1/2 cup chopped parsley, hot cooked rice.

Heat oil, add chicken pieces; cook, turning occasionally, until chicken is well browned on all sides. Remove from pan, set aside. Add chopped onion and garlic to pan, saute until trans-

parent. Stir in flour; cook, stirring, until flour is lightly golden. Stir in stock and tomato paste, mix well. Add chicken, salt, lemon juice, pepper, and thyme. Cook, covered, over low heat 1 hour, or until chicken is almost tender. Add prawns, celery, peppers, and shallots; simmer 15-20 minutes more. (If using cooked prawns, add them for last 10 minutes of cooking.) Remove chicken to serving-platter. Spoon sauce over. Sprinkle with parsley, serve with hot fluffy rice.

CREOLE JAMBALAYA

One chicken, 3lb. king prawns, 4 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 onion (chopped), 3lb. rice, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1 green pepper (chopped), 6 tomatoes (peeled and coarsely chopped), 1 small tin tomato puree, 1 bayleaf (crumbled), 1/2 teaspoon oregano, 1/2 teaspoon thyme, 1/2 teaspoon powdered cloves, 2 cloves gar-

lic (crushed), salt, pepper, and cayenne, 2 pints chicken stock, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 4oz. dry white wine.

Joint chicken and shell prawns. Heat oil in large frying-pan and saute chicken pieces until golden brown. Reduce heat, cook prawns gently for 5 minutes. Set aside.

Melt butter in large saucepan or heatproof casserole; cook onion until transparent. Add rice and stir over low heat until golden, then add chicken pieces, prawns, celery, pepper, tomatoes, tomato puree, seasonings, and spices. Bring chicken stock to boil and pour over jambalaya. Cover and simmer gently 30 to 35 minutes, or until rice and chicken are tender. Add a little extra liquid during cooking if necessary. Just before serving stir in wine and parsley. (If using cooked prawns, add for last 10 minutes of cooking time.)

CREOLE Chicken Gumbo (left) in foreground, Creole Jambalaya shown at rear.



MILK



in its most convenient form

as
milk



Dilute creamy-rich Carnation with water for pure milk. One tall can makes 1½ pints. Wherever a recipe calls for milk, use diluted Carnation.

as
cream



Pour creamy-rich Carnation Evaporated Milk straight from the can to cream coffee, soups, fruits and favourite desserts.

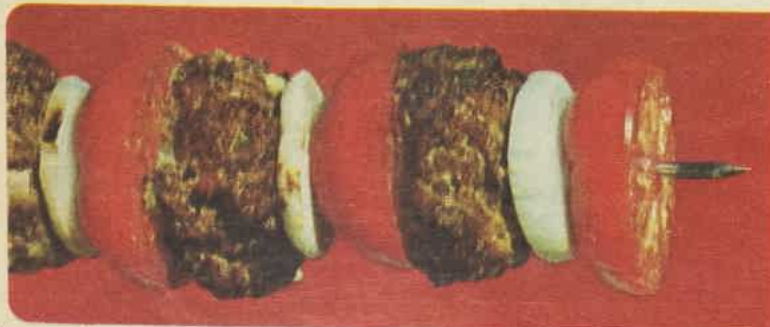
even as
whipped
cream



Carnation Milk is so creamy rich it whips like cream! First, chill the Carnation Milk well. Add sugar, a little lemon juice and vanilla to taste.

Carnation Evaporated Milk is simply good, fresh, whole milk concentrated to double richness by removing part of the water. It's an ideal all-purpose milk. You can use Carnation Milk for cooking, creaming coffee and desserts, as a whipped cream topping, and you can drink it. Carnation Evaporated

Milk is always pure. It's sterilized not once, but twice—the second time after the can is sealed. Unopened cans stay pure and fresh indefinitely in the hottest weather—even without refrigeration. Enjoy the convenience of Carnation Evaporated Milk—keep plenty on hand, ready for immediate use.



THE EXTRA-TASTY, JUICY FLAVOUR OF THIS RECIPE DEPENDS ON CARNATION—NO OTHER FORM OF MILK WILL DO

HAMBURGERS ON A STICK

¾ cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk; 1 egg; 1½ lbs. mince meat; ½ cup fine breadcrumbs; 1½ teaspoons salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; 1 teaspoon dry mustard; ¼ cup grated onion; ½ cup chopped green pepper (optional). Combine all ingredients. Mix well. Make 24 small hamburger balls from meat mixture. Put tomato half, hamburger ball, thin onion slice, another hamburger ball and second tomato half on each of 12 skewers. Grill on each side for about 5 minutes. Serves 6.



MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

He hadn't yet looked inside it; a complex of bundles and blankets still mercifully hid the worst. But that he didn't drop the whole thing was simply because his clutch had stiffened into a sort of "rigor mortis."

Mme Leclerc nodded happily. "As I tell monsieur—not a summons, not a word! Dropped from the skies, one would think, like a little angel! Save that my husband," added Mme Leclerc, "returning for his meal, observed the taxi."

In actor's parlance, she rather threw the line away; thus lending it (by the method all actors know) peculiar meaning. Eric moistened his stiff lips.

"You mean he . . . saw?" inquired Mme Leclerc, allowing herself a moment's playfulness. "He even heard the direction given, to the Gare St. Lazare. 'Bon voyage!' cried my innocent husband—and, entering, discovered the little treasure! Forgive me, monsieur; I confess that my forces failed me; I was unable to perform my duty. Also knowing monsieur's extreme punctuality—"

Also, of course, she hadn't meant to be defrauded of the most exciting incident in all her thirty years as concierge. There had once been a suicide on the Fifth, a burglary on the Third; in each case Mme Leclerc gave evidence, for so respectable a house it wasn't bad, but neither episode could touch, for drama and human interest, the act of placing within the arms of a serious young man his illegitimate offspring.

Mme Leclerc's sensibilities were so fine she wouldn't have exchanged the occurrence for even a "crime passionnel." All she wanted was to prolong the precious moment—but that she perceived Eric to be slightly swaying on his feet.

IT was the gentle yet ominous movement of a branch over-weighted with snow; one more flake, so to speak, and down would come cradle and baby and all . . .

Once again displaying those traditional Gallic gifts of drama, irony, and concision—

"One should not keep one's dear mother waiting?" suggested Mme Leclerc, and with rare amenity moved to open the lift gates.

Eric stumbled in under his burden. He hadn't yet begun to think, or not coherently. In any case, what else could he do? He couldn't, even if his muscles had co-operated, simply drop the carry-cot and flee. He had his job in the City of London (Paris branch) bank. He had his mother. He had his lunch waiting for him. It wasn't he who could take a taxi to the Gare St. Lazare . . . Actually this would have been by far his most sensible course— instant pursuit—but he didn't realize it until too late.

Mme Leclerc went up with him to open the gates at the Fourth. (All this time the infant made no sound. "Drugged, perhaps?" suggested Mme Leclerc chattily.) Willingly, too, would she have waited to help Mrs. Taylor bear the shock, unluckily old M. Jacob from the apartment opposite, a tenant as valuable as ill-tempered, at that instant emerged brandishing two soiled shirts and a pair of pyjamas.

"Aha! You spare me the trouble of descending!" roared M. Jacob. "Is it you or is it not, Mme Leclerc, who pretends to oversee my laundry? Kindly enter and observe for yourself the condition of my linen-basket!" However reluctantly, Mme Leclerc was forced to obey—leaving Eric outside his mother's door unsupported.

In fact this brief domestic interlude rather steadied him. He had listened to his mother's complaints so often, of Mme Leclerc's slackness about collecting laundry, the theme was as cosily familiar as a hymn-tune. He had, himself, owing to a slight summer cold, contributed some two dozen handkerchiefs to the current Taylor bag; and now in a moment's lucidity quite rationally hoped they had gone, would come back, and weren't his best . . .

He still hadn't fully grasped his situation. It was natural. He hadn't had nine months in which to contemplate it, also young men are not accustomed to being loved and left, abandoned to bear alone the consequences of their folly, just as if they were young women.

Under the blankets of the carry-cot some small sentient creature undoubtedly drew breath, but to Eric, at this stage, as anonymously as a kitten. Even the immediate problem of what he was going to say to his mother—of what his mother was going to say to him—couldn't focus his mind. It was difficult enough to get his key out.

His single pertinent thought was still classic.

"Oh, heavens," thought Eric Taylor, "why did this happen to me?"

On the other side of the door Mrs. Taylor had just finished laying lunch. It was her pride, as it was her achievement, that even after three years in Paris her kitchen remained incorruptibly British; on this particularly hot August day there awaited Eric liver-and-bacon, fried potatoes, and a steamed treacle sponge.

Only the bottle of Vichy-water struck a jarring, exotic note; but wine Mrs. Taylor considered heating—and everyone knew what happened to people who drank out of foreign taps.

"Dear Eric!" thought Mrs. Taylor fondly.

It was the refrain of her entire existence, of a long widowhood resolutely devoted to her only son, her only child. For Eric's sake, when his night-classes in French resulted in promotion to Paris, she had dismantled an English home, uprooted herself from a whole circle of English friends, without a murmur. It was hard, but it was her duty; not for worlds would she have allowed him to face the perils of Abroad alone.

The freehold house at Streatham was sold, all the furniture transported to make a little corner of England in the rue d'Antibes; really only the lawn-mower was left behind, because people in Paris didn't have gardens, and this was probably what Mrs. Taylor felt most—Eric so enjoyed mowing a lawn,

and it was so good for him. But when in due course he rose to Manager, as undoubtedly he would, perhaps a little nook in Passy might afford the same healthful exercise . . .

"And how proud I shall be of him!" thought Mrs. Taylor.

She was proud already. No mother could have wished for a better son: dutiful, affectionate, rising steadily in his blameless career. Whatever sacrifices she made for him had been so amply repaid, few women could look forward to a more tranquil and happy future—just the two of them together in a little nook in Passy!

"Dear Eric!" repeated Mrs. Taylor aloud; and hearing his step on the landing whipped a dish on to

To page 58

Get more when you pour . . .

No other tea regardless of price can match **Bushells** for consistent flavor, freshness and all-round quality.



Remember what the Tea Council of Australia says:
"One good spoonful for everyone and one for the pot—that's the secret of good tea!"



the table and hurried to open the door before he got his key out.

Eric achieved one stiff step over the threshold, and stood. He was so pale, for a moment his mother imagined his cold turned to influenza. The slightest shadow upon his health ever throwing her into alarm, her thoughts instantly flew to aspirins, hot toddies, hot-water bottles. But for an instant and no more, for even had Eric been actually out in a rash, she couldn't have failed to notice, and be astonished by, the enormous burden clutched in his rigid arms.

"My darling," cried Mrs. Taylor (and indeed as it were telescoping the two questions into one) "what have you got?"

He made no reply. He couldn't think of any words. He just stood. "Why, it's a carry-cot!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, approaching.

Continued from page 57

He nodded.

"But whatever for, my darling? You didn't — you didn't win it in a raffle?"

So innocent was her experience, it really seemed to Mrs. Taylor the likeliest explanation. She herself, at a church bazaar, had once won the equally unsuitable prize of a safety-razor.

But Eric shook his head.

"Well, at least answer me, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, quite impatiently.

Still he couldn't. It was another who answered for him. For the first time, from under the blankets, a sound percolated: a small, individual, peremptory cry. Abruptly as

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

though loosed from a spell — as though stung by a hornet — Eric released his frozen clutch, he would have let the carry-cot fall, had not his mother sprung to guide its descent upon the settee.

Out from the covers pushed a tiny, grasping fist like a very small octopus. The nearest object at hand being Mrs. Taylor's ring-finger, about it the small octopus twined.

Now it was her turn to be struck dumb. For what seemed an age, while the clock on the mantelshelf ticked, while on the table the liver-and-bacon congealed, mother and son gazed at each other in equal silence, equal consternation, indeed equal incredulity. (Disbelief: the instinctive, protective

human reaction before disaster.) But the small octopus-hand insisted; Mrs. Taylor stooped; pulled a lap of blanket aside; and raised a face white as her son's.

"Eric!" breathed Mrs. Taylor. "Whose is it?"

Actually the question was superfluous. It is an accepted if inexplicable fact that an infant during the very first weeks of its existence may show a marked resemblance to one or other parent. In this case the tiny countenance now revealed was an uncanny, crumpled miniature of Eric's own. It simply looked much older: an image of Eric in toothless senility. Not that the latter more than glanced; by this time he was . . . sure.

"It's mine, all right," agreed Eric Taylor.

They were the first words he had spoken, and at least explicit. He still realised something more as he required.

"It was left," Eric added. In his very accents of 10 minutes earlier.

"Left?" repeated Mrs. Taylor. "At the lodge. There's an envelope" offered Eric.

With trembling hands his mother found and unpinned and opened. It was a positive relief, faced by Eric's unnatural vagueness, to see her spectacles, prepared for two pages at least (probably now stained) of contrition, remorse, humility, but above all of information . . .

In fact the envelope contained nothing whatever but a leading formula.

Mrs. Taylor looked on the back, not a line, not a word. It was, though not only all explanation, but all proper emotion as well had been handed over.

"Eric," said Mrs. Taylor, through trembling lips.

"Yes, Mother?"

"You'll really have to tell me, dear. All."

"Yes, but I've got to be back at the Bank," said Eric.

For once Mrs. Taylor bracketed that very mainstay of their existence aside. She was a woman — and, as her next words showed, an uncommonly nice-minded one.

"Don't be afraid of upsetting me, dear; just tell me. Are you — are you secretly married?"

Again Eric shook his head.

"She wouldn't."

"My darling, but who?" cried Mrs. Taylor desperately.

At last the name he had sworn to avoid, even in thought, had to be pronounced. "Martha."

THE

extraordinary thing was that at that critical juncture Mrs. Taylor's attention was diverted. As a mother deep in sleep will rouse at her infant's wail and nothing else, so it was with Mrs. Taylor, waking. No clamor of hammers hammering the door down — of a bombardment breaking out overhead — could have penetrated her absorbed and anxious ear; only a second and even more peremptory cry from the carry-cot.

To Eric the sound was as meaningless, as unintentional, as a kitten's mew. Mrs. Taylor, however, at once stooped again, thrust as experienced hand beneath the blankets, then unhesitatingly gathered up carry-cot and all and made for the door.

"Eat your lunch, dear," he directed, over her shoulder, "we shan't be long!"

Once again Eric was alone.

Habit took over. He was so used to doing what his mother told him, he automatically pulled up a chair, sat, helped himself to congealed liver and bacon. He even managed to eat a little. But it was like eating in a dream — or in childhood, with a lump of gold on the chest; chewing interminably round and round.

Indeed, now that the physical evidence was removed, he asked himself (as many a young woman in like situation) whether it wasn't a dream. Could he have nodded off, at the Bank, in the midday heat, mightn't he be awfully awake, his head hitting a lamp, or a colleague's hand thumping him on the back?

Even a second's unconsciousness, Eric was aware, could afford dreams of quite substantial duration — certainly long enough to include his coming home for lunch, and his encounter with Mrs. Leclerc, and his conversation with his mother. The very taste of the food rotating in his mouth was dreamlike; flavorless, unrecognizable.

Deliberately Eric closed his eyes, waited for the blunt contact of a ledger against his chin, the clasp of a hand on his shoulder.

It was no use. He might shut his eyes, and no sound percolated from beyond the dining-room door; he could still smell. After no more than ten minutes' occupation, the

To page 59



How New Surf can promise cleanest washing, cleanest rinsing ever

It's not your fault when dirt's left behind, or when left-in suds won't rinse out properly. Some detergents don't deliver the cleaning power they should. With most of them, suds never seem to rinse out properly.

Try Rinse-clean Surf and you'll lift the veil of left-in suds and dirt from your wash. Rinse-clean Surf is specially formulated to penetrate better, get deep into the weave loosening and lifting the dirt (even hair oil in pillowslips, grease in overalls). Then all the dirt, all the suds rinse out completely. That's

how Rinse-clean Surf washes cleaner than all the rest.

Nylons cleaner, whiter. Now Rinse-clean Surf guarantees that white nylons stay white. Even when white nylon shirts have a yellow look, you'll see them looking whiter after a few washes in Rinse-clean Surf.

Prove it yourself. Next washday try New Rinse-clean Surf. You'll find it washes cleanest, suds and dirt rinse out completely. We promise you'll be entirely satisfied or your money back.

Surf Washing Advisory Bureau, Box 4326 G.P.O. Sydney



Continued from page 58

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Assistant Manager, before taking on a wife; but hadn't he instantly, or at least as soon as Martha returned from Christmas in Birmingham, assured her of his honorable intentions if anything . . . happened? The scene was as vivid as if it had taken place that morning: on a bench in the Tuileries Gardens, opposite the statue of Tragedy and Comedy . . .

"You know if anything . . . happens, Martha, we can be married straight away? Of course you'd give up your painting?"

And she left him flat. What she actually said Eric preferred not to remember. All he remembered was Martha's back as, portfolio under arm, she stumped out of the Tuileries Gardens, out of his life.

Or not quite all.

From that wintry interview certain other words of his own echoed.

"I want to look after you, Martha. To shoulder all your burdens for you . . ."

Evidently she had taken him at his word.

It wasn't any clap of a colleague's hand, nor the abrupt contact with a ledger, that roused Eric from these painful memories and reflections, but the reappearance of his mother. To Eric's surprise her whole aspect had changed. Her step was elastic; she was still pale, but with upon each cheek a patch of scarlet; her lips still trembled, but in a joyful smile.

"Oh, my darling," cried Mrs. Taylor, "it's a boy!"

In her eye gleamed the spark that lights bonfires, sets oxen a-roasting; whole villages, whole counties, could hardly have contained her overflowing benevolence, as there stood Mrs. Taylor rejoicing in the possession of a grandson.

Eric also observed that she had her hat on.

"Mother, you're not going out?" asked Eric nervously.

"But of course I am, dear," replied Mrs. Taylor. "He's as good as gold on my bed, but he can't be left alone!—so I'll just pop round to the English chemist for his formula, before you go back to the Bank."

"Poppity-pin!" crooned Mrs. Taylor.

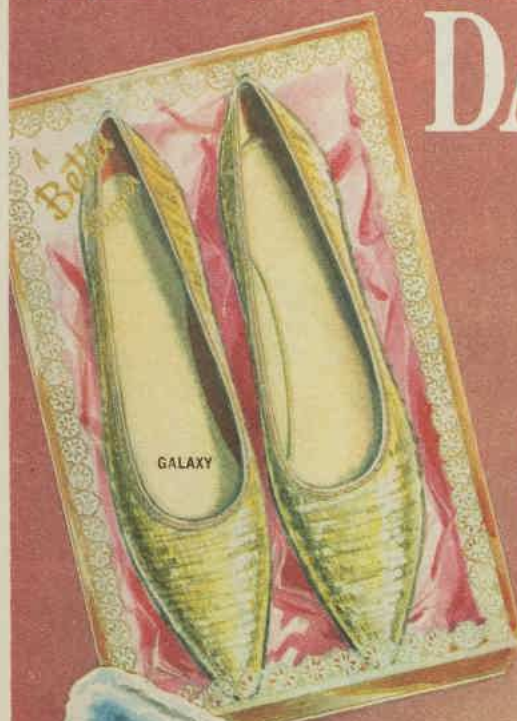
It was about four that afternoon. Eric had long returned to the City of London (Paris branch) Bank—so punctually, in fact, there had been no time, during the few minutes that elapsed between his mother's reappearance and his own departure, for any further colloquy. (Eric actually preserved an almost total silence; his whole bearing struck Mrs. Taylor as odd. She'd expected to find him hanging over Baby—not impatiently watching the clock. It had even crossed her mind that he might take the afternoon off.)

His absence promoted nonetheless a singular, nursery peace; indeed the infant, after taking its bottle quite beautifully—just a little wind, easily patted up—should

To page 60

Prettiness at her feet for

MOTHER'S DAY



VELVETTE—bow-trimmed and prettily stitched in velvet. Black, wine, royal, gold. Cuffed in fur with button trim.
POODLE—silky long-haired fur flatie with satin bow. In pink, blue.
ROSETTE—sweet, satin-stitched slipper with satin rosette. Pastel pink, blue.
TWI-LIGHT—soft, rich, quilted velvet collared with silky fur. Royal, red, black, wine.
GALAXY—gorgeous gold-thread slippers to set feet a-sparkle, low-wedge heel. Gift-boxed.

SLIPPERS BY

Betta

NOW AT YOUR FAVOURITE FOOTWEAR STORE FROM 29/11

June Wood
designing shoes
by PAULIAN

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD



theoretically have been back in its carry-cot; but what grandmother could resist the pleasure of cradling a first grandson in her arms?

"Pop-pity-pin, Gran's little treasure!" crooned Mrs. Taylor.

The moment was far too delightful to spoil by thinking about Martha, so Mrs. Taylor didn't. This involved no particular feat of will-power, merely a complete if unconscious surrender to wishful thinking. To possess a grandchild without the encumbrance of a daughter-in-law is many a grandmother's unadmitted dream. "Dear Anne, dear Lucy, dear Susan!" cry the grandmothers—happy to welcome with small bottles of Chanel No. 5 at Christmas each necessary transmitter of a family face; but even happier to water with easy tears a rose-bush on an early grave

Continued from page 59

Certainly Mrs. Taylor didn't hope Martha was dead, even though she'd never really liked the girl. (In any case, as she'd learned from Mme Leclerc, Martha was obviously alive that morning. It would have had to be a very sudden accident.)

Mrs. Taylor simply forgot Martha; indeed, so all-absorbing was the sheer physical pleasure of holding a baby again, her thoughts had scarcely room for even such future delights as the transition from formula to sieved spinach, from sieved spinach to the first rusk.

The minutes passed in a blissful, shared stupor; thirty at least, before there drifted across Mrs. Taylor's inward eye any image to dis-

tract; and then only of a matinee-jacket.

"I must begin knitting!" Mrs. Taylor told herself.

The carry-cot actually contained a fairly complete layette—of no superfine quality, unembroidered, uninitialled, but at least, also, new, and like the feeding-formula a point in Martha's favour. Mrs. Taylor sketchily admitted it—but preferred to visualise garments suited to the riper age of three or four months.

A certain matinee-jacket knitted for Eric had been the admiration of every Streatham neighbor; as for booties, she could toss off a pair a day. Happy, new-old, new-found employment! "I'll run round to the

English Wool Shop tomorrow," meditated Mrs. Taylor; and still hadn't settled the point of cap versus bonnet when the telephone rang.

Fortunately it stood close by her elbow; she hadn't to move. She lifted the receiver with precaution; it was Eric.

"Mother."

"Yes, dear?" whispered Mrs. Taylor.

"I can't hear you, mother. Can you hear me?"

"Of course, dear, but I don't want to wake him. He's taken his

bottle so beautifully!"

"What did you say?"

"He's taken his bottle beautifully!" repeated Mrs. Taylor,

slightly raising her voice. So, quite unnecessarily, did Eric.

"Listen, mother: how old would you say he was? More than three days?"

"Good gracious, what a question!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor indignantly—but pleased nonetheless that Eric was at last showing a proper interest. His tone was quite laughably urgent! "Three days? More like three weeks!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor.

"Then it's probably prison," said Eric—urgently.

As though quicker on the uptake than its grandmother, the infant roused. A hand pushed forth vaguely signalled.

"He's trying to get at the telephone!" reported Mrs. Taylor lightly. "Now I can't seem to hear you, dear. What did you say?"

"Article 55—"

"I'm sure you didn't!" objected Mrs. Taylor. "I'm not as deaf as all that!"

At the other end of the line there was a slight pause before Eric, in all senses of the phrase, began again.

"Mother."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"I've been talking to a man at the Bank, Mother, actually a legal expert. Of course, I put it in a hypothetical case, and it's not exactly his field, but he looked to the Civil Code. Article 55, failure to register a birth within three days says not less than ten days' imprisonment and fine of not less than four hundred francs. Or either."

The phlegmatic Englishman is a myth. If Mrs. Taylor, in the Rue d'Antibes, momentarily dropped the receiver, the reaction was physical rather than mental: thus abruptly halted, so to speak, from a woo-doo into the dock, she took but a moment more to reorientate, and defend herself.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Taylor. "We couldn't register him. We didn't know in time — did we, Pop-pity-pin?"

"Mother."

"Well, dear? How I wish you could see him!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor. "He wants the telephone!"

"Article 173, failure to notify the appropriate authority, gives up to eight days' imprisonment or fine of up to three hundred and sixty francs. Or both."

"Well, of course I'll notify the Mayor," agreed Mrs. Taylor. "I'll pop round first thing in the morning. You must just find out when it is for me."

"Mother."

"Dear, I'm sure he ought to go to sleep again!" protested Mrs. Taylor. "His little eyes—"

"Mother, you still haven't realised," interrupted Eric desperately.

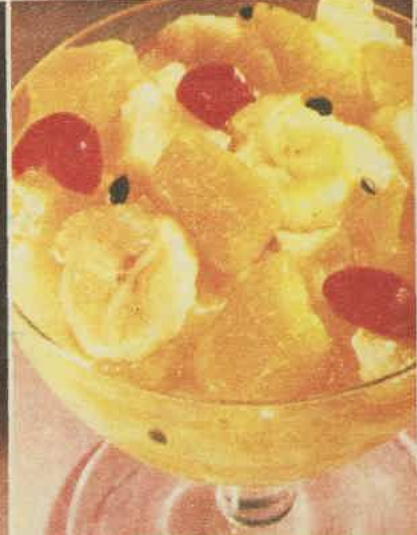
"The fact is, so far as I can make out, and in the circumstances, he's French."

THE phlegmatic Englishman is no myth; but there are limits. Now, indeed, was all Mrs. Taylor's composure—all her happiness, all her peace of mind—shattered; as the fearful sentence slowly penetrated only hysteria could have expressed her emotion. French? Against all the laws of nature, her grandson French? Subject not of proper Royalty but of a mere faceless Republic? His anthem, instead of God Save the Queen, revolutionary Marseillaise? "Never!" cried Mrs. Taylor almost-clutching her grandson to her bosom. "Never!" cried Mrs. Taylor into the telephone.

But Eric, presumably already so long absent from his desk, had rung off. She was a grandmother alone, unsupported; alone save for the hapless infant in her arms, alone to fend from that innocent head the wing-beat of Napoleonic eagles. Mrs. Taylor wasn't a normally imaginative woman, but as she now suddenly remembered military service, the image was as precise as in a Tennyson cartoon: both birds (there were two of them) wore small imperial crowns. With equal precision (now in a sort of cinema montage), she visualised death from frost-bite outside Moscow, and from thirst in some Saharan outpost of the Foreign Legion.

She snatched at the receiver again. It was a measure of her

To page 69



PEACH DELIGHT

- 29 oz. can Letona Sliced Peaches (chilled and drained).
- 1 Pint Lime Jelly.
- 1 Pint Strawberry Jelly.
- 1 Pint Custard (set and chilled).
- 1 Pint Whipping Cream, or small brick of ice cream.
- 1 Cup Chopped walnuts.

Divide the custard equally and place in the bottom of parfait glasses. Spoon in a layer of strawberry jelly on top of the custard and then three or four peach slices. Now add a layer of lime jelly, then more peaches and a layer of strawberry jelly. Continue until the top of the parfait glass is reached. Top off with whipped cream or ice cream and walnuts. Serves 4 to 6.

Focus on Fruit

Yours to enjoy — the superb flavour of "sunshine-sweet" fruit — in every can of LETONA. And there are so many ways to enjoy Letona fruits including the deliciousness of enjoying them in their own natural "Sunshine" goodness.



Letona

the fruit with the 'Sunshine-sweet' flavour

...for Mother's Day



Lady Sunbeam Hair Dryer

WITH THE BIGGEST, MOST EFFICIENT BONNET YET



EXCLUSIVE TO
THE 3 NEW SENSATIONAL
LADY SUNBEAM
HAIR DRYERS

Scientifically designed to give a perfect set every time, Lady Sunbeam's big capacity bonnet surrounds your hair with free-flowing streams of warm air. It gets deep into every curler, sets curls natural and bouncy. Small bonnets can spoil a hairdo ... cramp your hair ... leave parts of the set damp, flat and droopy. Not with Lady Sunbeam. Its big capacity provides ample space for warm, drying air to reach every wave and curl — set your hair evenly, thoroughly, beautifully. And Lady Sunbeam has 4 heat settings ... you're sure of getting a perfect set every time.



LADY SUNBEAM SHAVER

So gentle, so convenient, an essential item in every woman's beauty kit. £9.9.0.

Now there are 3 Lady Sunbeam Hair Dryers

De-Luxe £15.9.6



Walkabout £12.9.6



Walkabout (with Vanity Case) £14.9.6



To surround her always with the fresh fragrance of flowers . . .



This Mother's Day . . . give her Potter & Moore



This is the talcum that Mother adores . . . to keep her feeling fragrant all day long . . . fresh as a flower. For Potter & Moore Talcum contains precious lanolin . . . clings softly to her skin . . . surrounding her always with the fresh fragrance of flowers. Choose from Mitcham Lavender . . . Gardenia . . . Lily of the Valley . . . all with matching skin perfume.

De-luxe tin, 6/6. Regency-striped tin . . .

3/11

PM1786-FPC

ROSES

- old and new

Each year brings such a wealth of new roses that it is almost impossible to make a selection. New shapes, new names, new colors, larger and more striking roses are included among grandiflora, floribunda, hybrid tea, and polyantha types.

Yet rose devotees sometimes need to be reminded, too, of the old-fashioned varieties, especially the old-time climbers. These may be untidy, but for dazzling color, charming simplicity of form, and luxuriance of perfume of some climbers they can never be superseded.

OVERLEAF: Nine new rose varieties



"PAUL'S SCARLET CLIMBER" (*Wichuraiana* class) has vivid, medium-size, semi-double blooms. A particularly bright color.



A WEeping STANDARD version of the old favorite "Dorothy Perkins" (*Wichuraiana* rose) makes an ideal specimen for lawns or a special place in the garden. Profusely growing "Dorothy Perkins" can also be planted to hide unsightly fences.

Gardening Book — page 309

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964

LAVISH CLIMBER AND RAMBLER

CHOOSE an old-fashioned climbing rose to cover a tree-stump or pergola, a simple archway, or a good strong fence. It will thank you every summer with a wealth of color and perfume such as you've never known. Pruning away dead wood and normal picking are all the care most of them need for many a long year. Deep, cool, clayey soil gives best results, but almost any good garden soil will do (and many bad ones, as country gardens testify). Be lavish with water, manure, and a mulch.



ABOVE: "Garten-direktor von Linne," an exquisite pillar rose, which is listed as "not old-fashioned but not modern."



AT LEFT: "Excelsa," a splendid old-fashioned rambler rose of the *Wichuraiana* type. Its bright double flowers are set in clusters.

Gardening Book — page 310

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Page 63



brushed
BRI*
NYLON
*dreamtime
luxury*

NIGHTDRESS BY GLOWIN

How to be warm in bed...and look like a woman, too!

Not like just any woman, of course. Like a woman who loves to be lovely all the time. (A woman who gets more beautiful every day, because she gets her beauty sleep every night!) Actually, it's hard to stay awake when you snuggle down in luxurious brushed 'BRI-NYLON' — so blissfully light, so caressingly warm! 'BRI-NYLON' slumber fashions are for simply every woman. So many enchanting styles, most with a fanflare of fullness... in glowing new jewel colours, pretty pastels, too. And 'BRI-NYLON' is truly easy-care — wears like a miracle, machine washable. ***The BRI is your protection.*** For top value, tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name!

Page 64



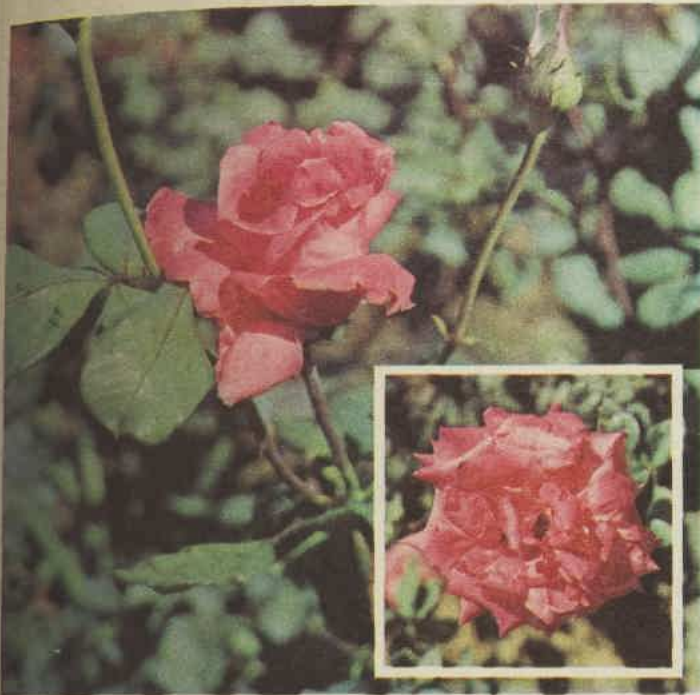
FIBREMAKERS LTD

'BRI-NYLON' is a registered trademark.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964

ROSES continued

NINE NEW VARIETIES



"SOUTH SEAS," a hybrid tea, is shown here in its exquisite bud form and then as it appears when full blown. This is a good all-round rose both for garden and exhibition.

Gardening Book — page 311



"LUCKY PIECE," a hybrid tea, is a good grower and is similar to the old favorite "Peace" in appearance.



"SCARLET ELIZABETH," a hybrid tea, is a bright cerise rose and an even freer grower than "Queen Elizabeth."



"MANX QUEEN," a floribunda, will grow anywhere. It is similar to "Sweet Repose" but richer in color.



"VIENNA CHARM," a hybrid tea, has deep apricot to buff tone. Does well in good soil.

Gardening Book — page 312

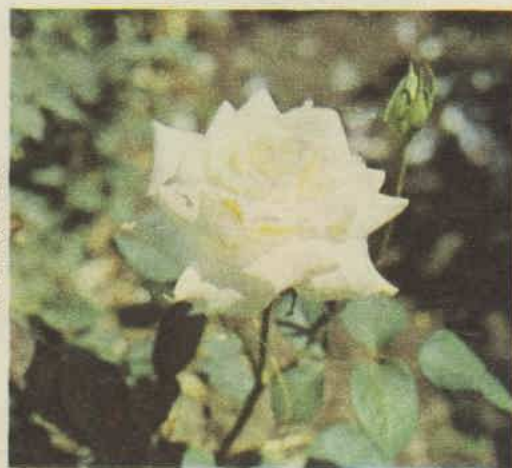
"YELLOW DOLL," a fairy rose, is said to be the best yellow in miniature. It is ideal for potting, and would make a pretty border as it is a generous flowerer.



"NEW PENNY," a fairy rose, is a bronzy pink and, like "Yellow Doll," is ideal for pots or massed borders. Fairy roses are gaining in popularity because they can be grown by flat-dwellers on a balcony in window box or tub.

Gardening Book — page 313

"PASCAL," a hybrid tea, is said to be the best white rose since "Virgo." It has a tea scent and is a particularly good garden rose.



"ROYAL HIGHNESS," a hybrid tea, is a medium grower. It is a good exhibition bloom with a beautiful form, perfect in bud and then opening to a soft full-blown rose.

Gardening Book — page 314

OVERLEAF: Five favorites



For Mother, from Osti *a truly classic slip*—"Tailored Lady"
sleek, simple, serene and forever in fashion



A classic is what endures—that's why "Tailored Lady" is a classic. A forever kind of slip, styled to be always, enduringly in fashion. Faultlessly cut on sleek, elegant lines. Flawlessly tailored from finest quality nylon. Trimmed with a scroll of corded scallops at bra-top and hemline. Only

the finest slip would dare to be so simple. Only the finest slip will do on Mother's Day. Buy Osti's "Tailored Lady" for Mother today. Either **BRİ-NYLON** with full shadow-front, or luxurious no-look-thru "Satin Star". SSW-XXOS, 39/11. Now at all the finest stores and lingerie salons.

ROSES continued

FIVE FAVORITES



"RHUMBA," a hybrid polyantha, has medium growth and this variety makes an ideal border. It has cherry, yellow, and bright red blooms with very large heads (about one inch across), and is a very popular rose.

Gardening Book — page 315

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



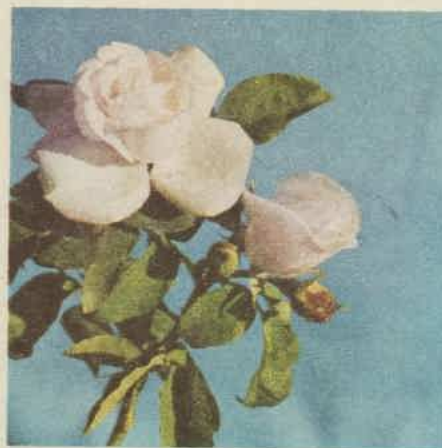
"PINK PARFAIT," a hybrid tea rose, is perfectly formed in two-toned pink blooms borne in clusters of up to four and five on a stalk. This variety has strong healthy foliage, and grows to a medium height.

Gardening Book — page 317



"SUPER STAR," a hybrid tea rose of clear salmon-orange. Its perfectly shaped blooms produced on very strong growth are unfading even in the hot summer. It is considered one of the best introductions for many years and is recommended for Australian conditions.

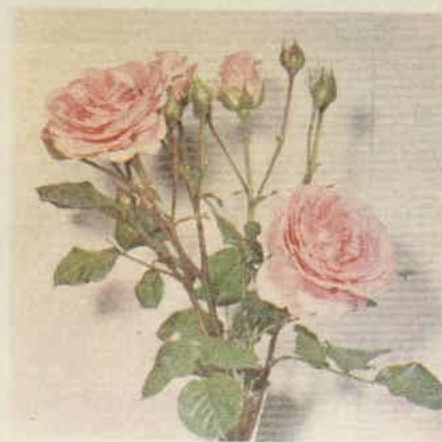
Gardening Book — page 316



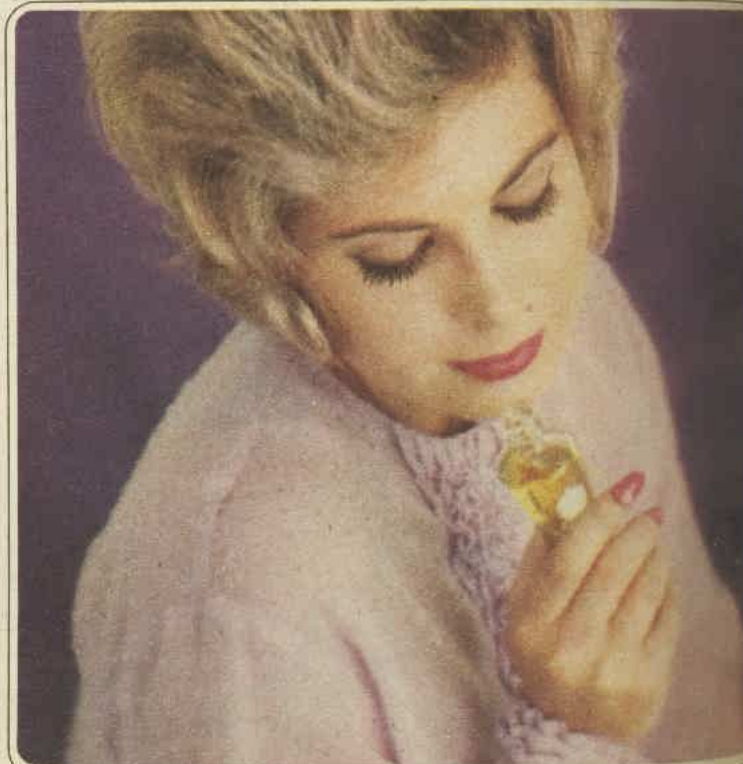
"ELIZABETH ARDEN," a hybrid tea rose of pure white with a rich fragrance. It has a bushy growth, and is a popular choice with lovers of white roses.

"DEAREST," a floribunda, is one of the best perfumed in its class. Grows anywhere and has a good shape.

• Roses supplied for photographs by George Knight and Sons, Homebush; Haslewood Nurseries Pty. Ltd., Epping; and H. D. Price, Campbelltown, N.S.W.



Gardening Book — page 318



Pampered Mothers get Cyclax gifts, especially on Mother's Day. A Cyclax gift pays the prettiest compliments on Mother's Day. There are three great perfumes to choose from: "Sandalwood", a subtle fragrance flavoured with the exotic scents of the East. "Gay Chiffon", as lilting, fragile and charming as its name. And marvellous "Nuit d'Or", a uniquely exciting perfume that mingles enchantment with elegance. All exquisitely presentable in gift-packs bedecked with flowers and ribbons – created by Cyclax especially for Mother's Day.



Top Left

NUIT D'OR GIFT PACK: Skin Perfume fragrance matched with Bath Powder, 37/6.
GAY CHIFFON DUO: Skin Perfume and Bath Powder, 26/-. SANDALWOOD DUO: Hand Lotion and Bath Powder, 23/-.
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
BY ROYAL WARRANT
Sole Suppliers of Beauty Preparations
CYCLAX LTD., 100, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1

Top Right

"TRANSPARENTLY YOURS": A large presentation box to fill with hand-picked Cyclax cosmetics. Box only, 5/6.
MAKE-UP GIFT BOX: Tall oval acetate box ready to fill with Cyclax gifts. Box only, 4/6.

Lower Left

DELUXE COFFRET: A luxury gift of "Nuit d'Or" Eau de Parfum, Extrait Parfum, Bath Soap and Bath Powder 159/6.
Available at selected stores and pharmacies throughout Australia.

Cyclax

Tiger escapes from Switzerland



Around the world, millions are delighted that Tiger is in their midst. You will be, too! Tiger Gruyere is cheese as only the Swiss can make it — creamy, tangy yet creamy-mild. Pounce on a pack today!



Creamy Tiger Gruyere is available in the familiar triangle wedges. Buy some today!

Genuine Switzerland
TIGER
GRUYERE CHEESE

TMC 3172



JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasms or pain. Flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby that added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 6, 1964

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 40

disarray: trained originally by her husband, then retrained by Eric, never to telephone a man at his office, Mrs. Taylor availed herself of the instrument without a second thought.

"Mr. Taylor? Who wishes to speak to him, please?" fluted a feminine voice from the bank's switchboard.

"His mother!" cried Mrs. Taylor recklessly.

Did she or didn't she hear a giggle from the switchboard? In any case, there ensued a considerable pause before the voice fluted back.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Taylor, we don't seem able to find him. Will you leave a message?"

Mrs. Taylor took a grip on herself. She was belatedly aware of its being a moment for discretion. But how to frame, in any unsuspicious terms, what was practically a shout in the dark? It was like trying to shriek in a low voice, to fend a blow in slow motion. . . . However, by drawing on a long experience as secretary to the judges' committee of the Streatham Flower Show, she succeeded.

"Please," said Mrs. Taylor. "Please say I'd like him to bring his friend back this evening for a little game of bridge — and to tell him it isn't hypothetical."

It may be said at once that Mrs. Taylor languished in no Gallic prison for so much as a day. The polite official at the Town Hall would have been as horrified by the thought as at the thought of gaoing his own grandmother. Fortunately he had no need to contemplate it: Mrs. Taylor, declaring a lost child the very day after the discovery, wasn't subject even to a fine of three hundred and sixty francs.

Nor was any objection raised to her taking charge of the babe — so obviously impeccable her standing and character. "It is a truly noble action madame performs!" congratulated the polite official; and if (observing Eric in the background) he also entertained more frivolous, less official notions, politely suppressed them till he got home to his wife.

No one could have been more helpful than the courteous official at the Town Hall nor any one less so, in Mrs. Taylor's opinion, than the legal expert from the bank.

In this she did him an injustice. He was a financial legal expert. The integration of a French and English account — the channelling of currency across the Channel — was child's play to him. He could convert guilders into gold in his head.

Financially, he knew all the answers; only never before had he been faced with so purely human a problem as how to convert a little French-born national into a little Britisher.

"For French he undoubtedly is," affirmed the expert courageously. It needed courage to meet Mrs. Taylor's embattled eye. "However much, and naturally, it may distress you, any child born in France of unknown parents is, 'ipso facto,' French."

"But he isn't of unknown parents!" protested Mrs. Taylor. "And they're both British! Good gracious, does every single foreign baby born in France have to be French?"

The expert smiled. (At least he had done his homework — which was why he didn't in fact appear in the rue d'Antibes until two evenings later. Rightly presuming his colleague's mother in no danger of jug, he'd taken time to do his homework. It

was another source of Mrs. Taylor's unjust grievances. Eric, on the other hand, poured him a large whisky and soda.)

"On the contrary," said the expert readily. "If the relevant foreign law deems him a national, then French law deems him never to have been French at all." He paused, while Mrs. Taylor's face brightened. "Unfortunately, British law takes a different view."

Mrs. Taylor's face fell again.

"You mean it just abandons a child?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Not at all," reassured the expert. "Section 5 (b) of the British Nationality Act deals with such cases expressly: all that is needed is registration within one year of birth at a British Consulate."



"There! If that doesn't make it grow, nothing will."

"One year —! Then, what's to stop us registering him?" cried Mrs. Taylor, indignation transformed to joy.

"Section 32. What very excellent whisky this is!" approved the expert, in parenthesis. "Section 32, I'm afraid, equally expressly excludes any child born illegitimate . . ."

It was a word they had hitherto, all of them, avoided. Hitherto they may have been discussing, in the phrase of Mme Leclerc, a little angel dropped from the skies.

Eric's hand on the decanter, refilling the expert's glass, slightly shook; Mrs. Taylor dropped her eyes. Mother and son, sharing the same ethos, felt the same shame. (If only Eric and Martha had been married! — in which case, of course, the whole dreadful situation would never have arisen.)

But Mrs. Taylor was doing battle for a grandson, whereas Eric had as yet barely recognised mere paternity; the former's eyes dropped but a moment (Eric spilling whisky as much outside a glass as in), before she raised them again with that same frankness and simplicity that had so won the official at the Town Hall.

"I suppose he is illegitimate," acknowledged Mrs. Taylor bravely. "And I can see it makes a difference. We both do, don't we, Eric?"

Eric nodded dumbly. His was a very embarrassing position.

"Section 32," agreed the expert, with a rather misplaced attempt at lightness, "undoubtedly knows its onions . . ."

"All sorts of undesirable children might be registered," glossed Mrs. Taylor (she and the expert for once in such accord she overlooked the breach of taste). "I wouldn't

even argue with the Consulate."

"If I may say so, that's entirely wise," approved the expert. He gave Eric an encouraging look.

"They've enough to do catching spies," added Mrs. Taylor — rather destroying the force of her argument, but at least accepting the position with surprisingly good grace. (Eric returned the expert's look gratefully.) "Very well, then," said Mrs. Taylor, "I shall just adopt him."

It really seemed to her the perfect solution. To possess a grandchild without the encumbrance of a daughter-in-law is as has been said many a grandmother's secret dream; the project had probably been formulating in Mrs. Taylor's subconscious for days. Watching the faces of the two men — gratified by their surprise, waiting for it to turn to admiration — she uttered a long, contented sigh.

So did the expert sigh, though on a different note.

"I'm afraid that's quite impossible," sighed the expert. "Might I have a little more soda?"

Eric manipulated the siphon. It was one of the most curious features of the session, as he afterwards recalled it, that with his child's and indeed his own whole future at stake he was nonetheless able quite effortlessly to preserve the trivial courtesies. It struck him afterwards that he must have been numb.

He might indeed have been mixing the customary mild tipple offered preparatory to a customary mild bridge game. Mrs. Taylor, on the other hand — where was now that brief moment of accord? — all too obviously restrained herself from boxing the expert's ears.

"Unless you're simply determined to make difficulties —" began Mrs. Taylor hotly.

"Mother!" implored Eric. "—will you kindly tell me why?"

Fortunately, there is no ruffling an expert who has done his homework.

"Because you have a son, my dear lady."

"Of course I've a son. If I hadn't, I shouldn't have a grandson!" retorted Mrs. Taylor.

"Under French law, you would need to be without living offspring. Don't ask me why," added the expert hastily. "It's just in the Code."

"How extremely silly," said Mrs. Taylor.

She paused all the same: for all her low opinion of the man (and she now realised she'd taken an instinctive dislike to him at sight), his words carried weight with her; in his own obnoxious phrase, he patently knew his onions. Mrs. Taylor paused; she reflected; and once again came up with a solution.

"Very well, then, let Eric. You would, wouldn't you, darling?"

"Of course," muttered Eric.

"Unfortunately, that's impossible, too," regretted the expert. "Apart from everything else" (here he discreetly skipped several paragraphs of the Code), "the position in France is that no one may legally adopt under the age of forty. Which is rather interesting," added the expert with a touch of professional relish, "since in England the odds would be rather the other way. In England, an adopter nearer in age — parent, so to speak, rather than

To page 72

She's beautiful . . . her hair's so manageable . . . because she has Modeling, the wonderful L'Oréal of Paris permanent style support.

Modeling gives her hair lift from the roots . . .

. . . gives it volume, body, lively bounce. Never needs back-combing . . . or night-time pin-ups . . . or anything at all between salon visits . . .

. . . and Modeling lasts for three months, four months, or more.

Maybe Modeling can make your hair behave. Why not ask your hairdresser? Look for the Modeling symbol in his salon.



FOR THE GIRL WHO DOESN'T WANT A PERMANENT WAVE . . .
modeling LOREAL OF PARIS

Modeling is fresh, exciting fashion news for the girl who wants her hair smart and smoothly styled without perm-type waves and curls. There are Modeling formulas to cater for every hair type, easy to wave, hard to wave, tinted — even bleached. Modeling is available only at professional hairdressing salons.

marigny

TEXAS DAN



Texas Dan was rough and wild! (He had been a problem child.) He dwelled in the saddle and stayed alive Because he was "slick" with a "forty-five". Though living such a life of thrills, He depended on Woods' to banish his chills.

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND
Stops coughing and sneezing.

Australia's favourites

for relief of
STOMACH UPSETS

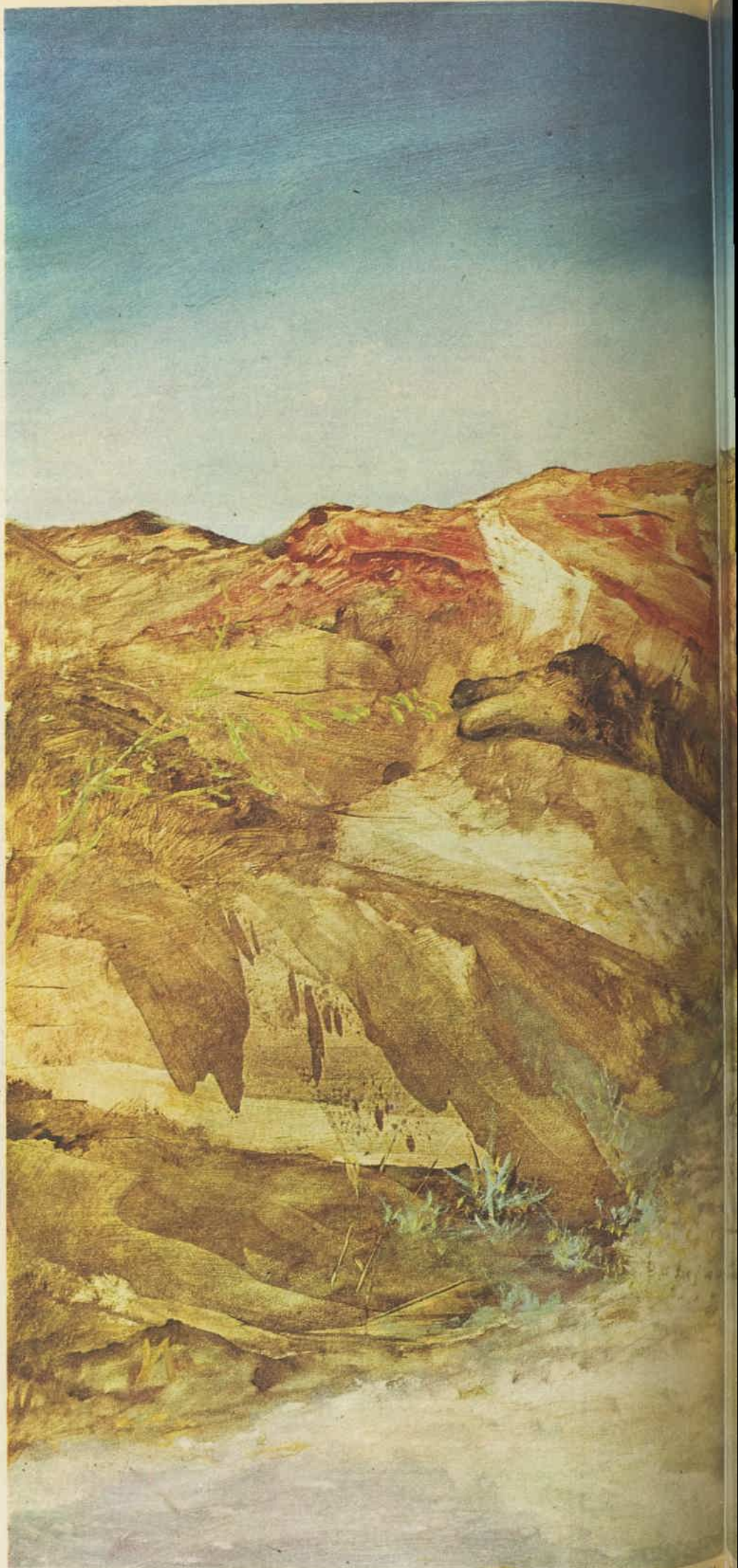
Rid yourself of stomach discomfort with Australia's favourites — De Witt's Antacid Powder and Tablets. When indigestion, heartburn, or gastritis make you afraid of your favourite foods, take De Witt's Antacid Powder or Tablets. The balanced formula and the small, effective dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder and Tablets bring fast, prolonged relief. A must for all the family — Powder 8/- and 4/-. For convenience anywhere — Tablets, 3/9 and 2/-.

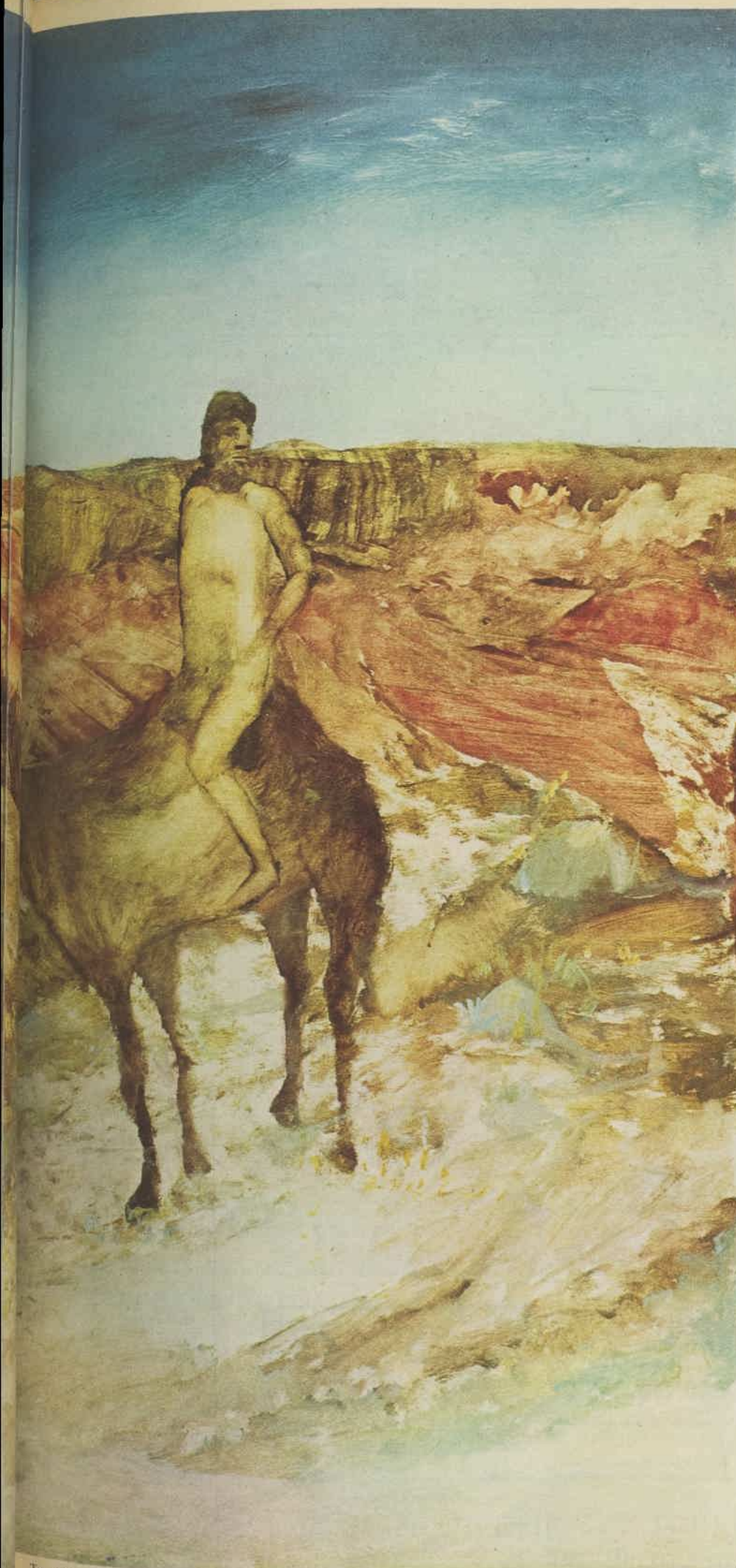

DeWitt's **ANTACID**
POWDER & TABLETS

The Australian Scene

'Burke—Burke and Wills Expedition' Oil on hardboard
Sidney Nolan

Born in Melbourne in 1917, Sidney Nolan began to study painting at the National Gallery School in 1934. It was not until the war, however, that he began to develop his true, individual style. During long periods in army camps in the country, he began to think of ways to paint the Australian landscape and, at the same time, to show Man's struggle to conquer it. He chose the heroes of Australian myths as his symbols of Man. This painting (one of a series on the explorers Burke and Wills) shows how he has used them. It shows Burke, naked and unprotected, in the untamed and rugged landscape he failed to conquer. Nolan's paintings, however, are never as simple as they at first appear. Burke was an overconfident, impatient and headstrong man and that is why his expedition ended in tragedy. Perhaps Nolan is symbolizing, too, the 'Man of Action', who acts without forethought and courts disaster.





Really magnificent 18" x 23" colour reproductions of this painting are available for only £1 each. This is less than half normal retail price. Just send your name and address, the title of the painting and a postal note or cheque for £1 to Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 4, Coltingwood, Victoria. Your print will be sent to you in an uncrushable mailing tube.

This fine painting, 'Burke-Burke & Wills Expedition' by Sidney Nolan, is one of seven paintings by Australian artists commissioned by Viscount Cigarettes —themselves very much a part of the Australian scene. We hope you enjoy them both.



Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Continued from page 69

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

grandparent—would probably gain the more sympathetic hearing. But whether the child would be even admitted into England—

"I'd get him in," interrupted Mrs. Taylor confidently, "even if you're going to tell us about another silly law. I'm never asked to open anything!"

Again, where were the anticipated looks of admiration for her courage and resource? Before Eric's inward eye, indeed, as her meaning dawned, started the inch-high headline: "Bank official's mother in Customs scandal." Or even: "Infant suffocated in hat-box: bank official's mother on serious charge."

"Of course I'd give him a little something first," reassured Mrs.

Taylor, "just to keep him quiet..."

"Infant doped," read Eric. He glanced desperately toward his colleague, who under that anguished appeal (and not a little dismayed himself) at last made the point to which he should have driven up sooner through all the fascinating ambages of international law.

"Whether in France or England, my dear lady, I must remind you that the mother's claim is paramount."

Her hand, as it were, suspended in the act of boring an air-hole, Mrs. Taylor stared.

"Remind me? You never said a word about it!" she protested indignantly.

"It is nonetheless the fact," ex-

plained the expert, rather hurriedly, on, "that without the mother's consent no adoption order would be viable. Even has a mother abandoned her child, she still retains her legal rights, unless and until she waives them."

"On this very point that trouble you, of the child's nationality should the mother be persuaded to acknowledge it, before a Public Notary over here, it could simply be endorsed on her own British passport as British."

Mrs. Taylor felt she had never in her life heard anything so unfair. That Martha alone—Martha who deposited her offspring like a parcel—could thus easily (and she alone) bestow upon him the priceless gift of British citizenship struck Mrs. Taylor as the unfairest thing she had ever heard of.

"Why can't he be endorsed on my passport?" she demanded jealously.

"Because you aren't his mother," sighed Eric.

"The mother's claim being paramount," stressed the expert. "In fact, I do most strongly advise you making contact with her as a preliminary to... well, anything."

With that he took his departure leaving, like many another expert, his clients in a state of complete bafflement. (To be fair, he was pretty baffled himself.) But at least one point had emerged, that that distressing, abortive interview however contrary to Mrs. Taylor's deepest wish, Martha could no longer be considered as interred under a rose bush. Martha was to be found.

The expert had gone. Mother and son were alone. The whisky Eric poured was for himself.

"Where is she now?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

There was no need to pronounce the name. She, or her, had only one reference for both of them.

"I don't know," confessed Eric miserably.

"But, my darling, you must know!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, controlling a touch of impatience.

"I don't honestly, Mother. The last time I saw her was on January 23."

MRS. TAYLOR performed a rapid mental calculation. Like many another woman fond of arithmetic, she could always work out a certain particular sum.

"But she must at least have suspected, in January!"

"She didn't say so," retorted Eric glumly, "even when I suggested it..." The implication of this was so painful—that Martha would rather bear an illegitimate son than have him for husband—her hurried on. "I expect she's back in England, if Leclerc heard her tell the taxi the Gare St. Lazare. It's the way she usually went home."

Mrs. Taylor was momentarily touched. Shocking and heartless as it was of Martha to abandon her babe, the instinct subsequently to flee home (like a wounded bird) aroused Mrs. Taylor's sympathy. That she wouldn't have felt nearly so sympathetic had Martha been a wounded Belgian bird fleeing home to Belgium, or a Swiss to Switzerland, or a Pole to Poland, was beside the point.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor. "Then you must write to her, at home."

"Only I don't know the address," confessed Eric.

"Somewhere in Birmingham," prompted Mrs. Taylor. "I remember her telling us she was going home for Christmas in Birmingham."

"Only I don't know where, in Birmingham."

Again Mrs. Taylor needed to summon her patience.

"Then you must send a letter, dear, to be forwarded, to her address in Paris. I can't believe you don't know that!"

However extraordinarily, Eric didn't. Martha had lodged in the Rue de Vaugirard; but at what number, in that interminable thoroughfare? The cab in which Eric bore her back after their illicit pleasures had even been halted, by Martha's



NOW! THE NEW NATURAL LOOK CAN BE YOURS!



Rexona's entirely new blend of 4 medicated beauty oils promises you natural loveliness

The natural look. That's fashion's new look, the look New Rexona makes possible for you. When the gentle medication of New Rexona begins to work deep into your skin—even during the first wash—you'll feel a vibrant difference. For this soap works in a very special way. First, it cleanses. Then Rexona's new blend of Cadyl (a blend of four luxurious oils: Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth), goes to work to help cure blemishes. These

rich, lively oils are specially blended to work in deep as you wash. The result is a new-glow complexion for you. The natural look.

Let Rexona help bring out the natural loveliness of your skin, starting with the very first wash. Try it for a week and see.

P.S. You'll love Rexona's new, fragrant perfume, love its new smooth shape and its wonderful new jade-green colour.



Now available everywhere in the charming jewel-like wrapper.

NEW MEDICATED REXONA TOILET SOAP
for natural loveliness



the finest **Toaster** in a Woman's World



GUARANTEED - toast as you like it - - every time!

**EASIER-TO-SEE
TOASTING CONTROL**



**COOL 'N EASY
CARRYING**



Say goodbye to cold, burnt toast forever! Say hello to the beautiful sheerline G.E. automatic toaster—the toaster that **guarantees** you luscious, piping hot, melt-in-your-mouth toast for a lifetime of happier breakfasts!

Whatever shade of toast you prefer, from hint-of-gold to mellow-brown, simply select it on the big easy-read dial. Then press the positive control (no fiddling!) and, seconds later, up pops your toast, done to the exact shade of brown-ness you prefer.

And G.E. brings you such thoughtful 'extras' too . . . like cool, high handles for easy carrying and a snap-out crumb tray for easy cleaning without harmful banging.

This is the automatic toaster proved and trusted by happy users throughout the world (over 3 million in U.S.A. alone!). Make it your gift to Mother — and to yourself!



*The most
coveted monogram
in a Woman's World*
GENERAL ELECTRIC

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II
JEWELLERS
HARDY BROTHERS LIMITED

Rings from
Hardy Brothers

Four shoulder diamonds support the principal stone, £145. Others from £50.



Plain shoulders, giving emphasis to the superb single stone, £150. Others from £55.

Tapered Baguette shoulders, £160. Others from £90.



Aquamarine with tapered Baguette shoulders from £110.



These, and many other unusual rings containing exceptionally fine gems, may be seen at Hardy Bros., where, for over 110 years, the emphasis has been on quality.

HARDY BROTHERS
of Australia

118 Queen Street, BRISBANE, 2-8452
60 Castlereagh Street, SYDNEY, 28-2818
338 Collins Street, MELBOURNE, 67-8461
Australia's Exclusive Jewellers since 1853

HB44

Tear out and send NOW — for special free offer!

"STOP! that creeping waistline

to immediately improve your figure!"

"We guarantee you can smarten your figure, trim unbecoming inches from waist, hips, and thighs — look younger, feel younger — with **FIGURE CONTROL**."



No two figures are exactly alike but, with a **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET**, every type of figure can be certain of a perfect fit, with balanced control and support.

Fashioned to your own measurements, **FIGURE CONTROL** is the only Corset with these improvements: 1. The crossover pull-front, no busks or lacing, no back opening. 2. Stretch controlled elastic side-panels. 3. Simplified front fastening; instantly adjustable for reduction and control. 4. Spiral boning, for flexibility and maximum comfort. It is sold only direct and is not expensive.

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
Send no money! Come in for a free trial fitting. If you cannot call, **YOU CAN ORDER BY MAIL**. Send this

advt. with your name and address for free copy of "FIGURE BEAUTY IN FIGURE CONTROL" with a self measurement form. No obligation.



FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO.
5th Floor, P.A. Building
243 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.
Phone: 61-5308

Name
Address

FC66.62

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 72

sensible insistence, at some anonymous corner. Martha knew better than Eric the nature of a Paris concierge, and preferred to walk — how many yards? Ten, twenty, hundreds? — rather than have his escort of her reported to a professor's widow specialising in, and guaranteeing the virtue of, young English girl students...

Or had she even then been presciently covering her tracks?

"You mayn't believe it, Mother, but I don't even know what was her exact address here," said Eric. "I always met her outside the studio."

"The studio! Of course!" cried Mrs. Taylor. "Of course, they'll have her address there! You must go round to-morrow."

Thus it was that at shortly after six on the following day Eric presented himself at the door of the most famous studio in Paris. The narrow entry was familiar, so often had he waited for Martha outside it; now, however, in August (the school closed), it wore an unwelcoming aspect.

AN old rat of a caretaker would actually have denied Eric admittance; only after an astronomical tip so much as acknowledged le maitre to be on the premises. A second premium changed hands before Eric was conveyed down a dingy passage toward a door at which the old rat but fearfully tapped, and but half-opened, ere scuffling off again — presumably to bury his gains under a floorboard, along with a morsel of cheese.

The room into which Eric thus introduced himself was small, book-lined, portfolio-strewn; no furniture in it except a desk and a chair. The desk also was strewn, chiefly with papers; the chair — a large one, but le maitre's bulk overflowed it — so placed that Eric was presented squarely with le maitre's back.

He coughed politely. "I'm most terribly sorry to bother you, sir—" began Eric.

The huge shoulders slightly irritably stirred as though shrugging off a fly. Still without looking round, le maitre reached a hand toward a pile of printed sheets, flicked off the topmost and waved it impatiently behind his back. Eric took it—there seemed nothing else to do—and found himself in possession of an enrolment form for the next term.

"I'm terribly sorry—" repeated Eric.

"Take it, take it!" growled le maitre. "Also kindly inform Jules, on your way

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

HAZEL ... by Ted Key



"All shoes off? Okay, now in the 'Stomp' ..."

out, that the next tip he accepts had better be large enough to retire upon...

It was a measure of Eric's thoroughly moral nature that even at that moment his conscience smote him on behalf of a venal old rat.

"If I've got her into trouble—" began Eric.

He broke off, appalled at the Freudian slip. It was Martha — she, her — whom he'd got into trouble. But apparently le maitre hadn't noticed; Eric pulled himself together. The interview having opened as badly as possible—a major misunderstanding followed by a charge of corrupting staff—his only course was to start again.

"Actually, I haven't come to enrol at all, sir. Though, of course," added Eric hastily, "if I'd the least talent and if you'd accept me—"

Again he broke off. The attempt at placation was only taking him off the rails. With a strong effort he got his nerves under control and at last managed to complete a sentence.

"What I've really come for, sir, is the address of one of your students."

Le maitre turned and looked him deliberately over. Eric had the impression of being unflatteringly photographed by an eye accurate and retentive as the lens of a camera.

"And suppose I decline, monsieur, to give you the address of one of my students?"

"Well, I'm in a bank myself," said Eric—to le maitre quite inexplicably. "But if you'd just forward a letter—"

"This is an art school, not a Poste Restante, monsieur."

"It really is of the utmost importance to me, sir," pleaded Eric. "Her name's Martha—"

Down on the desk came a large, big-knuckled, freckled hand making not only the papers but Eric jump.

"Martha!" roared le maitre. "Martha! Of Martha, monsieur, let me assure you I know nothing whatever! Get out!"

Eric was surprised. It seemed to him a very rum thing that the only person of whom Martha had ever spoken with respect should regard her with such an apparent ferocity of dislike. He got out all the same — leaving le maitre to complete the curiously relevant letter in the writing of which he had been interrupted.

"This moment am I interrupted," scrawled le maitre, "by a young compatriot demanding her address! (Picasso blue-period; boneless, pathetic. You were still right to buy!) I repeat: let Martha go her own way; if she develops as we hope, we may one day see marvels. Then at least she will return to Paris — to show. Just now,

To page 79



Be kind to your hair...

Dry your hair quickly, perfectly and in complete comfort with AWA Redi-Dryer. Just select a pressmatic temperature and in no time your hair will be looking its glamorous best. Large bouffant hood fits easily over your set—pins, rollers and all. And all the accessories pack away in a dual-purpose travel case.



kindest to your hair

AWA Redi-Dryer 14 GNS.
PRESSMATIC HAIR DRYER

Manufactured and guaranteed by AMALGAMATED WIRELESS (AUSTRALASIA) LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964



the finest
Coffeemaker in
a Woman's World



PEEK-A-BREW
GAUGE

COUNTS THE CUPS

**FULLY
AUTOMATIC**

Set it and forget it
—your G.E. Coffee-
maker is really
automatic.

**10 CUP
CAPACITY**

Full party size.
Brews 2 cups just
as perfectly.



**for the prestige of real coffee—
made the American way**

Here's the secret of making rich, delicious American-style coffee with the flavour and aroma your guests will rave about! It's the coffeemaker that millions of American housewives prefer—the beautiful G.E. Automatic.

G.E.'s exclusive 'Peek-a-brew' window takes the **guesswork** out of coffeemaking—tells you exactly how much water to add. Then, simply set the brew selector to mild, medium or strong and your G.E. coffeemaker does the rest—**automatically!** Percolates—switches to low—keeps the coffee hot until you're ready.

And that's not all! When you're serving, a glance at the 'Peek-a-brew' window tells you how many cups you have left! Wide open top makes cleaning easy. Gleaming chrome exterior wipes clean in a whisk. For a gift or for yourself—don't settle for less than G.E.



*The most
coveted monogram
in a Woman's World*
GENERAL ELECTRIC

AUSTRALIA

Manufacturing Plant **AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES), PTY. LIMITED • NOTTING HILL, VIC.**

Brand-spotter CONTEST!

(FIRST SECTION)

BIG MONEY PRIZES!



NO. 1 OF A SERIES OF FOUR

Brand-spotter

National Contest

The Brand-Spotter National Contest, with its valuable all-cash awards is made possible through the co-operation of many of Australia's most progressive manufacturers of fine products. Study these famous quality brands... watch for others to appear during the next three weeks of the Brand-Spotter Contest and share in the BIG MONEY prizes.

**CASH PRIZES
TO TOTAL VALUE
EXCEEDING**

£5,000

Here is the complete Brand-Spotter all-money prize list, to be distributed after the fourth and final week of this fabulous contest. Details of the Brand-Spotter contest for Juniors will be released in "The Australian Women's Weekly" soon!

	ADULT SECTION	JUNIORS 7-12 years	JUNIORS 13-16 years
1st PRIZE:	£3,000	£75	£75
2nd PRIZE:	£1,000	£50	£50
3rd PRIZE:	£ 500	£25	£25
CONSOLATION PRIZES	50 @ £5	25 @ £5	25 @ £5

READ THESE CONTEST CONDITIONS

- This contest shall consist of four different sections, one to appear in each of "The Australian Women's Weekly" issues of May 6, 13, 20 and 27. Contestants are requested to send in their four entries after the fourth section has been completed. This contest closes in Melbourne at 5 p.m., on Wednesday, 10th June, 1964.
- All entries must be accompanied by "proof of purchase" but only where this condition does not contravene State Legislation. "Proof of Purchase" consists of the label, box top or can lid for each of the ten products illustrated in each of this series of four advertisements.
- There shall be no entry fee for this contest and contestants may submit as many entries as they desire, but separate proof of purchase must be supplied with every entry where this condition does not contravene State Legislation.
- ink or ballpoint must be used to complete the entry form.
- All entries must be submitted on the coupon included in each "Brand-Spotter" contest advertisement.
- All entry material received becomes the property of Salesplanners Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.
- Any entry which has been incorrectly addressed, mutilated, altered or is illegible, incomplete or not clear will be disqualified.
- No responsibility can be accepted in connection with late or non-delivered entries.
- Entries bearing insufficient postage will not be accepted. Make sure your entry is mailed with correct postage.
- The prize list will be published by advertisement in the "Australian Women's Weekly" issue of 29th July, 1964.
- Contestants successful in winning any one prize may be excluded from winning any other prize.
- If a minor, the entrant must have a parent's or guardian's consent to comply with these contest conditions.
- The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding any entry.
- Entries are accepted only on the basis that each of the conditions is accepted by the contestant.
- Employees of Salesplanners Pty. Ltd. and their immediate families, their Advertising Agency and the judging organisation are not eligible to enter this contest.

NEXT WEEK...

Brand-spotter

No. 2 CONTEST

Be sure to get your "Women's Weekly" next week for the second section of the Brand-Spotter Contest.

S Another SALESPLANNERS promotion

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

- Comply with all rules and conditions as published in this advertisement.
- Study the ten products illustrated opposite.
- Compare our artist's drawings with the actual original product.
- Complete the entry form below and in the spaces provided or on a separate sheet of paper make a note of the deliberate "mistakes" in each of these ten product illustrations; also, in not more than twenty words, state why you buy these quality products.
- Contestants finding the most "mistakes" and giving the best reasons for buying these quality products will share the prize money.
- Save this and each of the three following week's entry forms then mail together with "proof of purchase" (see Condition No. 2) to:

"BRAND-SPOTTER"

G.P.O. Box 2451-V.,
MELBOURNE, VIC.

THIS IS YOUR Brand-spotter No. 1 ENTRY FORM

MY NAME _____
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS _____

I buy these quality products because: (Please print your entry in ball-point and in not more than 20 words)

PRODUCT NUMBER: The "mistakes" in the product illustrations are as follow:
(Please print your entry in ball-point)

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 6, 1964

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● An eccentric, according to the Oxford Dictionary, is an irregular, odd, or whimsical person, and the great eccentrics of the past make such wonderful subjects for biographers that it makes me wonder what the biographers of the future are going to do.

ARE we producing any great eccentrics, I wonder? Or do we whip them off to a psychologist at the first signs of unusual irregularity, oddness, or whimsicality, and get them toned down into moderate sorts of eccentrics who are easy to live with?

The eccentrics I have just been reading about were a bunch of romantic early Victorians, who, led by the Earl of Eglinton, were disgusted by the ordinariness of royal occasions in the early nineteenth century.

In former times the coronation of a sovereign had been attended by great pageantry—including a banquet for the peers in Westminster Hall, at which the King's Champion had to ride in full armor into the Hall and throw down his gauntlet as a challenge to anyone who denied the King's right to accession.

At the coronation of William and Mary in 1689, the King's Champion lost his gauntlet when an old woman rushed to pick it up, laughed mysteriously, and disappeared with it.

At George III's Coronation in 1761 the same thing happened, and this time all the Jacobites believed that the youth who had run off with the glove was Bonny Prince Charlie in disguise.

At the coronation of James II the poor champion had flung his gauntlet to the ground so furiously that he flung himself off his horse and lay kicking there, in full armor, like a beetle that couldn't turn itself right-side up.

The celebration was an eccentric's delight

BY the time young Queen Victoria came to be crowned in 1838 the Government was feeling poorish and they decided that she shouldn't have a banquet.

Eglinton and his friends decided that this wasn't good enough, and that they would stage a medieval tournament and revive the ancient customs of chivalry.

It was a year when all sorts of odd things were happening.

An astronaut called Hampton went up 9000 feet in a balloon, jumped out of it, and came safely down by parachute; a man called Hopper ran half a mile in 112 seconds and nearly died of exhaustion afterwards; a gale of wind blew two empty railway carriages 24½ miles along a new, unopened line from London to Maidenhead in the middle of the night.

Meanwhile, Eglinton and his friends were spending thousands on having armor made and rehearsing themselves in the technique and etiquette of jousting.

They had chosen the beautiful Lady Seymour as their Queen of Beauty to preside at the tournament, and Lady Londonderry as the Queen of the Tournament. She must have been as eccentric as all get-out herself, since her favorite hobby was cooking, and her choicest dishes were made from guinea-pig!

Months went by, and the bills mounted. Each of the 14 knights was up for about £1500 for armor and crests, horse caparisons, helmets, banners, shields, chain-mail shirts, swords, boots, spurs, and laces.

A tilt-yard had been built close to Regents Park, and there the dress rehearsal

was held on July 13, 1839. The sun shone, the horses behaved reasonably, the knights struck each other's shields and broke their lances splendidly, and the whole rehearsal went with a bang.

How to lose friends—in one wet session

ACTORS say that a bad dress rehearsal means a good performance. Lord Eglinton seemed to prove the saying works in reverse.

The actual tournament was to be held on August 28 on the Eglinton estates in Ayrshire.

Stands had been built for the spectators, and gaily colored tents set up on the field for each knight. Lord Eglinton, however, miscalculated the public interest.

He had expected a few thousand spectators to turn up, but close to a hundred thousand came, and the 30-mile highway from Ayr to Glasgow was jammed with carriages.

But the sun was shining, and the audience bore patiently the three-hour delay while the knight marshal tried to get his procession of mounted knights, pages, esquires, retainers, and musicians arranged in the right order to go out through the castle's single gate to the jousting field.

At last they were ready (many of the knights had to climb on a chair because they couldn't mount their horses in full armor), and just as the Queen of Beauty took her place at the head of the procession down came the rain.

Lord Eglinton's personal guests had bowed to his wish and came in medieval dress. The roof of their grandstand had been made of lapped boards lined with scarlet cloth, and the rain poured through, bringing the scarlet dye with it!

Neither the knights nor the horses liked the rain, and they charged frantically up and down, missing each other completely. By this time, a gale was blowing, so the soaking-wet spectators couldn't hear a word of the heralds' announcements, and had no idea which knights they were watching.

The lists had been built in the castle's water-meadows, so within a short time they were completely flooded. Tens of thousands of spectators had to set out for home on foot (their carriages couldn't get to them), drenched, their shoes lost in the deep mud, their thin fancy dresses clinging to them. Night fell, and many of them took shelter in cowsheds and haystacks.

The knights, freed from their rusting armor, were too battered and bruised to feast that night, but the next night Eglinton held his medieval banquet for them.

They had flagons of malmsey, bowls of syllabub, pints of ping, boars' heads, pots of swan, lamprey pies, prymrose tarts, 800 pounds of turtle, and William the Conqueror's favorite dilligrout—a watery porridge with plums in it. The guests, perhaps a little soured by the weather, found most of these ancient dishes totally disgusting.

So ended perhaps the last attempt England was ever to see to revive the glories of a medieval tournament. The whole amusing story of it (it cost Lord Eglinton £40,000 he hadn't got!) is told in words and pictures in Ian Anstruther's book "The Knight and the Umbrella."



'SPEEDIKNIT' by Villawool - the fashion in 8-ply knitting!

SPEEDIKNIT, Villawool's all-wool 8-ply sports yarn, comes to you in the widest, choicest colour range ever! For fashion hand-knits, *family* hand-knits, *Speediknit* is the perfect answer. It is interchangeable with new *Nylo-Tweed*, *Argyll* (an outstanding Shetland type), *Carousel* and *Ban-Lon* 8-ply. This means that your choice of colour and texture is actually multiplied *five times!*

Page 78

See your favourite wool store now for the new season's colours and yarns, plus a host of brilliant new books for 1964.

Villawool
THE FASHION IN KNITTING

JOIN THE VILLAWOOL KNITTERS' CLUB!

(Send this coupon to Villawool, Dep. A., 255 George St., Sydney, N.S.W.)

Please put me on your mailing list for hand-knitting ideas, hints, special promotions, etc., etc.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE W.V. 4-5-5-6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 6, 1964

old friend, we possess our souls in patience — I teaching fools perspective, and you selling greater fools mink

The letter was addressed to a certain Mr. Joyce, an extremely wealthy London furrier, also a considerable patron of the arts; in which latter quality he'd staked Martha two years in Paris. It was in fact her sudden refusal of a second year that had so roused le maitre's fury; in a lifetime of teaching she was the single pupil in whom he'd ever perceived a capacity to learn equal to his own capacity to instruct. To outstanding natural talent, in Martha, were added equally outstanding powers of concentration and endurance; she had the eye of an angel and worked like a dog.

So was le maitre prepared to work like a dog, laying the foundations of a brilliant future that should be his future also; as much as Eric he felt himself cavalierly used — especially since Martha, at

Continued from page 74

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

him — was to Eric almost incredible. He was still far from suspecting that Martha might be a big-shot herself.

He shook his head. "It wouldn't be any use, Mother. I assure you it wouldn't."

Mrs. Taylor sighed. "Very well, dear, if you're certain . . ."

"I am truly, Mother."

"Then the only thing left," said Mrs. Taylor bravely, "is to advertise."

So it was that daily during the succeeding weeks every Birmingham paper carried a personal advertisement concocted, edited, then re-edited by Mrs. Taylor and

her son Eric; in its final form so combining human appeal with social discretion, no Aunt Sally of a woman's page could have done better.

"Martha: all forgiven—" ("I'm not sure how she'll take that," objected Eric uneasily.

"Nonsense," retorted Mrs. Taylor. "Of course, she must want to be forgiven. Sometimes I don't think you've handled her very sensitively, dear.")

"—return to Paris—"

("For certainly you can't go running after her," glossed Mrs. Taylor, changing sides.)

"—to wed E."

The conclusion, obviously

crucial, was contributed by Eric, and from motives that did his conscience, if belatedly, every credit. Hitherto — his mind first reeling under the shock of paternity, then preoccupied by the painful twin emotions of self-pity and wounded pride — hitherto, Eric's conscience hadn't had a look in.

Conscience was nonetheless the strongest basis of his character; it was only a matter of time (in this case under a week) before that uncomfortable virtue reawoke in full blast. Now a moral obligation like a Gorgon's head stared him in the face. Having seduced Martha and

got her with child, wasn't it his duty to make an honest woman of her?—even if she fiercely objected?

"You do, you really do want to?" asked Mrs. Taylor anxiously.

(Of course she had brought Eric up to be conscientious, and she was a highly moral woman herself; but for once could have pardoned a trifle of backsliding. Mrs. Taylor's own first suggestion had been that Martha should be induced back to Paris simply to provide her infant with British nationality—and then hand him over to his grandmother.)

"It's my duty," said Eric. He was genuinely good. Le maitre might see him as a

To page 90

Tired?

Your Blood Needs IRON for energy

Restore natural vitality. Wake up your system with a regular supply of minerals and vitamins. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS combine blood-building elements in a proven formula that has helped thousands. Start on a course now. Say "goodbye" to that tired, listless feeling. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS, reinforced with Vitamin B, supply the iron and mineral your run-down system needs. At all chemists and stores.

DRW11.21

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home. See our Home Plan this week.

FROM THE BIBLE

"In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: it shall stand for ever."

—Daniel 2:44.

the end of the preceding summer term, offered no slightest reason for her defection; simply stood dumb and sullen as the ox he'd called her. Martha's figure being so portly that in the studio she was nicknamed Mother Bunch, the circumstance that she was also eight months' pregnant had escaped le maitre's notice . . .

It was a point on which Eric could have enlightened him; so could le maitre have enlightened Eric. But the opportunity passed and was recorded only in a briefly scrawled postscript to le maitre's letter.

"Naturally, I did not give it, her address, especially as she seems to have had the sense not to give it herself—to a blue-period Picasso! At least Martha has not made a fool of herself yet!"

"Le maitre doesn't know it," reported Eric, back in the rue d'Antibes.

"But he must!" protested Mrs. Taylor. "Of course he must have all his students' addresses!"

"He says not Martha's. I rather got the impression," added Eric moderately, "that she'd somehow annoyed him."

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Taylor. "Was he nice to you, dear?"

"Oh, very," said Eric. "Of course, he was up to his eyes in papers—"

"Then perhaps you caught him at a bad moment," reflected Mrs. Taylor, "when he didn't want to be bothered looking up his records. If you asked him to lunch—"

Eric blanched. However brief the interview, le maitre's personality had made a deep impression on him; he was so thoroughly aware of having been in the presence of a thoroughly big-shot, he'd as soon have contemplated asking the Governor of the Bank of England. That Martha had stood up to daily contact with such a man — had even succeeded in annoying

Every Simmons mattress gives you up to 70% more coils than any other brand



More coils mean more comfort

It is a fact that the average 4' 6" mattress has only 180 coils, whereas Simmons mattresses have up to 312 Adjusto-rest coils. Simmons exclusive sturdy Adjusto-rest coils adjust perfectly to body contours, giving more sleep comfort and longer mattress life.

SIMMONS "DEEP SLEEP" 312 Mattress, 4' 6", £26.
(Price slightly higher in some areas.)



WIN an all expenses trip for two by PAN AM to the fabulous NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

OTHER BIG PRIZES:
25 SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESSES, COMPLETE WITH BOXSPRINGS ON LEGS (Value £82 each)

Get details of this wonderful dream holiday contest and Simmons quality products in Simmons "How to buy the best mattress for your money" brochure—FREE from the furniture or bedding department of your nearest retailer.

SIMMONS
World's largest manufacturers of sleep products

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964



SESAME Fruit Squares (above) can be served with or without their meringue topping. See recipe at right.

Prize for Fruit Squares

● A New South Wales reader wins the £5 prize this week with a recipe for richly flavored three-layer biscuit squares.

THE crunchy, sesame seed-flavored base is covered with a layer of fruit mince topped with fluffy meringue.

A consolation prize of £1 has been awarded for a tasty and economical winter recipe—Piquant Marinated Neck Chops.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup are used throughout.

SESAME FRUIT SQUARES

Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1½ cups self-rising flour, 3 tablespoons custard-powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon roasted sesame seeds, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla together, add egg and beat until light and fluffy. Sift flour, salt, and custard-powder together and work into creamed mixture with sesame seeds. Press into lightly greased lamington tin and bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes, or until browned and cooked through. Leave to cool while preparing filling.

Filling: One cup each chopped raisins and sultanas, 2 grated apples, ¼ cup each currants and fresh chopped pineapple (canned pineapple could be used), grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup water (or pineapple syrup from can), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Place all ingredients except cornflour in saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring occasionally; cook gently 5 minutes. Blend cornflour with a little water and mix in. Cook a few minutes longer, stirring all the time. Spread over baked pastry and serve plain, or top with meringue (see below) and return to moderate oven a few minutes until lightly tipped with brown. Cut into squares to serve.

Meringue: Beat 2 egg-whites until stiff. Gradually beat in 4 tablespoons sugar and continue beating to meringue consistency. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and, if desired, ½ cup coconut. Use as directed above.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, via Tam, N.S.W.

PIQUANT MARINATED NECK CHOPS

Six best-end neck chops, 1 small can tomato soup (undiluted), 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, ¼ clove garlic, ¼ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 1 dessertspoon green pepper (chopped), 1 onion, salt, pepper, ½ cup stock or water.

Trim chops, removing any lamb bone; put in a flat ovenproof dish. Pour tomato soup over. Add brown sugar, crushed garlic, mustard, curry powder, sauce, vinegar, green pepper, sliced onion, a little salt and pepper. Cover and keep in refrigerator overnight, turning occasionally. Next day, add stock or water and bake in moderate oven about 1 to 1½ hours or until chops are tender. Serve hot garnished with parsley and accompanied by mashed potatoes and peas.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. Hatcher, Lot 90, Matcella Ave., Oakland Park, Dandenong, Vic.

Low-calorie recipe

A PIECE of fresh fruit makes a fine ending to a dieter's meal.

Peel and slice an apple, pear, or orange. Arrange slices in a tall glass, then cover fruit with a serving of this low-calorie custard.

CUSTARD DESSERT

Two teaspoons gelatine, 2 to 3 teaspoons liquid sweetener (to taste), ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 cups reconstituted skim milk, 2 eggs (beaten), 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine all ingredients (except vanilla) in top of double boiler; cook over hot water until mixture coats silver spoon. Add vanilla; chill until mixture begins to mound from spoon. Serve in individual glass dishes over sliced fresh fruit.

Makes 3 cups. Each ½ cup serving contains 72 calories.

New Jewel Glow colours

a cascade of shimmering colour for your hair with

Harmony

AMBER GOLD	GOLD TOPAZ	BLUE PEARL	OPAL FIRE	GLOWING RUBY
Makes fair hair glow with a new red-gold fire (your hair takes on the lovely rich glow of amber)	Gives the fiery glow of topaz to the darker blonde, exciting golden highlights to light and mid-browns	Subtle blue toning accentuates the beauty of white hair. Turns grey into a silvery haze of loveliness	A gorgeous glowing copper-gold. Adds a rich glow to dark blonde and light brown hair	A glamorous deep ruby-red — works its stunning effect on all shades of brown hair

SHAMPOO GLOWING COLOUR AND WARMTH STRAIGHT INTO YOUR HAIR

No need to wash hair first, Harmony shampoos and conditions as it colours

Have this exciting new Jewel-Glow look tonight. Just shampoo Harmony into your hair and immediately it will take on richer, lovelier colour. As it dries, you'll see your hair glow with the shimmering fire of precious jewels. Grey hairs tone in naturally. Dull hair is transformed into a cascade of glowing warmth. Lasts through 5-8 shampoos.



As well as new Jewel-Glow colours, Harmony offers a range of Natural colours: Gold Brown, Auburn, Chestnut Brown, Natural Brown, Silver Blue

richer, warmer colour for your hair



**Who on earth makes chocolate biscuits
as chocolatey as these?**



BEEF OLIVES, garnished with mashed potatoes and peas — all ready to serve to a hungry family during winter months.

BEEF OLIVES

● An inexpensive savory dish, Beef Olives are made from cheaper cuts of steak. Two delicious versions, one flavored with mushrooms, are given below.

THE steak is stuffed with seasoned filling and simmered to mouth-melting tenderness in wine-and-tomato-flavored stock.

Once familiar with the dish, you can concoct fillings of your own to vary the flavor of this nourishing and sustaining favorite.

Photographs on this page illustrate four stages in making Beef Olives.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup is used.

BEEF OLIVES

One and a half pounds blade or chuck steak, 4oz. minced veal, 2oz. fat for frying, seasoned flour, 1 large onion (chopped), 2 or 3 carrots (sliced), 1 turnip (sliced), 1 stick chopped celery, 1 cup stock, 1 cup tomato

puree, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 cup burgundy, mashed potato, cooked peas.

Remove fat from meat and cut into even-sized pieces about 2 or 3 in. square. Flatten with meat mallet or rolling-pin, place a little herb-seasoned veal mince on each. Roll up and tie with fine string, toss in seasoned flour. Melt fat in pan and fry rolls until browned on all sides. Remove. Add vegetables and saute until lightly browned. Remove excess fat. Add meat rolls, stock, burgundy, and tomato puree, salt, pepper, and herbs. Cover and braise for 1 to 1½ hours, or until meat is tender. Strain off gravy and thicken with blended flour. Re-season if necessary. Remove string from rolls and arrange on serving dish, pour over the gravy and serve hot with creamy mashed potatoes and peas.

Below is a mushroom-flavored variation of the dish:

One and a half pounds steak, 1 onion, 1 lb. sliced mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 pint beef stock, 1 dessertspoon each butter and flour blended together.

Filling: Four ounces soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. finely chopped suet, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, grated nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Combine all ingredients for filling; if mixture seems dry, add a little water or wine to moisten.

Cut steak as directed above, spoon in filling, and secure steak rolls.

Melt butter in pan, add chopped onion and mushrooms, saute until onion is transparent. Add the Beef Olives, brown well on all sides. Pour over stock, cover, simmer until tender, approximately 1 to 1½ hours. Thicken gravy, if necessary, by swirling in the blended flour and butter.



REMOVE fat, cut meat into even-sized pieces; flatten with rolling-pin. Fill, roll, tie with string.



AFTER tying, dust with seasoned flour before browning well in hot fat. Slice onions, other vegetables.



FOR a deliciously flavored gravy use tomato puree and burgundy; braise for the required time.

Elite is wash-n-wear!



wash-n-wear=longer life, easy care

(Pictured is an Elite Scandinavian Style Deluxe Dining Setting)

Elite's wonderful new furniture looks glamorous—and stays glamorous year in, year out—because the sparkling PLASTIC SURFACES never need polish, just an

occasional rub over with a damp cloth. **Elite** Quality Furniture is built to suit your taste, your purse and your way-of-life. It's so easy to keep new-looking, always!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
for your FREE copy of the new 28-page ELITE FURNITURE CATALOGUE to
ELITE FURNITURE PTY. LTD., 296 Botany Rd., Alexandria, N.S.W.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

SEE THE EXCITING **Elite** "WASH-N-WEAR" DINING & OCCASIONAL FURNITURE RANGE AT ANY LEADING FURNITURE STORE



Weston's, of course!

{ And here are the packs to look for }

The richest, purest chocolate comes on Weston's chocolate biscuits. Visitors love them. Kids love them. Six delicious varieties, including Chocolate Mint Sundaes (the ones without a name on top of the yellow and red packet). Six wonderful ways to add "that certain something" to your next tea party, card party, any party! (And put a few away for "afters" — then you'll be one of the lucky ones, too.)

Weston's

GAY AS A SNOWFLAKE

● Trimly styled jacket with slide-fastened front and loop-trimmed collar is knitted in a dainty snowflake design which is repeated in the pompon-topped helmet. Directions for knitting are given below.

Materials: Villawool Speedi-knit. Jacket: 22 (24) balls main color, 5 (6) balls contrast color. Helmet: 2 balls main color, 1 ball contrast color; 1 pr. each Nos. 7, 8, and 10 needles; crochet hook; 20in. jacket slide-fastener; 1 button.

Measurements: Jacket—To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22in. (both sizes); sleeve seam, 17in. (both sizes). Helmet—To fit average head.

Tension: 5 sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; y.f., yarn forward. (Note:

Wind c.c. yarn into several small balls, using a separate ball for each motif.)

SWEATER

BACK

Using m.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 89 (95) sts. and work 7 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Knit for fold of hem row.

Change to No. 7 needles and beg. with a knit row, cont. in st-st. for 10 rows.

Proceed as follows from Graph No. 1.

1st Row: Using m.c., k 1 (4), * m.c. 4, c.c. 1, m.c. 21

*, rep. from * to *, ending with k 1 m.c. (4).

2nd Row: Using m.c., p 1 (4), * m.c. 19, c.c. 1, m.c. 1, c.c. 1, m.c. 1, c.c. 1, m.c. 2 *, rep. from * to *, ending with p 1 m.c. (4).

3rd Row: Using m.c., k 1 (4), * m.c. 3, c.c. 3, m.c. 20 *, rep. from * to *, ending with k 1 m.c. (4).

Cont. from Graph No. 1, beg. at 4th row, until the 7 rows have been worked. Work 8 rows in m.c., then the 7 rows of Graph No. 2 then 8 rows m.c. At the same time inc. 1 st. each end of 17th row from fold of hem row and every 10th row thereafter until 97 (103) sts., taking all inc. sts. into m.c. Cont. until work measures 14in. (or length required) from fold of hem row, ending on purl row.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck—Next Row: Cast off 6 (7) sts., patt. 22 sts., cast off centre 23 (25) sts., patt. to end.

Cont. on last 28 (29) sts. Cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and every 2nd row 6 (7) sts. once, 6 sts. (both sizes) 3 times, at the same time cast off from neck edge every 2nd row 2 sts. twice. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

LEFT FRONT

Using m.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 45 (48) sts. and work in st-st. for 7 rows.

Next Row: Knit for fold of hem row.

Change to No. 7 needles and beg. with a k row, cont. in st-st. for 7 rows, cast on 4 sts. at end of last row. Work 3 rows, ending on purl row. Proceed thus:

1st Row: Using m.c., k 12 (15), c.c. 1, m.c. 25, c.c. 1, m.c. 10.

2nd Row: Using m.c., k 2 sts. for g-st. edge, p 6, * c.c. 1, m.c. 1, c.c. 1, m.c. 1, c.c. 1, m.c. 21, rep. from *, ending with m.c. 10 (13).

Work from Graph No. 1, beg. with 3rd row. Inc. 1 st. on side edge of the 17th row from fold of hem row and every 10th row thereafter 3 times until 53 (56) sts., taking all inc. sts. into m.c. At the same time work 8 rows of m.c. after Graphs No. 1 and No. 2, then rep. inclusive. Cont. until work measures the same as back to armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. on armhole edge every 2nd row 7 (8) times and 44 (46) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 5in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 8 (8) sts. once, 2 (3) sts. once, 2 sts. (both sizes) 3 times, 1 st. 4 times. At the same time, when armhole measures 8in., ending at armhole edge, shape shoulder. Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 6 (7) sts. once, 6 sts. (both sizes) 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using m.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 45 sts. (both sizes) and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. for 4 rows. Proceed thus from Graph No. 1:

1st Row: Using m.c., k 9, * c.c. 1, m.c. 25, rep. from *, ending with m.c. 9.

2nd Row: Using m.c., p 7, * c.c. 1, m.c. 1, c.c. 1, m.c. 1, c.c. 1, m.c. 21, rep. from *, ending with m.c. 7.

3rd Row: Using m.c., k 8, * c.c. 3, m.c. 23, rep. from *, ending with m.c. 8. Cont. from Graph No. 1, beg. at 4th row. Inc. 1 st. each end of 9th and every 6th row thereafter until 73 sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. (or length required), ending on purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. 8 times, 3 sts. 12 times, 21 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up shoulder seams; press. Sew in sleeves smoothly. Sew up side and sleeve seams; press. Turn up hem and slip-stitch down. Fold front edges 4 sts. to inside and sew down. Insert slide-fastener to front edges.

COLLAR

Using c.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, * insert needle into next stitch as if to knit, wind yarn 3 times round right-hand needle and first finger of left hand, winding from right to left, then draw all 3 loops through stitch on left-hand needle, transfer the 3 loops to left-hand needle and knit all 3 loops tog., with right hand pull the 2 loops to make them of even length, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k 12.

3rd and 4th Rows: Knit.

Rep. these 4 rows until collar measures 20in. Cast off on a knit row.

TO FINISH OFF

Attach garter-stitch edge to wrong side of neck edge, fold looped collar over to right side and neatly slip-stitch to neck edge. Sew collar ends tog. at front.

HELMET

1ST PIECE

Using m.c. and No. 7 needles, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Inc. 1 st. into first st., k 1 (3 sts.).

Knit and inc. 1 st. each end of next 2 rows to 7 sts.

Knit 2 rows.

Buttonhole Row: K 2, k 2 tog., y.f. twice, k 3.

Next Row: K 7, letting 1 loop of y.f. down.

Knit 56 rows straight on these 7 sts. ** Knit and inc. 1 st. each end of next and every row until 19 sts. worked. Proceed thus:

1st Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 6, p 5, k 6, inc. into last st.

2nd Row: Knit and inc. into 1st and last sts.

3rd Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 6, p 9, k 6, inc. into last st.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 6, p 13, k 6, inc. into last st.

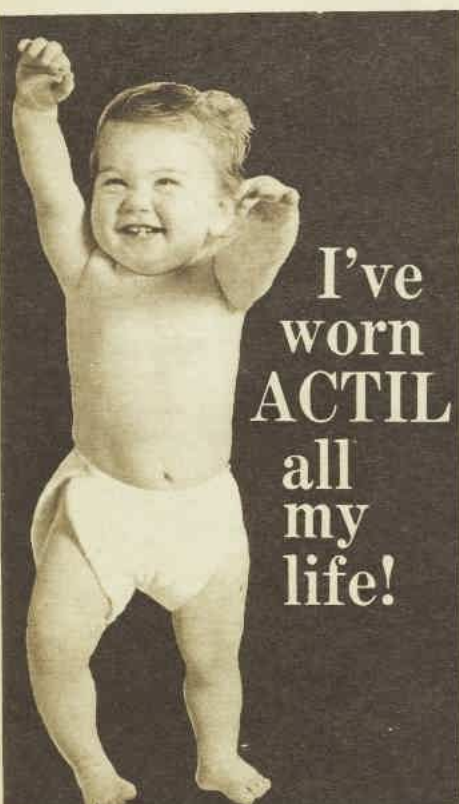
6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 6, p 17, k 6, inc. into last st.

8th Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 15, using c.c. k 1, m.c. k 15, inc. into last st.

9th Row: Inc. into 1st st., k 6, p 9, using c.c. p 1, m.c. p 1, c.c. p 1, m.c. p 9, k 6, inc. into last st. (37 sts.) **

Leave aside.



ACTIL BABY NAPS

"SUPERIOR"
QUALITY

In soft, absorbent
terry towelling—
for long wearing
protection with
comfort for baby.

"POPULAR"
QUALITY



BUY QUALITY
BY ACTIL



AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

83189

GRAPH 1 KEY: C.C. [X] M.C. []



GRAPH 2 use large motif only, for helmet.



SNOWFLAKE
jacket and
helmet (above)
are knitted in
deep blue with
white contrast.
Diagrams for
working the
design are
given at left.

2ND PIECE

Using m.c. and No. 7 needles, cast on 7 sts. and knit 7 rows, then work as first piece from ** to **.

Next Row: Knit and cast on 23 sts. at end of row, then knit 37 sts. of 1st piece and cast on 7 sts. at end of row (104 sts.).

Divide these stitches on to 3 needles thus:

1st Needle: 32 sts. of 1st Piece; **2nd Needle:** 33 centre sts.; **3rd Needle:** 39 rem. sts.

1st Round: 1st Needle, p 6, k 25, p 1; 2nd Needle, p 33; 3rd Needle, p 1, k 25, p 13.

2nd Round: Knit.

3rd Round: 1st Needle, p 4, k 28; 2nd Needle, k 1, p 31, k 1; 3rd Needle, k 28, p 11.

4th Round: Knit.

5th Round: 1st Needle, p 2, k 30, 2nd Needle, k 3, p 27, k 3; 3rd Needle, k 30, p 9.

Knit 9 rounds.

1st Round: 1st Needle, k m.c. 18, c.c. 1, m.c. 13; 2nd Needle, m.c. 16, c.c. 1, m.c. 16; 3rd Needle, m.c. 13, c.c. 1, m.c. 25.

Cont. from Graph No. 1 for large motif marked Helmet. Knit 2 rounds. Cont. to work the motifs and proceed to shape as follows:

1st Dec. Round: (K 2 tog., k 7), rep. to last 3 sts., k 1. Knit 3 rounds.

2nd Dec. Round: (K 2 tog., k 9), rep. to last 13 sts., k 13. Knit 3 rounds.

3rd Dec. Round: (K 6, k 2 tog.), rep. to last 12 sts., k 12. Knit 3 rounds.

Next Round: M.c. 12, c.c. 1, m.c. 42, c.c. 1, m.c. 19.

Next Round: M.c. 11, c.c. 1, m.c. 41, c.c. 1, m.c. 41, c.c. 1, m.c. 41.

4th Dec. Round: (K 2 tog., k 6), rep. to last 9 sts., k 9. Knit 2 rounds.

5th Dec. Round: (K 4, k 2 tog.), rep. to end.

Cont. to work 1 round between each dec. round.

6th Dec. Round: (K 2 tog., k 3), rep. to end.

7th Dec. Round: (K 2 tog., k 2), rep. to end.

8th Dec. Round: (K 2 tog., k 1), rep. to end.

9th Dec. Round: (K 2 tog.), rep. to end.

Thread yarn back through rem. sts., draw up securely and fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

With crochet hook, work 1 row of double crochet in m.c. on front and back edges. Using c.c., make 3 pompoms and attach to top of helmet.

Sew on buttons.

SWEATER AND CAP—strictly for “mods”

You don't have to come from Liverpool to be a mod. This hand-knitted sweater and cap will do the trick for you. The peaked cap is diamond-patterned to match the crew-necked sweater.

If you're Mersey-minded you'll want to knit this avant-garde outfit ready for The Beatles' visit to town.

It looks stunning in grey with a needle-slim skirt in matching flannel and mad orange or purple boots. Or try it in off-white, another show-key color, to team with a burnt-orange skirt and black boots.

Materials: Villawool Carusel. Sweater—21 (23) balls. Cap—4 (4) balls; 1 pr. each Nos. 7, 9, and 10 needles; 1 cable needle; stiffening for peak.

Measurements: To fit 32 (36) in. bust; length, 21½ (22) in.; sleeves, 17 in. (both sizes); cap, to fit average head.

Tension: 5 sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: Cn, cable needle; tr, twist right (slip next st. on to cn to back of work, k 1, k 1 from cn); tl, twist left (slip next st. on to cn to front of work, k 1, k 1 from cn); ttp, twist back purl (slip next st. on to cn to back of work, k 1, p 1 from cn); ttp, twist front purl (slip next st. on to cn to front of work, p 1, k 1 from cn); c 3, cross 3 sts. (slip next 2 sts. on to cn to back of work, k 1, then knit 2nd st., then 1st st. from cn).

PATTERN

1st Row: P 4, * k 4, tr, k 1, d, k 4, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 4.

2nd Row: K 4, * p 13, k 5, rep. from *, ending k 4.

3rd Row: P 5, * k 2, tr, k 5, tl, k 2, p 7, rep. from *, ending p 5.

4th Row: K 5, * p 11, k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5.

5th Row: P 6, * tr, k 5, tl, p 9, rep. from *, ending p 6.

6th Row: K 6, * p 9, k 9, rep. from *, ending k 6.

7th Row: P 5, * ttp, k 7, ttp, p 7, rep. from *, ending p 5.

8th Row: K 5, * p 1, k 1, p 7, k 1, p 1, k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5.

9th Row: P 4, * ttp, p 2, k 5, p 2, ttp, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 4.

10th Row: K 4, * p 1, k 3, p 5, k 3, p 1, k 5, rep. from *, ending k 4.

11th Row: P 9, * k 3, p 15, rep. from *, ending p 9.

12th Row: K 9, * p 3, k 15, rep. from *, ending k 9.

13th Row: P 10, * k 1, p 17, rep. from *, ending p 10.

14th Row: K 10, * p 1, k 17, rep. from *, ending k 10.

15th Row: Purl.

16th Row: Knit.

17th Row: P 1, * k 1, p 17, rep. from *, ending p 1.

18th Row: K 1, * p 1, k 17, rep. from *, ending p 1, k 1.

19th Row: (K 3, p 15), rep. ending k 3.

20th Row: P 3, * k 15, p 5, rep. from * to end.

21st Row: K 4, * p 2, ttp, p 5, ttp, p 2, k 5, rep. from *, ending p 2, k 4.

22nd Row: P 4, * k 2, p 1, k 7, p 1, k 2, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 4.

23rd Row: K 5, * ttp, p 7, ttp, k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5.

24th Row: P 6, * k 9, p 9, rep. from *, ending p 6.

25th Row: K 4, * tr, p 9, tl, k 5, rep. from *, ending k 4.

26th Row: P 6, * k 9, p 9,



THE LITTLE-BOY look is being worn by not-so-little girls the world over. It is aptly expressed in the sweater and cap above.

rep. from *, ending p 6.

27th Row: K 3, * tr, k 2, p 7, k 2, tl, k 3, rep. from * to end.

28th Row: P 7, * k 7, p 11, rep. from *, ending p 7.

29th Row: K 2, tr, * k 4, p 5, k 4, tl, k 1, tr, rep. from *, ending k 2.

30th Row: P 8, * k 5, p 13, rep. from *, ending p 8.

31st Row: K 1, tr, * k 6, p 3, k 6, p 3, rep. from * to end.

32nd Row: P 9, * k 3, p 15, rep. from *, ending p 9.

33rd Row: K 2, * tl, k 4, p 5, k 4, tr, k 1, rep. from *, ending k 2.

34th Row: P 8, * k 5, p 13, rep. from *, ending p 8.

35th Row: (K 3, tl, k 2, p 7, k 2, tr), rep. ending k 3.

36th Row: P 7, * k 7, p 11, rep. from *, ending p 7.

37th Row: K 4, * tl, p 9, tr, k 5, rep. from *, ending k 4.

38th Row: P 6, * k 9, p 9, rep. from *, ending p 6.

39th Row: K 5, * ttp, p 7, ttp, k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5.

40th Row: P 5, * k 1, p 1, k 7, p 1, k 1, p 7, rep. from *, ending p 5.

41st Row: K 4, * p 2, ttp, p 5, ttp, p 2, k 5, rep. from *, ending k 4.

42nd Row: P 4, * k 3, p 1, k 5, p 1, k 3, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 4.

43rd Row: K 3, p 15, rep. from *, ending k 3.

44th Row: P 3, * k 15, p 3, rep. from * to end.

45th Row: P 1, * k 1, p 17, rep. from *, ending p 1.

46th Row: K 1, * p 1, k 17, rep. from *, ending p 1, k 1.

47th Row: Purl **.

48th Row: Knit.

49th Row: P 10, * k 1, p 17, rep. from *, ending p 10.

50th Row: K 10, * p 1, k 17, rep. from *, ending k 10.

51st Row: P 9, * k 3, p 15, rep. from *, ending p 9.

52nd Row: K 9, * p 3, k 15, rep. from *, ending k 9.

53rd Row: P 4, * ttp, p 2, k 5, p 2, ttp, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 4.

54th Row: K 5, * p 1, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 1, k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5.

55th Row: P 5, * ttp, k 7, ttp, p 7, rep. from *, ending p 5.

56th Row: K 6, * p 9, k 9, rep. from *, ending k 6.

57th Row: P 6, * tl, k 5, tr, p 9, rep. from *, ending p 6.

58th Row: K 6, * p 9, k 9, rep. from *, ending k 6.

59th Row: P 5, * k 2, tl, k 3, tr, k 2, p 7, rep. from *, ending p 5.

60th Row: K 5, * p 11, k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5.

61st Row: P 4, * k 4, tl, k 1, tr, k 4, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 4.

62nd Row: K 4, * p 13, k 5, rep. from *, ending k 4.

63rd Row: (P 3, k 6, p 3, k 6), rep. ending p 3.

64th Row: K 3, * p 15, k 3, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 64 rows for patt. inclusive.

SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 93 (111) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 14½ in. (or length required), ending on wrong side.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 (4) sts. at beg. of next

2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 (5) rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Cont. on rem. 77 (87) sts. until armholes measure 7½ (8) in. on straight, ending on wrong side.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck: Cast off 5 (6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts. (both sizes), patt. 16 (18) sts., cast off centre 23 (27) sts., patt. to end.

Cont. on last 22 (24) sts., cast off 6 sts. (both sizes) once, 6 (7) sts. twice, at the same time on neck edge cast off 2 sts. twice. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5 (5½) in., ending on wrong side.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Patt. 32 (35) sts., cast off centre 13 (17) sts., patt. to end.

Cont. on last 32 (35) sts. Dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. Cont. on rem. 23 (26) sts. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 5 (6) sts., 1 (2) times, 6 (7) sts., 3 (2) times. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 57 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of 9th and every 10th (8th) row thereafter until 71 (75) sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. (or length required), ending on wrong side. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. 6 (8) times. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 43 sts. rem. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 8 times, 19 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-st. sew up right shoulder seam. Press seam.

Neckband: With right side facing, using No. 9 needles pick up and knit 116 (120) sts. round neck edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Sew left shoulder and neckband ends tog. Press seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves in smoothly. Fold neckband in half to inside and loosely slip-st. down.

CAP

Using No. 10 needles, cast on (using “thumb method”) 129 sts. Purl 1 row. Knit 1 row. Change to No. 7 needles and work patt. from ** to **.

To Shape Crown—1st Row: (K 2 tog., k 16), rep., ending k 1. 2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 14, * k 2 tog., k 15, rep. from *, ending k 1.

5th Row: (K 14, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

7th Row: (K 13, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

9th Row: (K 12, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

10th Row: P 1, * p 2 tog., p 11, rep. from * to end.

11th Row: (K 10, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

12th Row: P 1, * p 2 tog., p 9, rep. from * to end.

13th Row: (K 8, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

14th Row: P 1, * p 2 tog., p 7, rep. from * to end.

15th Row: (K 6, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

16th Row: P 1, * p 2 tog., p 5, rep. from * to end.

17th Row: (K 4, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

18th Row: P 1, * p 2 tog., p 3, rep. from * to end.

19th Row: (K 2, k 2 tog.), rep., ending k 1.

20th Row: (P 2 tog.), rep. to end.

Break yarn, leaving a length to thread through rem. sts., draw up securely and fasten off.

HEADBAND AND PEAK

With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 129 sts. into every cast-on st.

1st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) 18 times, p 55, k 1 (p 1, k 1), rep. to end.

2nd Row: P 1, (k 1, p 1) 18 times, k 51, p 1, (k 1, p 1), rep. to end. Rep. these 2 rows twice, then the 1st row once.

Next Row: Rib 37, k 55, turn, sl. 1, p 53.

Next Row: Turn, sl. 1, k 51, turn, sl. 1, p 49.

Next Row: Turn, sl. 1, k 47, turn, sl. 1, p 45.

Next Row: Turn, sl. 1, k 43, turn, sl. 1, p 41. Cont. in this way, working 2 sts. less after each turn until sl. 1, p 25 rem.

Next Row: Turn, sl. 1, k 26, turn, sl. 1, p 27.

Next Row: Turn, sl. 1, k 28, turn, sl. 1, p 29.

Cont. to work 2 sts. more after each turn until all 55 st-sts. are knitted, then work to end on next 2 rows. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times, cast off on next row.

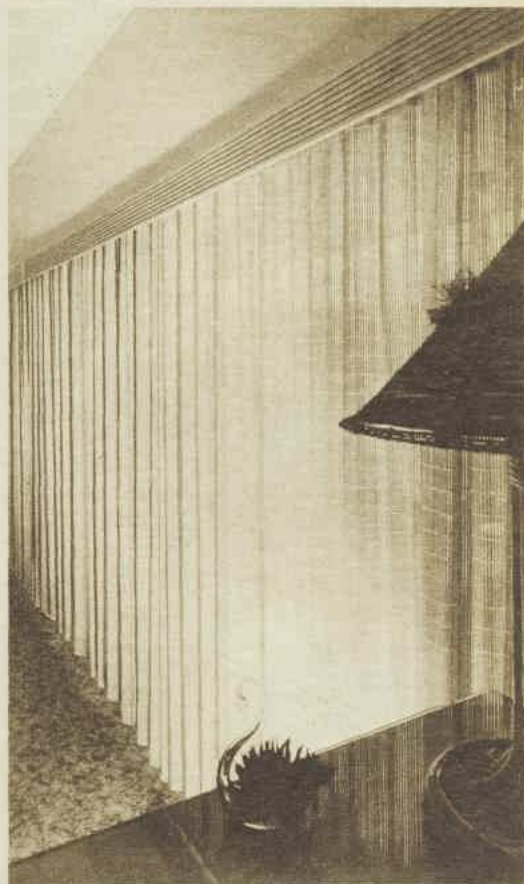
TO MAKE UP

Press cap on wrong side. Join back edges. Fold headband and peak in half to inside. Use stiffening for peak, then sew down all round. Make a pompon and attach to top.

Another design on page 87

Woodweev

Klinkii pine



curtains and blinds

LOOK WHAT
THEY CAN
DO FOR
YOUR HOME

Planning a sophisticated dining room? A gay bedroom—a modern, sunny living room? You get the effect you want with fabulous Woodweev curtains and blinds. For here are the colours you yearn to see in your home—vivid deep hues, lighthearted pastels, muted moderns... any one, you've 18 delightful shades to choose. Wonderful atmosphere, too. Pine-wood slats are woven with everlasting Terylene cord, in attractive stitch patterns to allow a cool filtered light effect. Besides, Woodweev RARELY NEEDS CLEANING.

Free measure and quotes within metropolitan area.

AVAILABLE AT FURNISHING & DEPARTMENTAL STORES

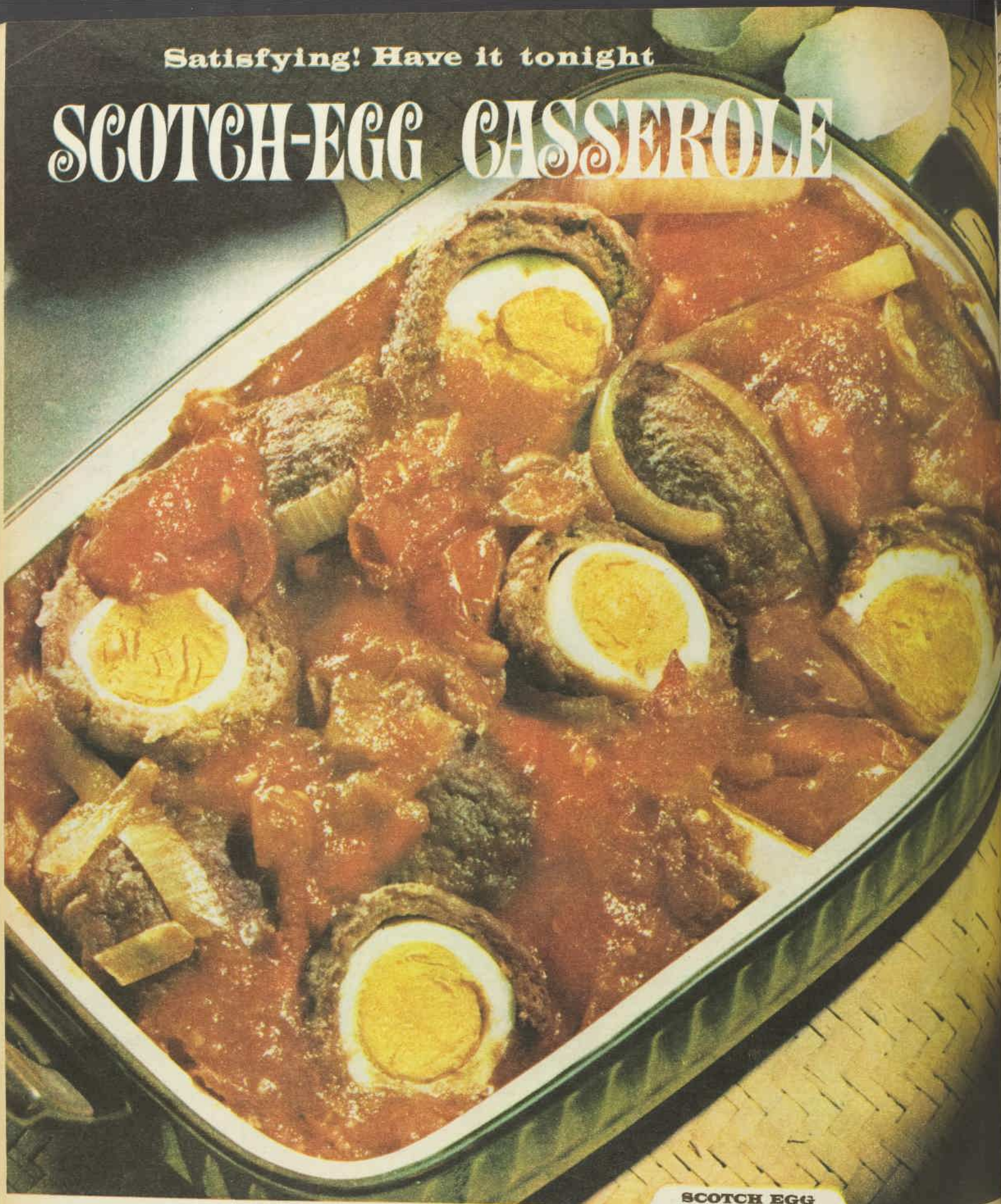
Don't accept substitutes... there's only one Woodweev in genuine, long-lasting Klinkii Pine.

Woodweev

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE AND SAMPLES, OR CALL AT WOODWEEV SHOWROOM, ROOM 44, 104 BATHURST ST., SYDNEY, 61 1240

Satisfying! Have it tonight

SCOTCH-EGG CASSEROLE



Why Scotch eggs? Because it's economical. But generous, too . . . generous with body-building, protective protein, vitamins and minerals. All egg dishes are. Sunrise eggs of course. For food value and money value . . . you can't beat Sunrise eggs.

SUNRISE EGGS

GUARANTEED LOCAL NEW LAID
Cartons weight stamped for
your protection . . . 18 oz, 21 oz
and 24 oz. to the dozen.

SCOTCH EGG CASSEROLE

3 hard-boiled eggs	2 onions
1 lb. sausage mince	1 large tomato
1 cup tomato puree	1 red pepper
1 beaten egg	1 tablespoon sweet and sour sauce
2 tablespoons flour	

To make Scotch eggs, combine sausage mince with beaten egg, flour and seasoning; wrap around halved, hard-boiled eggs; fry in hot fat until brown. Saute chopped tomato, onions and pepper. Transfer Scotch eggs, tomato, onions, pepper, tomato puree, sauce and seasonings to casserole dish. Thoroughly heat in moderate oven. Serves 3.

ED41P

STUDY IN UNDERSTATEMENT

● All truly chic women dress unobtrusively. According to the French, who know about these things, the kind of understated elegance implicit in the hand-knitted cardigan below is the hallmark of the well-dressed woman.

Materials: 15 (16, 17) oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool (6-ply), main color; 1oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool, 1st contrast; 1oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool, 2nd contrast; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; 1 yard of 2in.-wide ribbon; one curtain ring; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 30-32 (34-36, 38-40) in. bust; length, 22 (23, 24) in.; sleeve seam, 18½ (19, 19½) in. **Tension:** 6½ sts. to lin. **Abbreviations:** M.c., main color; c.c.1, 1st contrast; c.c.2, 2nd contrast; w.f., wool forward.

BACK

With c.c.2 cast on 98 (104, 110) sts. * Work 1 row in k 1, p 1 rib. Join in c.c.1.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Using c.c.1, k 1, p 1 rib. Break off c.c.2 and c.c.1 wools. Join in m.c.

Next Row: Knit.

Cont. in k 1, p 1 rib until work measures 2½in. from beg., ending on wrong side *.

Change to st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of first row. Cont. without shaping until work measures 14½ (15, 15½) in. from beg., ending with a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: **

Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row ** until 32 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

With c.c.2, cast on 48 (52, 56) sts. Work as back from * to *.

Change to st-st. and cont. until work measures same as back to armhole, ending with purl row.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next row.

Next Row: Purl. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every k row until 16 (18, 20) sts. rem., ending with a knit row.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

With c.c.2, cast on 48 (52, 56) sts. Work as back from * to *.

Change to st-st. and complete as left front, reversing all shapings.

LEFT RIB EDGE

Beg. ½in. from top of neck edge. Using m.c., pick up and knit along edge 142 (146, 150) sts., ending at bottom edge.

RIGHT RIB EDGE

Beg. at bottom edge, pick up and knit sts. as for left front, ending ½in. from top of neck.

Join in m.c.

1st Row: Purl.

Work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib (end bottom edge).

Next Row: Rib 6, * w.f., k 2 tog., rib 20, rep. from * to * until 4 (8, 12) sts. rem., w.f., k 2 tog., rib 2 (6, 10) sts.

Work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Break off m.c. Work as left rib from * to *.

SLEEVES

(Both alike)

With m.c., cast on 48 (50, 52) sts. Work as back from * to *.

Change to st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of 2nd and every following 7th row until there are 80 (86, 92) sts.

Work to desired length, ending with a purl row.

To Shape Top: Work as back from * to * until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECK TIE

(Worked in st-st.)

With c.c.2, cast on 16 sts. Work 2 rows.

Using c.c.1, work 2 rows. Rep. last 4 rows 51 (52, 53) times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts, using hot iron and damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Turn in small hem around front of neck only. Cut ribbon in half. Face the two ends of neck tie, fold over centre part and stitch on to cardigan one edge on outside and one on inside, along back and sleeve tops as far as hem. Attach buttons. If desired, slip end of tie through ring, or tie. Press all seams.



A 'Rural' cheque account helps make happy marriages happier

How? A 'Rural' husband and wife account helps both to understand the family finances. Cheque books can tell the "how much," "when" and "who" of every payment—a boon at income tax time, too. Paying by cheque keeps money safe and both have money for emergencies. Establish your banking connection at the

friendly 'Rural'—it's a valuable asset. Every class of trading bank business . . . cheque accounts for every person, business, club or Society; Short Term Deposits; Free Safe Custody; Travel Service.

RURAL BANK

Head Office: Martin Place, Sydney

Board of Commissioners:

J. C. Fletcher, C.B.E. (President)

E. T. Carroll R. H. Cooper N. B. Rydge, C.B.E. J. F. J. Aiswilt

THE RURAL BANK DOES MORE FOR YOU!



STRIPED TIE and edging add a Chanel influence to this easy-to-wear cardigan. It's knitted on No. 9 needles and directions (above) are for three different bust measurements.



You'll never know it's winter . . .

UNDER THE NATURAL WARMTH OF ONKAPARINGA 100% LAMBSWOOL BLANKETS

Onkaparinga blankets wrap you in the snugness of nature's own warmest fibre . . . 100% pure virgin lambswool . . . to bring true a promise of sound, restful sleep all winter through. They pamper you with deep-napped softness and skilfully loomed luxury weight. But you don't have to pamper them back! Onkaparinga blankets are completely washable, spring back downy soft and fluffy as new, wash after wash. Safe from moths too! All Onkaparinga blankets are thoroughly mothproofed. And all Onkaparinga blankets are guaranteed for 20 years. Four sizes! Single, twin, double and super size. Fifteen colours, including Fiesta, Olive, Aqua, Coral and Pink, plus ten different multi-checks. Glamorous 3" satin edging is optional.



ONKAPARINGA

ONKAPARINGA BLANKETS, RUGS AND DRESSING GOWNS ARE AVAILABLE FROM 2,600 STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

A QUIZ FEATURE

DO YOU STILL SURPRISE YOUR HUSBAND?

Turning out a drawer one day you come across some memory-keeping mementoes of the early days of your marriage, not courtship. Do you: (a) smile ruefully and burn them (b) wonder whether they might not be best to throw them away (c) show them to your husband in a quiet moment as things are really treasure?

Do you keep up some sort of correspondence, however infrequent, with men friends of pre-marriage days, including both names and not-really: (a) Good-bye, no? (b) did for a time? (c) no?

Are there any men in your life now who, knowing you are married, nevertheless respect and assure you and obviously enjoy acquaintance: (a) only one? (b) more than one? (c) none at all you know of?

When did you last burst spontaneously into song because you were feeling particularly happy about something: (a) can't remember? (b) yesterday? (c) during the last year?

Do you find it easy to take your husband's hand at moments when you know he needs affection, cheering up, or encouragement in a dark mood: (a) of course? (b) sometimes? (c) not as often as he would like?

Which does your husband find most astonishing: (a) when other adult people come and ask your advice on their personal problems? (b) when you feel the need to go and ask other people's advice on yours? (c) that you have any problems that you must talk about?

One day, quite out of the blue, you take up a completely new and absorbing hobby, something you've never done before, and take a real success of it. Is your husband: (a) rather puzzled but not unenthusiastic? (b) delighted? (c) a bit cool about the whole thing?

Your husband one day has a long chat with someone who knows you pretty well and who sees a good side of you that you now your husband is somewhat kind to. Is your husband: (a) stally disbelieving? (b) rather proud? (c) put out because he thought he knew all of the real you?

NOW FOR THE RIGHT ANSWERS

To score full marks as a husband-surpriser, these are the answers you should have given: 1—(a); 2—(a); 3—(b); 4—(b); 5—(a); 6—(a); 7—(a); 8—(b); 9—(a); 10—(b).

But if you scored SEVEN or over, you're doing pretty well as the kind of wife husbands secretly like to have, however much they may say otherwise!

If your score was between FIVE and SEVEN you're about average.

If you achieved FIVE or less you're not really the sort of wife who keeps a man constantly interested. So snap out of it while you have a chance.

9 When you and your husband decide to take a holiday abroad and you announce that you're going to attend evening classes in the language of the country you're visiting, is he: (a) simply astounded? (b) merely full of ridicule? (c) genuinely encouraging?

10 Can you think of any circumstances in which you might seriously consider marrying again: (a) no, none? (b) possibly? (c) not very likely?

● To be a really successful wife, a woman must never quite lose the knack of surprising her husband.

To make a man sit up, take notice, and keep interested she must always be ready to prove to him in little ways—or big—that

she is *not* too long married, too staid, or too overworked to be occasionally an astonishing companion.

Have a shot at answering these searching questions—and see how well you measure up to being a continually delightful surprise to your husband.

Question: Which is the soup that overflows with flavour?

Answer: Rosella Tomato – yes – Rosella's got the flavour.



Rosella pick only the best tomatoes, then spice and cook them with imagination to make Rosella Tomato Soup. That's why Rosella Tomato Soup overflows with flavour. (Like every Rosella soup.)



Rosella

*Rosella's got the flavour
...the flavour of natural goodness!*

CORNS OUT!



Medicated Discs soften corns for quick removal. Zino-pads quickly ease pain.

ECZEMA ITCH

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tinea, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.

See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

Continued from page 79

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

blue-period Picasso; there was truth in the vision. Even his mother, for all her devotion, secretly admitted Eric's character — not particularly forceful.

He was nonetheless good. He was no longer in love with Martha. The prospect of their union filled him less with joy than with alarm. His paternal instinct would have been satisfied with any decent provision to his son of food, shelter, and education; after three years with the City of London Bank's Paris branch, he could even envisage French nationality as no disaster.

But the seduction of Martha, the getting of her with child, weighed as heavily on his conscience as would have a cooked account; and at whatever cost to his future comfort, he was prepared to do this duty by her.

So the advertisement took its final shape: "Martha, all

forgiven, return to Paris to wed E."

Martha never saw it, for the simple reason that she didn't live in Birmingham and never had. Birmingham was merely the first place-name that suggested itself, under Mrs. Taylor's questioning.

The message never reached her; nor would she have taken any notice of it if it had. Much more surprisingly, no better success awaited the French authorities attempting to trace the mother of a new little national.

In a small agricultural village north of Paris, Mme P., the local midwife, welcomed back her sister-in-law Mme D. from a prolonged family visit (culminating in a funeral) in Alsace. The linen had been fairly divided; also two silver spoons commanded Mme P.'s admiration.

"And you, my poor Bettine?" inquired the sister-

in-law. "How have things gone with you?"

"As usual!" sighed Mme P. The sister-in-law directed a casual glance at a new ironing-board.

"One would say that you had received a legacy also!"

"One makes one's economies," said Mme P. modestly. The sister-in-law directed a glance at a new clock.

"Is it true, as I hear, you have had a young English-

woman with you?"

Mme P. shrugged. "During the summer, when have I not? An art student, naturally!"

The sister-in-law glanced at new linoleum.

"Who has since returned bag and baggage to England . . . If there is anything to be avoided, it is complication with foreigners!"

They understood each other!—the one the local midwife, the other cousin to the clerk of the local Mayor.

It was common knowledge in the village, and had at once come to Mme D.'s ears, that her sister-in-law during the preceding month had assisted at, but failed to register, a birth; like the entire village she took a liberal view. Whatever Mme P. had to bequeath would stay in the family; the clock alone was a serious piece of property. Like the ironing-board, like the linoleum, purchased locally; Martha's allowance from Mr. Joyce, however diverted from its proper ends, had undoubtedly benefited local trade . . .

Not from that small village north of Paris would any officious bureaucrat receive information, if to the detriment of Mme P.

In the rue d'Antibes week after week passed suspenseful and fruitless. A month passed; two months; baby George (his grandmother had always had a feeling for the old King) continued French. Mrs. Taylor, during the first period of disappointment, positively went so far as to purchase a commodious hat-box and bored air-holes in it; even tried it out for size; but, when it came to the actual point of Customs — crashing, lost courage.

Eric's violent opposition to the project was, in fact, supported by her own deepest, law-abiding instincts; also what was the use of breaking the law if in England the mother's claim was still paramount — and that mother not to be found?

Sadly Mrs. Taylor allowed the hat-box to be consigned to the top of a wardrobe.

The infant George, named for the dear old King, con-

tinued life — not as a Britisher but as a little Frenchman. What irritated Mrs. Taylor above all was the nagging suspicion that somehow some means, the transfer of spy stories; there were whole well-run subversive organisations, she gathered absolutely dedicated to provision of false papers, — a brief whisper over absinthe — a second rendezvous, with a packet of rancency, in another bar — there was your passport, birth or marriage certificate.

Only how did one get touch with a subversive organisation? Through a lawyer? Mrs. Taylor did know any shady lawyers; did any of her acquaintances — or, at any rate, would admit it. The expert in the bank, for instance, fancied had a distinctly disreputable look about him, but at the merest hint of . . . a round, shut up like a chest.

How Mrs. Taylor longed for an entree into the underworld! She said nothing to Eric, she had learnt her lesson — and indeed recognised that to him in his position the bank any involvement with the underworld would be fatal; but at this point she might have been more than once offered coffee in most respectable bistros.

Sometimes she even ordered an absinthe, to make her look more like one of the mob, and occasionally raised to her lips with what she hoped was an inviting glance.

Of course she kept her excursions from Eric — as a consequence, developed a slightly shifty look herself. There was no other way, however, save for a few

To page 95



NOW . . .

BAND-AID DRESSINGS HAVE AIR VENTS ALL OVER . . .

to Hurry up the Healing



Air vents over the pad let healing air through. Air vents on the tape let the skin breathe naturally and keep it from wrinkling.

and they're
100% STERILE
All BAND-AID Strips
Patches and Spots
are completely sterile
to give you complete
protection.

BAND-AID

plastic strips

Johnson & Johnson

NEW OVERALL AIR-VENTS for faster healing

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"CHERYL" — Smart frock for all occasions is available in red tango, mid-night-blue, royal-blue, and black angora.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/15/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/17/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/1/-.

Postage 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 98. Fashion Frock may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



BA2460



Slip sensation
for '64.

KAYSER

Shapemaker

the slip that moves with you
(The secret's in the magical Vyrene stretch lace!)



**MAGICAL VYRENE
STRETCH LACE BODICE**
shapes you, sleeks you — borrows
its line from your bra.



**MAGICAL VYRENE
STRETCH LACE STRAPS**
can never slip off your shoulders.
Bliss!



MATCHING BRIEFS
with magical Vyrene stretch lace
insets and kitten-soft face elastic
at leg. 19/11.

Discover how much a *Shapemaker* slip can do for you! Now your frock can really fit
... over this luxurious Shadow-prufe nylon slip. In fashion's favourite colors ... Honey-
suckle, Black, French Navy, Gleamy White. Sizes 32-38.

79/11

KAYSER

Internationally famous makers of Hosiery, Lingerie, Children's Wear and Gloves



Both worn 3 weeks,
washed 12 times.

This one was Patonised.

Your knitting needn't shrink or pill again... if you use Patons **PATONISED** wools

Reg'd

Read how the Patonising process,
exclusive to Patons, preserves the original fit
and good looks of your handknits.

Once these sweaters looked exactly alike! Then each was worn for 4 hours daily, for 3 weeks, and under the same conditions. After that both were given 12 identical hand washes, and allowed to dry completely between each wash. See the sweater on the left, knitted in a non-Patonised wool equivalent to 8-ply, has shrunk 2". It's pilled and felted, too.



MAYFAIR
One of Patons 16
PATONISED
wools

Now see how the sweater on the right has kept its original fit, its smooth, unruffled look. And it still has that good woollen feel. That's because it was knitted to a Patons Patonised wool of identical ply — to the correct knitting tension, of course. Make sure you always knit with one of Patons 16 Patonised wools. They're your guarantee of handknits you'll be proud to wear.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1955

The private life of a "Mrs. Ben Casey"

● With Drs. Casey and Kildare, etc., scowling or smiling their way across TV screens to the resounding pit-a-pat of feminine hearts, I feel someone should warn the aspiring Mrs. Caseys and Kildares.

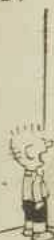
YES, I know Doctors are wonderfully exciting men — dedicated, self-sacrificing, and glamorous — but before you settle for one for life, peep behind the scenes.

Well, firstly, Mrs. Casey, you simply cannot be a cling-vine, because "he" just will not be there to cling to. In all times of family crisis Dr. Casey is away attending someone else's family crisis.

And, while he is doing a dramatic operation surrounded by assistants, sisters, and a flutter of nurses, you are at the all by yourself coping with a baby turning blue with pop, a gushing tap that will not turn off, or your first one pains.

You must always remember, Mrs. Casey, never to be sick, or miserable. After a 12-hour day listening to the rapt attention to the detailed account of other people's ailments, your husband cannot bear to come home to a wailing wife. To be sick you must have a temperature of at least 103 degrees (anything less is just neurotic).

TRUDY



Jersey Maxine

"You'll never be Mother-of-the-Year THIS way!"

When it comes to the matter of mealtimes, well—you will never get to serving many successful souffles. While admitting that there are many times when it is quite impossible for Dr. Casey to be punctual, it also becomes a chronic habit NEVER to be on time—even on holidays.

On a workaday week, full of keepings hot and hottings up, he will suddenly appear one evening a whole hour early with a pleased smile and the wish to be fed there and then. Mind you, should his breakfast egg run three minutes late, sighs and paper rattling rise to a crescendo.

This follows on to your social life and the unknown dinner guests who arrive just as the host leaves to set a leg or nip out an appendix.

Good nights to forget

You must also be fully prepared to sit for some hours outside a hospital in full evening dress while the patient your husband just trotted in to see on his way to the party has a minor operation—and then slink home shivering to bed.

Then, of course, there is the big "de" for which you make a terrific effort—hairdo, new hat, baby-sitter, and hours of organisation.

Suddenly, in the middle of the first interesting conversation, the phone rings and you have the choice of being left to fend for yourself with no visible means of transport, or returning home to dazzle the baby-sitter.

The long, wet weekends of winter—when cooped-up children get bored and you would all love to be taken for an outing—inevitably occur in the examination or lecture season. This is when, weekend after weekend, the head of the house retires to his study and stays secluded and the children are to be kept quiet.

If he is not studying for yet another degree or writing a lecture he is tidying up his filing system, or just plain reading the spate of publications that accumulate on every flat surface in the house.

With a new and difficult operation, a very sick patient, or someone who is "going wrong," Dr. Casey will become so preoccupied that family communications are limited to

A READER'S STORY

(This reader wishes to be anonymous "as anything to do with the medical profession is very hush-hush . . . even their wives!")

"Please pass the sugar" or "Do you want that suit dry-cleaned?"

Dr. Casey never has time to go to the cleaner himself, the shoe repairer, or any department store, and never has any time to pick up his car or his boat or any of his belongings (including his children).

In fact, it is only after several weeks of persistent reminders and his hair, in the style of a medieval page, begins to wave at the back where his theatre mask ties, that he will find time to go to the barber.

He does, just once in a while, find time to go to the gunsmith or sporting goods shop, however, as women are not to be trusted there.

The strain of being polite (well, nearly always—see Dr. Casey) to very neurotic females and mothers whose uncontrolled children play with the steriliser and swing from the X-ray viewing box, has strange repercussions, too.

Dr. Casey must let off his accumulated steam somewhere. Yes, you can guess.

Home he comes scowling and muttering, slams the car door, shoves the cat out of the way, berates his quarrelling young, snarls at Mrs. C., and then sits slumped in his TV chair gloating over a gangster film with lots of blood and bodies. And if Mrs. C. is feeling suicidal, she suggests turning to that nice medical film.

Then there's the phone, the arch enemy of all doctors' wives. It rings in the middle of serving dinner, in the middle of painting on the top of a ladder, in the middle of bathing a tiny baby, and in the middle of the night (right in your ear).

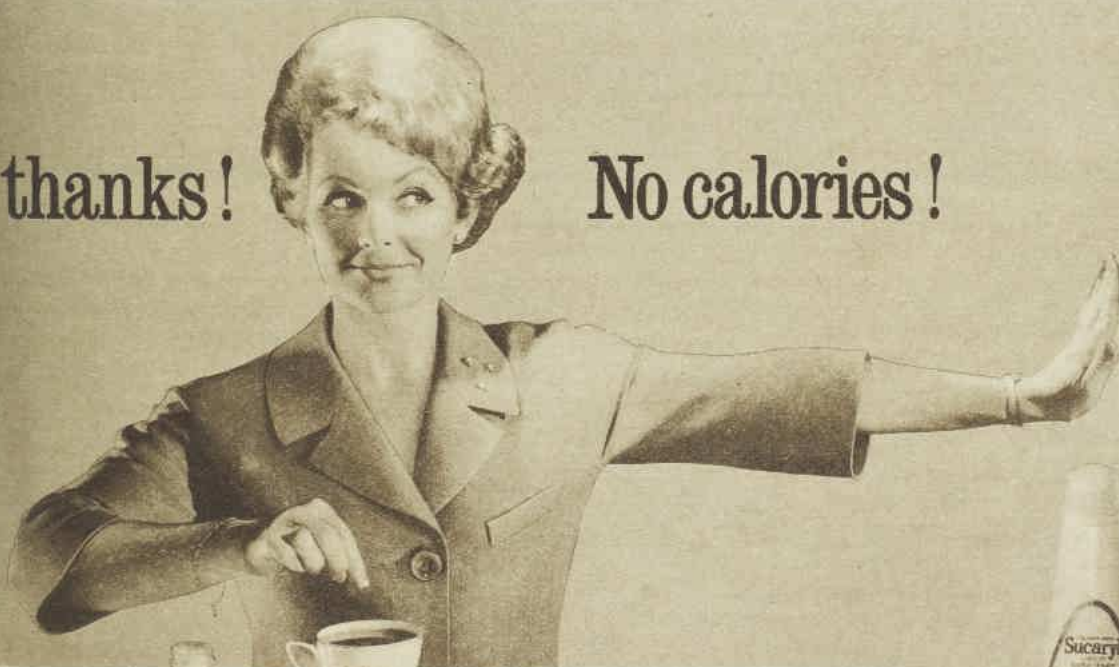
But, to be strictly fair, one must also state a point or two in Dr. Casey's favor.

To top the list must be the great personal satisfaction of helping a man who is making a positive and practical contribution to the welfare of humanity.

A small child who can walk again, or an elderly person made comfortable after pain, are rewards enough.

No thanks!

No calories!



FOR HOT DRINKS, COLD DRINKS AND COOKING.



In liquid or tablets from your nearest chemist.

I sweeten with Sucaryl—the pleasant way to keep my weight down. Tastes better with its natural sweet taste. Why don't you stay slim—use Sucaryl. Sucaryl sweetens drinks and recipes without adding calories. For a free copy of the 32-page low-calorie recipe book—write to "Sucaryl Recipes," Box 101, P.O., Cronulla, N.S.W.

Sucaryl®

THE NO-CALORIE SWEETENER FOR WEIGHT WATCHERS.

prettiest, most fragrant
Mother's Day gift of all...

Jonquille

BATH ACCESSORIES BY
MAX FACTOR

*Jonquille Hip Bath, containing imported Jonquille Dusting Powder,
Cologne, Soap, 37/6.*

NOW . . . JONQUILLE BATH ACCESSORIES by Max Factor . . . so that she
can indulge herself with the delicate caress of all-over fragrance. The delicate,
refreshing feel of springtime—captured for her now in JONQUILLE Cologne
by Max Factor . . . with matching Talc, Dusting Powder, Soap . . . beautifully
gift-packaged . . . FROM AS LITTLE AS 14/11.

Jonquille Talc and Soap, 14/11

Jonquille Talc and Cologne, 19/11.

Jonquille Cologne, 9/11 and 19/11.

Jonquille Talc, 9/11



for the woman who wants the very best.

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE

Continued from page 90

with in her favorite authors. "I don't believe half of them," she complained. Mrs. Taylor, to her crony Miss Macgregor, at the English Library; and took her name off the list for the new Graham Greene.

Thus in the end (as the weeks passed, as the months passed), the situation proved itself. She had to accept it. In any case, there were compensations.

Hand in hand with the joys of possessing an infant to whom went the pleasures of a new social prestige. A circle of nice English friends thought Mrs. Taylor was wonderful, in her broad-minded acceptance of a little illegitimate creature. (She wisely made no bones about the matter; it was Eric who flinched.)

The English chemist, the parish doctor, took a particular interest in the child—shepherd whom unsatisfied through an epidemic of whooping-cough was so to speak a national triumph. Miss Leclerc at the English Library inaugurated a special reading shelf against the time when George learned to read, and meanwhile supplied Mrs. Taylor with each newest annual on infant welfare.

Even Mme Leclerc accepted translator success in a dithering-cot almost with enthusiasm. Was she not a mother herself? "See a little first, how it likes out!" cried Mme Leclerc. "Look at his intelligent little eyes!" responded Mrs. Taylor. "And that health! Naturally, he is a good hand!" complimented Mme Leclerc. "I really think he is," agreed Mrs. Taylor modestly.

With M. Jacob across the pond there developed something approaching a friendship. To M. Jacob, being eighty, Mrs. Taylor's age sixty-two or three was purely girlish—an impression heightened by her bright eyes and bright pink cheeks. M. Jacob, had long had the idea of making acquaintance, and he found it easy to expand on a formal morning salutation to inquiries after the one's health.

Even at sixty-two or three a female ear is not unresponsive to masculine converse, nor the female bosom a bunch of violets. Mrs. Taylor, in a light, joking way, admitted her neighbor dear old boy—and began to take unusual pains with her appearance. No doubt she'd have done so in any case, being in her new popularity more and more often and out to little bridge or parties.

There were no such compensations for Eric. For once, was the man who paid. The role of gay deceiver however, regrettably a rather admired one. Gaily he trumpets calls, gaily he dies away, leaving to the crum of his panache both order and stigma. In this it was only too clear that the burden had been

left with Eric—that in ears not male but female had the trumpet sounded.

Eric on his daily round met no looks of admiration. No protective hen of a mother, at his view, flatteringly clucked a daughter to her side. What Eric met was the half-patronising, half-affectionate slight amusement accorded to a cuckold.

The English chemist, so genuinely sympathetic to Mrs. Taylor, when Eric picked up a fresh supply of disposable nappies barely concealed a grin. The eye of Mme Leclerc was definitely ironic. ("No little angel for monsieur today!" would cry Mme Leclerc, with more humor than Eric appreciated.)

Even his compeers at the Bank, clubbing together to present a silver christening-mug, did so in a spirit of ribaldry. Eric tried to pretend he thought it a beer-tankard; but lacked the necessary aplomb. The legal expert's chuckled tale percolated to senior ears also; Eric never got his next step.

The City of London (Paris branch) Bank prided itself on being the Caesar's wife of all Europe, its higher officials no less morally immaculate than financially accomplished; as in a valued parlor-maid Eric's slip was overlooked, he was kept on; but somehow promotion—how many an unmarried mother must not Martha have avenged!—passed him by.

He fared no better domestically. Hitherto, Mrs. Taylor's every waking thought had been dedicated to him, the flat in the rue d'Antibes had been organised for his sole convenience; now, like any other young father of a first-born, Eric found his place suddenly usurped. (Of course, he was the young father of a first-born; he simply had a mother instead of a wife.)

Little George's sleep, for instance, was sacred; so far as Eric could make out the child slept continuously. Lunch was served in a churchyard silence; after dinner—"Please, dear, not so loud!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor if Eric turned on the radio. "He's sleeping!"

At both meals there frequently appeared sieved spinach—a vegetable Eric particularly disliked—because little George hadn't finished his. ("Why can't he finish it up tomorrow?" demanded Eric. "It has to be fresh," explained Mrs. Taylor.) Eric equally learned to consume left-over orange juice, left-over milk, and puddings concocted from stale rusks.

Also to baby-sit while Mrs. Taylor was out playing bridge.

A minor but perpetual source of irritation was that she had somehow acquired the right to ring him up at the Bank. No such serious crisis ever again supervened as when she'd needed to summon the Bank's legal expert: what Mrs. Taylor chiefly rang up about was fish. She now marketed so early (before little George's airing), quite often the fish hadn't come in; Eric was alerted to pick it up on his way home.

On other occasions there was a library book to be picked up from the English Library, or a knitting pattern from the English Wool Shop. The City of London (Paris branch) was tolerant; and amused. Both tolerance and amusement notably diminished Eric's status therein.

For once it was the man who paid.

To be continued

(The novel "Martha, Eric and George" is published by Collins.)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript on one side only clearly in the margin. Short stories should be from 1000 to 4000 words; short novels, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O. Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 6, 1964

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY,
week starting April 29



ARIES

MAR. 21—APR. 20

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.



TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, black. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.



GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.



CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, Grey, green. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.



LEO

JULY 23—AUG. 22

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.



VIRGO

AUG. 23—SEPT. 23

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

* You could quite successfully and pleasantly get rid of that excess energy in gala social events. The 4th is troublesome, but the 2nd is good for love and marriage.

* If you watch muddle on the 30th and the 1st, and use caution on the 4th, there is no reason why this should not prove a bumper week for personal matters, new ventures, popularity.

* A very good week romantically when you could also have many new, successful irons in the fire, because you will be helped to overcome that tendency not to follow through.

* Most things conspire to make this a successful week in romance. You could suffer a sharp rebuff to new ventures on the 4th, so be on your guard. Domestic matters blossom.

* Renowned for being born planners—sometimes of other people's lives—you can indulge in this flair to the full and launch those new projects. The 4th is accident-prone.

* Perhaps an unscheduled success trip could spice what could prove a top-level achievement-rich week. The 4th could see a spat with a friend; the 2nd is fine for love.



LIBRA

SEPT. 24—OCT. 23

* Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.



SCORPIO

OCT. 24—NOV. 23

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.



SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23—DEC. 20

* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.



CAPRICORN

DEC. 21—JAN. 19

* Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.



AQUARIUS

JAN. 20—FEB. 19

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, spots, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.



PISCES

FEB. 20—MAR. 20

* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, yellow. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* There's a little touch of the egg-head in Libra, and the stars favor blue-stocking activities. Join some progressive cultural society. Friends help, but you could get a jolting letter.

* Here could be a host of opportunities for advancement both in career or on the job. Love and romance burgeon, but the 4th could spell an emotional break or sudden parting.

* Your ruling star has been mainly in the clear, and makes further progress for you. An excellent week for legal matters, contracts, etc., and marriage. The 4th is adverse.

* Unspectacular romantically, but the week favors steady progress. You will have the power to improve conditions, your mental powers, and gain on-the-job concessions. The 4th is adverse.

* Heavy and beneficent accent on all to do with marriage, romance, courtship, and partnership. An unusual new friend could benefit you. Beware of accidents on the 4th. A time for caution.

* Your personal prestige could jet, your environment could expand. New responsibilities with good breaks. Look out for an upset to your status or career on the 4th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Modess[®] because

Only Modess napkins have such fine features... an exclusive Masslinn[®] cover for extra softness, a "Magic Channel" of protection and a discreet deodorant you can trust.

PRODUCTS OF Johnson & Johnson *Registered Trade Marks



Modess "Super" a larger napkin

Vee-Form[®] by Modess



OUR TRANSFER

MONOGRAMS in script, block, and novelty lettering with decorative frames are from Embroidery Transfer No. 122. They are designed to add a personal touch to handkerchiefs, towels, scarves, etc., and are worked in simple stitches. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

Home hints

● These helpful household hints have been sent in by readers. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

If you use desiccated coconut only occasionally but like to keep it on hand, store it in the refrigerator; it will never turn rancid and will keep fresh indefinitely.—Mrs. D. A. Ripphausen, Louisa St, Mittagong, N.S.W.

Make yourself a cleaning apron with several pockets to hold the smaller attachments of your vacuum cleaner. It saves time wasted when attachments are left in the last room cleaned.—Mrs. F. I. Simms, 28 Second St., Cowell, S.A.

Bad stains on porcelain baths, sinks, etc., that can be removed with household bleach but are in hard-to-get-at places will respond to this treatment: Soak pieces of white blotting-paper in bleach, place over stain and keep paper moist with bleach until stain is gone, then wash in the usual way. The wet blotting-paper will adhere to porcelain.—Mrs. H. Peel, 23 Kingsley Cres., Mont Albert, Vic.

Unpick those full gathered skirts you have grown tired of and convert them into smart shifts to wear about the house. It is well worth the time and trouble, because shifts are so comfortable to work in.—Mrs. H. M. Gale, 152 Pearce St., Edge Hill, Cairns, Qld.

Put a sheet of newspaper between the ironing blankets; this will keep the sheet firm and unwrinkled.—Mrs. R. Parrish, Renfrew Park, Geelong, N.S.W.

Buy children's raincoats a size longer than needed, then turn up hems and sleeves with adhesive tape. As the child grows the tape can be removed easily by warming it a little.—Mrs. E. Maguire, "Rosedale," Dangarsleigh, Armidale, N.S.W.

When cooking plain mince, add a packet of mushroom soup. Not only does this help to thicken it, but it also adds a delicious flavor.—Mrs. Janice I. Hodge, "Coonah," Gelantipy, Vic.

If you have a small amount of cream left that has turned sour, add 1 tablespoon to cooked cabbage with a pinch of mustard and a sprinkling of vinegar.—B. E. Manning, 77 Mellyn Rd., South Hobart.

Add the juice of a ripe tomato to the meat and potato mixture when making meat pasties for the family. It gives a good flavor.—Mrs. E. Milner, 161 Edward St., Osborne Park, W.A.

When making pineapple tart with fresh or canned fruit, thicken with custard powder instead of arrowroot or cornflour. You will be delighted with the delicious flavor and rich color it gives to the filling.—Mrs. S. A. Le Feuvre, "Alisona," Nelly, Qld.

Mark inches on your knitting needle in red nail polish and you will always have a ruler handy to measure your knitting.—Mrs. W. O'Brien, 11 Raymond St., Beaumaris, Vic.

Use an ice-cream scoop when making meat balls and hamburgers. It saves time and measures each meat ball exactly the same size.—Mrs. Joy Brooker, 36 Victoria St., Dimboola, Vic.

A firm marmalade is an excellent substitute for mixed peel in a fruit cake.—Mrs. F. Amos, 42 Millway St., South Yarra, Vic.

Add a little butter to the saucepan when making soup. It seals the top and prevents the soup from boiling over.—Miss Tom Dwyer, 43 Eothen Lane, Kilsyth, Vic.



"Take us to your lady!"

It's not enough for a lady's cigarette lighter to just look feminine. Not for Ronson. It should also behave like a lady. Take Ronson's new Varafame lighter. A lady doesn't have to keep feeding it lighter fluid. Or change wicks. Or go through a lot of mess and bother refuelling it. No ma'am! The Varafame lights thousands of times without refuelling. It doesn't burn conventional lighter fluid. It uses butane, a gas that burns with a quick, clean, gentle flame... a flame you adjust at a touch of the dial. It fuels in five seconds. What could be more feminine than the elegant, lipstick-shaped lighter above? Or the slender one next to it? It's the lightest, most compact butane lighter made.

At left, FIRESTAR in four beautiful models, from 5 gns. Right, LADYLITE. Gold plated, 9 gns. Silver plated, 7 gns.



Here are two new Ronson gas table lighters you fill only once a year. Above, the Varafame FORUM, an ideal lighter for home or office. Price, £9/19/6. At left, the elegant CONTESSA. This unique lighter, so feminine and fashionable, is ideal for a coffee table or woman's dressing table. Price, £9/19/6.

RONSON

International Standard of Excellence

THE BRIGHTON ROAD

in a typically masculine fashion. And now Penelope, with eyes the color of a green glass bottle, had walked into their lives and calmly taken over my dreams.

I hated her. Standing there on that late October Sunday morning, with the air full of the smell of wood smoke and my heart full of sadness, I hated her.

"Jonathan couldn't object to me going," I said, more to myself than out loud.

"Jonathan couldn't say a word," his father said solemnly, and leant on his spade watching me.

How could I go? I'd rather die than go . . .

"I'll come," I said, and Jona-

than's father gave me a conspiratorial wink, and the thumbs-up sign, with the dirtiest thumb I had ever seen.

As I ran back up my own front path I thought fondly of him. If I hadn't already been in love with Jonathan, I might have fallen in love with his father. It was happening all the time . . .

"We never think about the difference in our ages," the bride always said.

Then I would be Jonathan's step-mother and, who knows, Penelope Platt's mother-in-law!

I giggled, and my mother, in the hall doing the flowers, raised inquiring eyebrows at me.

"Actually, it isn't funny at all. It's really rather sad," I told her.

She twitched and tortured a michaelmas daisy into place. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and you cry alone," she said.

My mother can say that sort of thing off pat, like switching on a tape recorder, and she went on doing it all week, as I alternated between doubt and despair.

Why was I going to Brighton? "When in doubt, don't," said my mother.

On the fourth day I swore I'd rather die a thousand deaths than go.

"Faint heart never won fair gentleman," she said.

On the fifth day I declared that

I was sure I was doing the right thing.

"The decision is fate's, dear, not yours," she said.

But fate deserted me on the day itself.

I had planned that the day would dawn dark and dismal. I would wake up, and there would be the sky, hanging like a loose piece of grey sack, almost touching the trees. The wind would bite into Penelope's slender ankles with the teeth of a hurricane. The rain would lash into her face, streaking her make-up and whisking her chiffon-tied hat over Westminster Bridge. The De Dion would rattle her canvas hood like a wind-swept skeleton and Penelope Platt would hate Jonathan more with each bumpy mile.

To page 98

Scones with a South Seas flavour!

Try this Dry-Mix short cut to Sunshine Pineapple Crunch Scones

Rich with Sunshine's full-cream goodness

Crunchy on top with tangy pineapple flavour right through. Serve them as a special, you needn't admit they're so simple to make! You get light fluffy scones every time, the easy Sunshine Dry-Mix way. Take 8 oz. S.R. flour, 3 tbsps. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, a pinch of salt, 1½ ozs. butter, grated rind of half lemon, ¾ cup chilled pineapple juice. For topping: ½ cup pineapple juice, 1 dsp sugar, coffee crystals. Sift flour with Sunshine Full Cream

Powdered Milk. Add salt, rub in butter, add lemon rind. With a knife, cut in ¼ cup pineapple juice. Knead lightly on floured board, pat out to ½" thickness. Cut with floured 2" cutter. Sunshine's Dry-Mix method makes scones richer, but keeps them light. For topping: Boil half a cup pineapple juice with sugar until syrup is formed. Glaze scones and sprinkle with coffee crystals. Bake on greased tray in hot oven 10-12 minutes, then enjoy them!



A NEW
SUNSHINE
DRY-MIX
RECIPE



And after such eloquence he breathed nervously on to one of the lamps. He rubbed away at it as if killing a genie to appear and whisk him out of my sight.

I stared at him and wondered why I loved him. Was it his looks? He was too thin for his height, his features were uneven, and his eyes were dark and his hair cropped neglected over his forehead. Was it his endearing ways? No. He was blatantly selfish, keeping me waiting for hours watching him prostrate in a pool of oil. I couldn't bear the silence any more. "You want to take Penelope with you on the run this year, don't you?" I suddenly said, right in his ear. "Some things are better for me said right out."

His expression dared me to see to laugh, and I loved him, I didn't, but my heart zoomed from zero to zero. If Penelope Platt and Jonathan dress up like Sherlock Holmes, then he must be really lost in love. Lost in love

"Thanks for being so sweet, Katy," he mumbled. "You're a pal." To my horror I found that my face was brimming with stupid tears, and as I went back down the stairs I dashed them angrily away. The last thing on earth I wanted to be to Jonathan was a sweet pal! His father was working on the veranda, bringing in his begonias, dahlias. It could have been her. My eyes were too blurred with tears to see. He straightened and smiled at me, an understanding kind of smile, and I guessed he knew about everything.

"You could always follow on with me," he said. "It's a bit lonely by myself, and we could all team up Brighton."

Next to Jonathan I loved his mother, and now he was watching me anxiously. I said nothing, and bent over his flowerbeds again. "Be yourself, of course," he said to the damp black soil. I stared at the back of his neck. A thick grey hair grew to a peak, like Jonathan's. That was how Jonathan would look in twenty-five years time, I thought. And I'd have dreamt that I'd be there, growing old gracefully along with the two of them. And the De Dion, of course.

Jonathan's mother had died a long time ago, and they managed somehow, with the aid of a series of daily helps. They coped all right,



CHILD "NERVY"?

Try this for
overnight recovery

If your child seems "nervy", tired, or off his food, it may be temporary constipation that's upset his normal happy nature. If it is, the safe, gentle remedy is Laxettes. Give him one or two milk chocolate Laxettes at bedtime. Laxettes work gently while he sleeps. Next day your child can be his bright, happy self again. Laxettes are the safest, surest children's laxative known. Easy to take—eaten just like ordinary chocolate. Only 3/3 from your chemist. "When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes."

8871 A

Superfluous Hair Killed Quickly

by "EXHAIR." Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Confidential.

Janet Glanville, 247 W
Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



188



989

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 988.—GIRL'S FROCK
Pretty girl's frock with lace trim is available cut out to make in lemon, pale blue, pink, and soft green tulle. Sizes 4 and 6 years. £2/1/8; 8 and 10 years, £2/5/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.

No. 989.—ORGANDIE THROWOVER
Organdie throwover is cut out to embroider in pink and white organdie, with lace supplied. Price is 8/11. Postage and dispatch 1/6 extra.

No. 990.—SET OF THREE GUEST-TOWELS
Pretty set of guest-towels are cut out to embroider in cream, blue, and white fine handkerchief linen. Price is 3/11 each plus 8d. postage; or set of 3, 11/6 plus 1/6 postage.

No. 991.—POPLIN TENNIS FROCK
Smart and easy-to-care drip-dry poplin tennis frock is available cut out to make. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/16/8; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/18/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4050, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 5345, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



990



991

THE BRIGHTON ROAD

Continued from page 97

He would cling to the tiller, a determined, fanatical glow in his bloodshot eyes. Nothing, but nothing, his whole demeanour pointing out, mattered to him but covering the miles from Hyde Park to Madeira Drive, Brighton. There, as in previous years and like his father before him, to collect a medal embossed with the Goddess of Speed holding a sheaf of forked lightning in her left hand. He would explain all this to Penelope Platt and she, miserable and shivering, would understand not a word.

That was how it would be. That was how I had planned it. But, as my mother said, drawing back my bedroom curtains, "The best laid plans of mice and men don't always turn out for the best."

I didn't bother to correct her. I was too busy staring unbelievably at the clear blue sky, patterned with fluffy lambs' tails of clouds. It was a golden day, a day left over and forgotten from a rainy summer. Pushing the bed-clothes back, I went over to the window. Bright yellow sunshine sparkled on the grass, and Jonathan's father was backing his car out into the drive next door.

He saw me at the window and waved. "The old trumper went like a bomb," he shouted. "They should be at Starting Control now." His voice spiralled up to me.

"Who'd have thought we'd get a day like this?"

"Who indeed!" I agreed bleakly.

I CONSIDERED getting back into bed and forgetting the whole thing, but mother got my pale blue sweater out of a drawer and went downstairs to make my sandwiches. "Pale blue is a man's color, and wear your hair loose. They can't resist the combination," she said, nodding wisely.

"Jump in, girl," was all Jonathan's father said. "Throw your sandwiches in the back."

Like father, like son, I thought bitterly, as the car purred along the quiet roads en route to Hyde Park.

"We should sight Jonathan about Brixton Hill," he said.

He hummed under his breath, as excited as a school-boy. Cheering crowds lined the pavements. In spite of the early hour, whole families had turned out to watch the Commemoration Run. Spectator cars stretched bumper to bumper, and obliging policemen waved the veterans through on the right-hand side. Now and again a vintage car would fall by the wayside and, encouraged by high-spirited onlookers, its owner would make frantic adjustments to its pulsating engine.

"We'll probably sight them at Croydon," Jonathan's father said, but I could see that his hope, as they say, was dimming fast. In the last twenty minutes we had crawled exactly one mile nearer to Brighton!

At approximately lunch-time the car was still wedged in an almost stationary block of traffic.

"Eat something, Katy, if you're hungry," Jonathan's father said, drumming impatient fingers on the wheel. So, obediently, I unwrapped a greaseproof paper packet and took out a little triangular egg-and-cess sandwich.

"Would you like one?" I asked, and just then the car in front moved forward a couple of yards, Jonathan's

father swore under his breath and stalled the engine! I put the sandwich away. I had no appetite. I stared at the neck of the driver of the car in front. By the time he reached Brighton I every crease and wrinkle that neck and could do of his lady friend last bleached curl.

As we turned into Promenade we realised we had missed the Race Veterans by ten minutes. Pale sun sparkled down to a cold sea, and the vintage cars, their sion completed, were back on the journey home.

"Well, at least we've it," Jonathan's father saying, just as the car shuddered, then he rock like a backing. The special constable waved us to the side-road as he handed Kildare. He had the look of gentle concern pointed to our flat back.

Jonathan's father, the car dead centre of Parking sign. He got us sworn. Not silently this but loudly and excited. Down on his knees on pavement he told us a good girl and Jonathan. "They're sure down on the Parade shouted after me, as I the road and ran down slope."

I saw them almost at Penelope Platt was with the De Dion having photograph taken by than. I was relieved that he was wearing his shabby leather jacket rather greasy cap. Penelope had spent an in creating an anti-atmosphere.

Her red-gold hair from a picture last year with a floppy chignon. She was smiling her usual photographic smile. Jonathan was clicking like mad and saying, "one more, darling," and showed her new advertisement teeth along their back molars.

The smile wavered when she saw me and I explained the position. Jonathan actually clapped his hands like a third-rate circus fourth-rate musical. I expected her to say, "for lawk a merrey's sake do declare!"

What she did say nearly as bad. "To we've come all this way this old, old car, without bit of trouble, and you all that time in a one and finish up with flat!" she gasped.

Jonathan swung back up into the driving seat, motioned me to climb in to the spare front seat. Penelope Platt hung on to her and gave a little scream as De Dion shuddered into and carried us back to Promenade.

She hovered behind Jonathan's father as he wiped damp streak of hair from forehead, and said again: "To think we've all this way in this old car, and you take all time and finish up with flat!" Her voice was soft, and her eyes were most opaque with sympathy for Jonathan.

I waited for Jonathan's father to say something eloquent. I waited for him to say the same words I had used when we'd had a puncture. Instead, he wiped from his knees, whipped his cap with old-world courtesy, and smiled properly the first time since we

To page 102



Show Mother your love . . . and your good taste

GIVE HER



Stoffels

The Swiss Handkerchief

Whether you choose pretty wovens or exquisite florals—available in latest fashion colours—Stoffels handkerchiefs are unmatched for quality and design. All stores have an up-to-the-minute range—and they're available singly or in attractive boxes of threes.

TRADE ENQUIRIES TO: STOFFELS HANDKERCHIEFS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., 7 COLLINS PLACE, MELBOURNE, C.I.



Discover the wonders of the world's newest, most versatile freeze, cook and serve ware

SPECIAL SAVINGS WHEN YOU BUY NOW!

2½ PINT SAUCEPAN ONLY 35/6

SAVE £1

See your nearest CorningWare retailer and start your collection today with this marvellous offer.
(OFFER ENDS MAY 9TH.)



CorningWare dishes cannot be harmed by the hottest heat or the coldest cold. They are safe on top of the stove, under the grill, in the oven or in the refrigerator. A CorningWare piece can be taken directly from the refrigerator to a flame, or straight from the flame to a cold, wet sink for washing up. No temperature extreme will ever harm it. Because only CorningWare is made of the miracle space-age glass ceramic—Pyroceram. Only CorningWare allows you to fry, grill, bake, roast, boil or stew in the same dish! Pyroceram is non-porous, easy to wash, pure white, with a texture like fine china that cannot craze—even after years of use. CorningWare retains its original beauty.

The perfect Gift for Mother's Day
CORNING*WARE



A PRODUCT OF CORNING

Corning Glass Works (Inc. in U.S.A.), Liverpool, N.S.W.
unconditionally guarantee to replace any CORNING*WARE product that ever breaks from temperature extreme.

CGS1

Page 99



Thanks

HECLA

for thinking of a woman's winter

Husbands don't really know what winter's like. Off they go in a warm car, to a warm office and probably get a warm welcome.

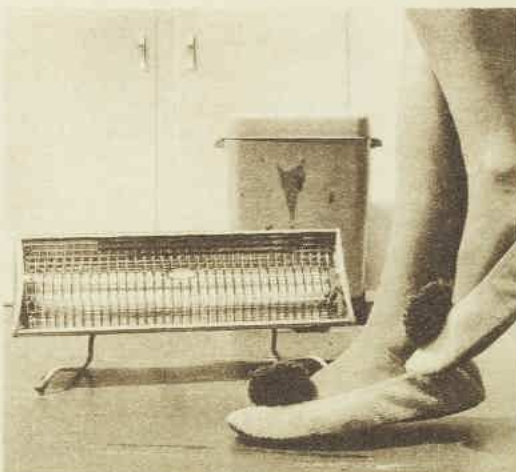
Winter can be a different story at home; cold rooms, cold toes, cold nose — cold **everything!** Not this year!

Hecla has designed Australia's first portable infra-red heaters for the on-the-move life you lead. Count the blessings: Infra-red rays don't burn air. No stuffy rooms. Lightweight. Clean. No messy, smelly fuel. Hecla's infra-red elements are enclosed in tubes of pearly white silica that won't go black or trap dust.

You deserve a personal, portable heater of your own — and Hecla has it! See your electrical store today.



7.00 a.m. No shivers in the bathroom with a Hecla Vita-ray on the wall. Three sizes — 20", 29" and 41" — for wide beam warmth where you want it. From only **£6-5-6**



7.20 a.m. Time to start breakfast. Hint: Switch on the Mini-ray first — your kitchen's warm before you've made the tea. Two infra-red silica bar elements for only **59/6**



11.00 a.m. No frozen feet on sit-down jobs like this. Hecla Flor-ray — long, low and lightweight — gives you wide beam infra-red warmth in two models, with or without switch, from **99/-**



3.30 p.m. Kiddies home already — soaking wet dries them out, stops teeth chattering with two-bar infra-red heat. **£8-10-0** or three-bar at **£9-19-6**



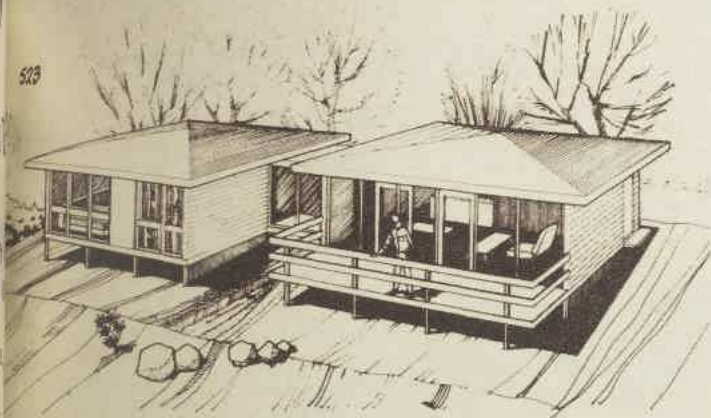
8.00 p.m. Dishes done: Time to relax with the family. Hecla Hercules is Australia's first infra-red/convection room heater. Gives personal warmth, plus round-the-room warmth. **17 gns.**



10.30 p.m. And so to bed — to sleep deeper on your Hecla Sleepwarm Electric Blanket. Six different models in normal or extra low voltage and priced from just **£13-19-6**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service



Plan 523 is a practical home which shows the trend for open planning.

The layout of our plan this week is so designed that it can be adapted to almost any site.

A distinct separation is made between the living and dining areas, which are achieved by means of the glass-entrance lobby.

Good isolation, therefore, is achieved between the two areas, making this a particularly suitable plan for young families.

All three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes.

Bedrooms 1 and 2, beds built on to shelf fittings and to the wall behind

the bed. These bedhead fittings can become dressing-tables, study desks, bookshelves, or storage space for toys and clothes, depending on the age and interests of the occupants.

The living-room and dining area are all in one: this is a large room, equipped with sliding doors which lead out on to an open sun-deck.

Provided, therefore, that the site and orientation of the house have been wisely chosen, maximum use of the sun terrace can be made for outside entertaining.

In the plan below, the dining area is shown close to the kitchen for easy meal serving, but the whole living area could be opened up in summer by moving the dining table and chairs out on to the terrace.

An open-plan kitchen is

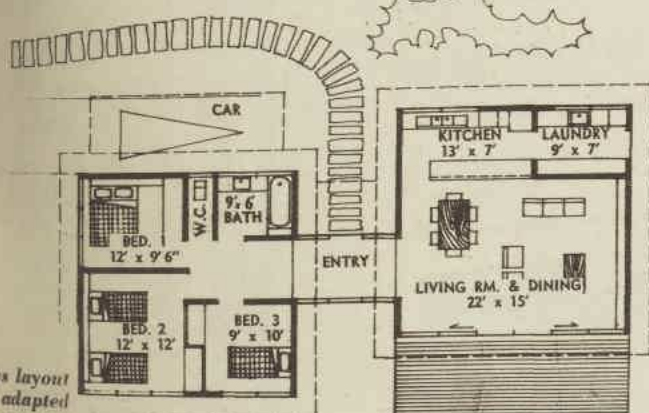
PERSPECTIVE shows separation of living and sleeping areas.

divided from the dining area by means of a work counter, which, if desired, could be partitioned off by sliding doors. The kitchen, in turn, leads into a well-equipped laundry, and these two rooms have been planned so that the laundry can be supervised easily from the kitchen.

Bathroom and separate toilet are next to the entrance, convenient for the use of guests.

Liberal use of glass and the inclusion of a sun terrace give this house a very up-to-date appearance, while being practical in concept.

The design occupies an area of 11.10 squares in timber, 11.8 squares if built in brick.



523

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs. Our Centres in Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, and Queensland are recognised by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects.

Full plans and specifications from \$10/10/-.
All normal architect's services available. Alterations to suit site if wanted.
Phone or call at your local Centre at—
Melbourne: Anthony Horderns (Box 58, P.O., Brickfield Hill), 20951, ext. 220.
Brisbane: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (A-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, G.P.O. Box No. 257C.
Hobart: FitzGerald's (27221).
Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).
Hustons, 4th Floor, John Martin, Rundle St. (8-7641).
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.), (22-691).
Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).
Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).
Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

COUPON

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____
Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE tells Max and the rebel generals that their plan to kill President Andros will fail — Lothar is guarding him. Mandrake then hypnotises his captors and makes Max release him. NOW READ ON...



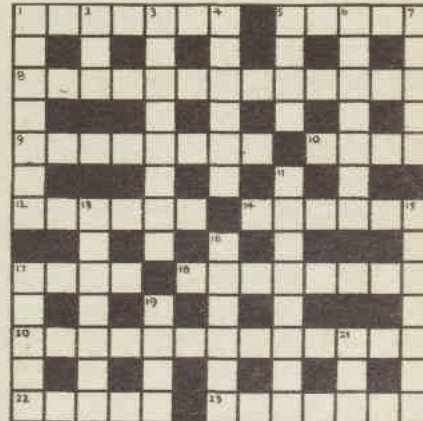
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Kindly add them to the end of your letter (7).
5. Provide with a feline start (5).
8. These shops are opened for the rank and file, too (7, 6).
9. The inner surface of a delicate membrane of the brain (8).
10. A promontory in Tennessee (4).
12. Estimate, mostly donkeys (6).
14. A curdled hot milk drink (6).
17. Lighting body in a tall amphitheatre (4).
18. Not a taxi (anagr., 8).
20. A winged messenger (7-6).
22. Give grudgingly (5).
23. Delicate offers for acceptance (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Race meeting for boats (7).
2. Spirit for a trap (3).
3. Uncommon promontory is just scarcity (8).
4. Breach of continuity gives chloride of sodium to us (6).
5. They are felines, savage or domesticated (4).
6. Sailor obtains marks (7).
7. Rubs down while hiding a venomous serpent (5).
11. No cat in a lion has a situation (8).
13. Member of the Japanese military caste (7).
15. Occupants have half a score of insects (7).
16. Vehicle to decay in a root vegetable (6).
17. Fastens or tightens boot with cord or leather strip (5).
19. Boundary is in the centre (4).
21. Mother of all of us (3).

crossed Brixton Hill. Then he actually apologised for turning his back, before bending down to tighten up the last wheel nut.

He went on being gallant long after the two cars had been parked. He went on being gallant in the hotel, all through the traditional afternoon tea.

"So you enjoyed the run, my dear?" he asked Penelope, who managed to look radiant and eat a chocolate éclair at the same time.

She positively glowed. "It was simply wonderful. All those people cheering and everything. Now I know how the Queen feels when she rides by her subjects — sort of warm inside . . ."

I glanced swiftly at Jonathan, and waited for the lazy amusement to flicker in his blue eyes, but he nodded with understanding.

Jonathan did a quick freshen

Continued from page 98

up, and Penelope a more lengthy one for the mayor's cocktail party, for which there were only two tickets. I had known and accepted the fact that I would certainly not be using one of them. They departed for the Royal Pavilion on a wave of Penelope's heavy French perfume.

Jonathan's father drew his chair up to the next table and went into a delightful discourse on the Brighton Run since the middle 'thirties. One man had a ginger moustache, a tan suit, a loud laugh, and had come down in a 1904 Wolseley. His friend had small beady eyes the color of blackcurrant jelly, a Fair Isle pullover, and a 1903 Oldsmobile.

Sadly I wandered through into

the lounge and sank into the depths of a red plush sofa. For the tenth time I asked myself why I had come. For the hundredth time I asked myself why I loved Jonathan.

You can't love him, I told myself sternly. You have too much pride. Here you are, on a Sunday evening, sitting on a red plush sofa in the lounge of a Brighton hotel. All alone.

And where is he? Drinking cocktails at the invitation of the Mayor of Brighton in the Royal Pavilion with a stunning girl.

Unable to bear my thoughts any longer, I got up and walked over the thick green carpet to the swing doors. A breath of fresh sea air would perhaps help me to get my

jumbled thoughts into some sort of perspective.

I could almost hear my mother's voice: "At your age, love is a fleeting thing, Katy," she would say. "You've seen too much of Jonathan. Familiarity breeds the death of love. The world is full of young men. Mr. Right will come along one of these days . . ."

"But there is only one man for me and he is Jonathan," I would say . . .

I walked quickly round the corner to where the De Dion stood by the pavement. I climbed up and sat well back on her leather-buttoned seat. I was overcome with a sense of failure. My throat ached and big, stupid tears swam in my

eyes. All the disappointments of the day, all the love that I felt for Jonathan seemed to culminate just that moment.

I cried as if my heart would break.

It was about that time that the rain started. I crouched back as far as I could, wondering when to make a dash for the hotel. I heard a voice: "Thought I'd find you here, Katy. Dad was frantic. Thought you'd take umbrage at his neglecting you as gone to catch a train home something."

There was rain on his nose, a more touching than rain on the nose of the man she loves.

A leftover sob crept out and finally choked me. With a quick nod Jonathan pulled himself up beside me. He put his arm round me, and I leant my head on his shoulder and smelt the well-known smell of tobacco and gear oil.

"Where's Penelope?" I asked and tried hard to make my voice sound as if I cared.

"I left her in the hotel, charming to Dad and a man with a magnificent moustache and orange-colored suit."

We giggled, and it was like old times. But I had to torture myself I had to know, whatever it cost me.

"Penelope is very beautiful, isn't she?"

Jonathan sighed. "I almost proposed to her over a pickled ghosh at that cocktail party." There was a sort of elation in his voice.

"Almost?" I breathed.

"Well, I decided to give it up as we were walking back to the hotel along the front. You know, muffled waves on the seashore, stars in the sky . . . a perfect setting."

"And?" I whispered.

"I told her I hadn't much money. I told her that when I married my wife would have to look after an old man as well . . ."

"Yes?" I prompted.

"She said that when I told her De Dion there would be enough money to put down on a house of our own . . . She said that she had no intention of living with her in-law . . . And then it started to rain."

I TRIED to imagine Jonathan's father as an unsuccessful in-law and failed. I tried to imagine Jonathan without his De Dion, and failed again.

His voice gobbled: "Her father started to come down in the rain and she said that she'd rather die than ride back in this . . . this mess of bones . . ."

My moment, the moment I had waited for all day, had come. I rode back with you, if you'd let me to, Jonathan," I said anxiously.

He looked at me with a questioning expression of someone who sees things clearly for perhaps the first time. Slowly he put up his finger and pushed a strand of hair away from my damp face.

"You're a good old sport, Katy. You know, I've a feeling I've been taking you for granted for a long time . . ."

"Oh, no, you haven't," I said fiercely.

"But I'm very fond of you, Kathryn," said Jonathan, still with that puzzled look on his face.

Now usually he calls me Katy and only Kathryn when he is serious something on his mind. I smiled happily. Ahead of us were nearly fifty miles of chugging engine at fifteen miles an hour in a 1904 car. Huddled underneath a warm rug — cold, wet, pressed close together.

Poor Penelope Platt, smothered into the warmth of Jonathan's father's car — warm and dry and comfortable. I could pity her now. The road to London stretched ahead, wet and winding, full of infinite promise; full of the promise of unspoken love.

The canvas hood was leaking and a small deluge of rain trickled wetly down my neck. I moved closer to Jonathan.

"Ready when you are!" I said.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 6, 1964

THE BRIGHTON ROAD



discover
how
cooking
has changed

Since you bought your stove wonderful things have happened to gas cooking—and Carmichael-Parkinson gives you them all. For example, Carmichael-Parkinson ranges have flash-tube grill lighting, even on the lowest priced model. This means you light the grill from outside the enclosed grilling compartment; new type burners with instant, infinite simmer-to-boil control that only gas provides; automatic lighting (optional) —no matches needed; glamorous new styling and a host of other features that have made Carmichael-Parkinson the leader in gas cooking.



• See this wide, extra wide, grill —large enough for biggest family grilling. It's smokeless, cleaner, too, with anti-flash grill dish.

• You light the grill here, up top without stooping or singed fingers. This feature is on all Carmichael-Parkinson models.

• No gas range ever cleaned so easily. Cooking top lifts out for easy access to grill compartment. Porcelain enamel wipes clean and bright.

5 models, priced from
as low as £69/17/6

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS

MODELS AVAILABLE FOR OPERATION ON TOWN GAS, LP GAS AND TIF GAS.

**CARMICHAEL
PARKINSON**

THE BEST-KNOWN NAMES IN COOKING

Manufactured by
EMAIL LIMITED Consumer Products Division



Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE,
P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box
11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

AFTER-FIVE FASHIONS



2906.—Versatile frock with fitted bodice and belled skirt. (C) Lovely floor-length ball gown with spaghetti straps, or (D) strapless fur-trimmed bodice. (A and B) Street- or floor-length dinner gown, long-sleeved contrast bodice with scooped neckline. (E) Street length, short sleeves, and high neck. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2906, price 6/- includes postage.

2903.—Lovely dance dress and coat ensemble. Sleeveless fitted bodice, sheer skirt, and attached petticoat. Coat has kimono sleeves and band collar. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2903, price 6/- includes postage.



2904.—Slim, semi-fit shift dress with shallow neckline for street or after-5 wear. Full coat with three-quarter-length kimono sleeves and notched collar. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2904, price 6/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.

FAB

SUDS KEEP ON

WASHING WORK
WORKING
WASHING
WORKING WASH
ING WASHING

WHEN OTHER SUDS ARE DEAD AND GONE

THAT'S WHY
the cleanest clean under the sun
is FAB CLEAN



SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

There's goodness you can taste in these big golden biscuits . . . with all the flavour of new wheat. Selected grain only is used for grinding of meal for Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal biscuits and, by the process of their manufacture, the full protein and mineral content of this wholesome grain is retained.



Arnott's
famous
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality